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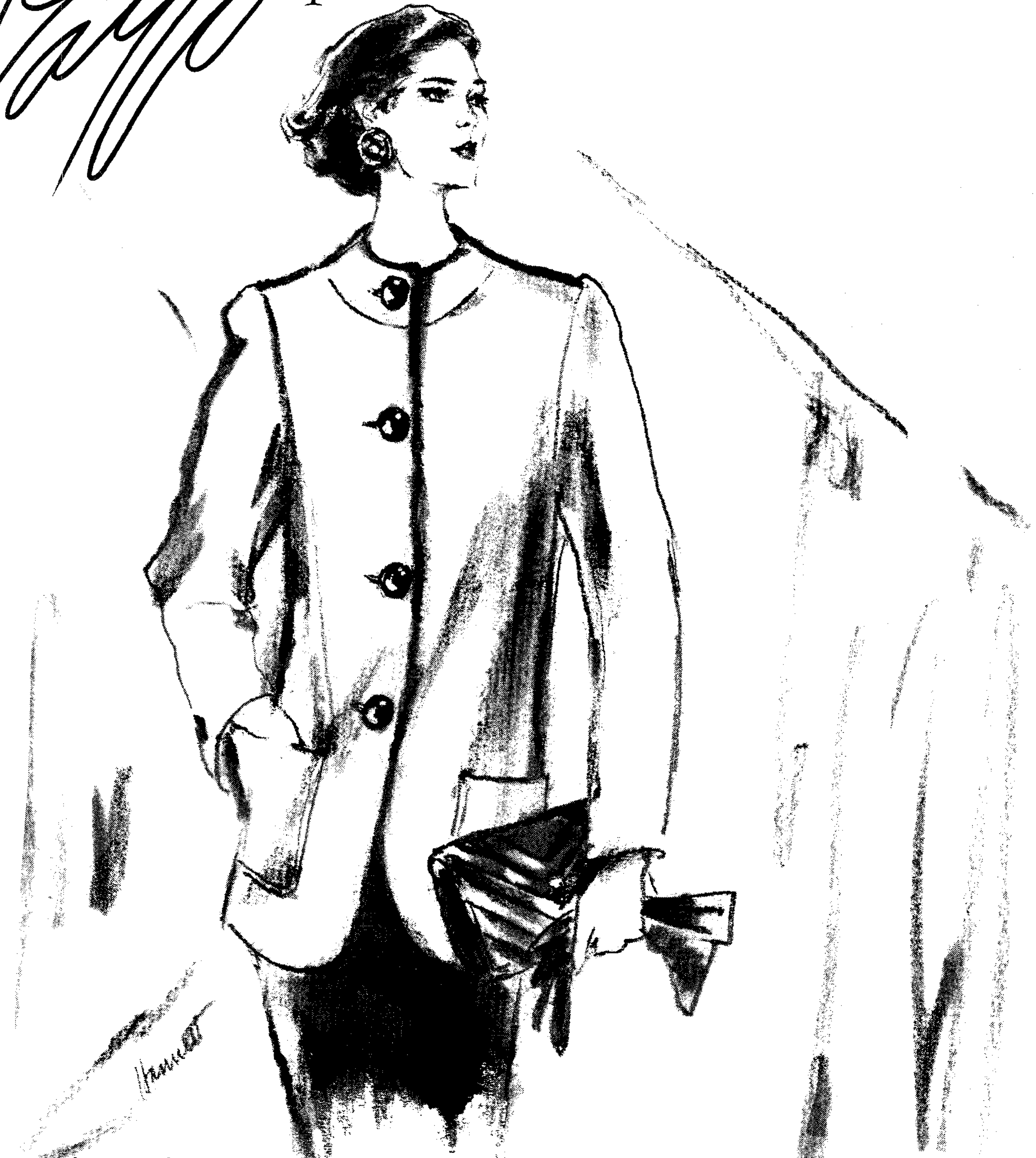

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—This revival of a 1941 Broadway hit has a welcomely big cast and an exceptionally fine set, by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. The subject is murder, mingled with Victorian good manners; the murder weapon is elderberry wine. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—This second production of the Royal Shakespeare Company's portmanteau version of the Dickens novel is as joyous an occasion as the first, which reached us back in 1981. The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 7: Gilbert and Sullivan's **the mikado.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. The production will run for as long as Lindsay is able and willing to run, which one hopes will be for several years. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. After Sunday, Aug. 31, no performances until Friday, Sept. 5, when the show will reopen at the Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St., 239-4321; performances will be given Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter, and Elizabeth Austin, as a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife" of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sturiale, and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

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The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's passionate and often funny play about the attempts of a black family in Chicago to leave their slum apartment and move on is somewhat lacking in urgency and fire in this revival. Even so, much of the acting is good, especially that of Vondie Curtis-Hall, Starletta DuPois, James Pickens, Jr., and Kim Yancey. Harold Scott directed. (8/25/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Olympia Dukakis, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweet Charity—Debbie Allen, well assisted by a big cast, stars in a revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today, I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**big river:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on

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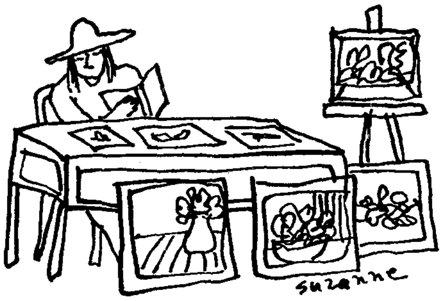
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,960 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 2, Ossie Davis and Hal Linden will replace Mr. Little and Mr. Hirsch. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Aug. 28, at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Special performance Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Victor Barbee dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, John Meehan will replace Mr. Barbee. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.



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Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A hundred and fifty-five dancers and musicians from Moscow. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 2, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 14. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

DANIEL EZRALOW—A program of contemporary dance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 27-29, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The vocal group Montgomery, Plant & Stritch will be in the Oak Room through Saturday, Aug. 30, singing "Under the Boardwalk," "Early Autumn," "Lazy River," and Dave Frishberg's alcoholic-beverage song. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Michael Hashim's trio appears on Friday, Aug. 29; Joan Bud sings with a trio on Saturday, Aug. 30; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, sly bebop pianist **BARRY HARRIS** comes on board with his trio. The other nights are given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which will also be hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, and her last one at about the time the stars come out to graze. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, night owls can hear Helen Schneider, who sings songs from the twenties while impersonating a flapper.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon the RCA Building—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will be out in front of his quintet through Sunday, Aug. 31; on Monday, Sept. 1, pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** brings in her New York Jazz Orchestra, which features her husband, saxophonist-flutist **LEW TABACKIN;** and starting Tuesday, Sept. 2, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S** Latin-jazz quintet will trade sets with pianist **MAKOTO OZONE'S** trio. Music from nine. Tuesdays through Sundays after the last set until the heeltap of the night (about 4 A.M.), Jazz Messenger Jean Toussaint leads a band. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 27, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, Aug. 28, Jesse Winchester and Aztec Two-Step; Friday, Aug. 29, **PETER ROWAN** and Beausoleil; Saturday, Aug. 30, wizard guitarist and singer **DOC WATSON;** Tuesday, Sept. 2, Bruce Hornsby & the Range; Friday, Sept. 5, Urban Blight and Joy Askew; and Saturday, Sept. 6, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his band, High Voltage. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate duos. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** will be here with pianist **KENNY BARRON** through Saturday, Aug. 30; with George Ziskind on Sunday, Aug. 31; and with **STANLEY COWELL** starting Monday, Sept. 1. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this little club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **DOC CHEATHAM,** a graceful, easeful trumpeter, heads up a combo through Sunday, Aug. 31, and singer **CARRIE SMITH,** a vigorous interpreter of the blues, arrives on Tuesday, Sept. 2. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Bemelmans Bar you can listen to **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who not long ago was practicing law and is now, of course, back on the piano bench, practicing his own rocking brand of stride. He plays from nine-thirty to one through Friday, Aug. 29. **BARBARA CARROLL** returns on Tuesday, Sept. 2; her sets begin after ten.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you will find this comfortable room, where vibraphonist **GARY BURTON** and guitarist **RALPH TOWNER** will be performing through Sunday, Aug. 31. Violinist **NOEL POINTER** commences bowing here on Tuesday, Sept. 2. Mondays belong to puckish guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A former truck warehouse, where palm trees have a lot of room to grow and non-trucking types go to eat non-trucking food and listen to good pianists. **HAL SCHAEFER** will be on hand through Saturday, Aug. 30. Sets begin at seven Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Rick Crane; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** performs with his trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **JOHN EATON** holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Jim Badzik will play some ragtime and boogie-woogie on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

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York Sunday *Herald* posters, First World War posters, and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway, which **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** plays through Saturday, Aug. 30 (bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** is her accompanist). Ray Gallon and **RON CARTER** collaborate starting Tuesday, Sept. 2. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, **DAVE MASON;** Friday, Aug. 29, country singer **EMMYLOU HARRIS** and Soozie Tyrell; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, **ROBERT GORDON;** Tuesday, Sept. 2, the Byrds, with Nick Seeger; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, the **FLESHTONES.** Music after nine. Dining. Closed Labor Day.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** who have been singing together for forty years, are paying tribute to the late Alan Jay Lerner. Their shows are at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music—jazz and rhythm and blues and Latin jazz—hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup, in part: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, Ellen Germaine; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, R. & B. men **CORNELL DUPREE** and **RICHARD TEE;** and Sunday, Aug. 31, the BMF sextet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and rock-related phenomena from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Thursday, Aug. 28, the Blow Monkeys; Friday, Aug. 29, **CHRIS SPEDDING;** and Friday, Sept. 5, thunder and lightning with Weather Update (formerly Weather Report) and transcendental music by **JOHN MC LAUGHLIN** & the **MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, **GIL SCOTT-HERON;** Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31, Batucaje; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 2-3, percussionists **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and **DUDUCA FONSECA** and the latter's Brazilian All-Stars; Thursday, Sept. 4, King David Rudder and Charlie's Roots Orchestra; and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 5-7, Paralamas Do Sucesso. Music from nine Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28; from eleven Fridays and Saturdays; and from nine-thirty Sundays and Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 2-4. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The intense, sheets-of-sound pianist **MC COY TYNER** will be present with his trio (Avery Sharp on bass and **LOUIS HAYES** on drums) Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are set aside for the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 27, "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz," an R. & B. musical; Thursday, Aug. 28, the Josie Kuhn band, with Lauren Shapiro; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, and Friday, Sept. 5, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Aug. 31, the Bourbon Street Jass Band; Tuesday, Sept. 2, the Clintons and Lonesome Val & the Cheatin' Hearts; Wednesday, Sept. 3, **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Thursday, Sept. 4, the Silos; and Saturday, Sept. 6, Loup Gurou. Music after nine-thirty.

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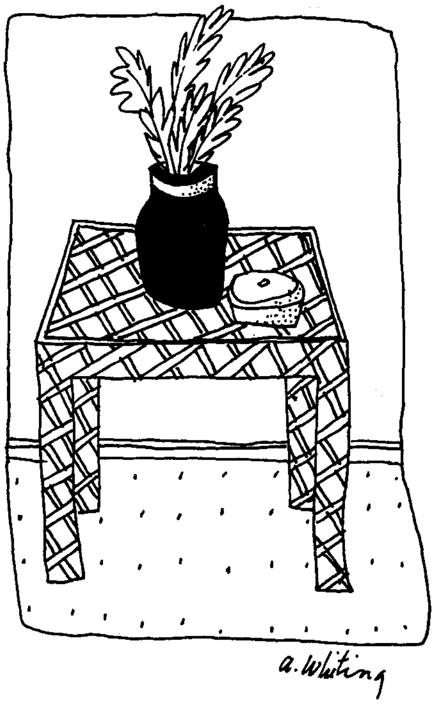
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Monday, Sept. 1, after nine, will be provided by **OSCAR D'LEON, MANNY OQUENDO'S CONJUNTO LIBRE,** and **DANIEL PONCÉ.** On Sundays at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, the **SKATALITES** will fill the air with Jamaican music. Dancing under the spinning, mirrored ball. . . . ¶ Upstairs in the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through Sunday, Aug. 31, and to pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** starting Tuesday, Sept. 2. In addition, **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays jazz harp with her combo on Tuesdays. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Two sharp young musicians from New Orleans, trumpeter **TERENCE BLANCHARD** and alto saxophonist **DONALD HARRISON,** co-pilot their quintet through Sunday, Aug. 31, and on Tuesday, Sept. 2, guitarist **JIM HALL** will descend the stairs with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** and drummer **AKIRA TANA.** Monday night is **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** night. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz, comedy, and students. **MICHELLE HENDRICKS** sings with her trio through Sunday, Aug. 31, and tenor saxophonist Percy France brings in his band on Tuesday, Sept. 2. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—The entryway to this downstairs club buzzes with black lights, the anteroom features a mural and a chaise longue on which to contemplate it, and the music-and-dining room has jazz. Drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his quartet will be here through Sunday, Aug. 31, and on Tuesday, Sept. 2, the sublime **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and his trio (bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER**) set sail. Mondays are reserved for trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The roomy upstairs bar and restaurant called Joanna (675-7900) has big mirrors, huge photographs of flowers, real flower-size flowers, and a grand piano, which will be in the hands of **JACK WILSON** through Sunday, Aug. 31 (bassist **BOOTS MALESON** keeps him company). **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** settles in on Tuesday, Sept. 2, and **MULGREW MILLER** handles the Monday-night duties. Music from about nine-thirty.



ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and expert musicians in it. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** works with **SANTI DEBRIANO** through Saturday, Aug. 30, and on Tuesday, Sept. 2, the Philadelphia team of **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** takes charge. Music from eight. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALSA CONCERT—Celia Cruz, Johnny Pacheco, Hector Lavoe, Ray Barretto, Papo Lucca, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8.)

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31, at 10 and midnight.

ANITA BAKER—With the Controllers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 8.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 9:30 and 11: Billy Harper quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 4, at 9 and 10:30: Tom Pierson orchestra. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT ISRAEL—Ink drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by twentieth-century artists. Through Sept. 26. . . . **YORK,** 21 E. 65th St.: Two dozen paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, including landscapes by Heade, Kensett, and Twachtman, flower studies by O'Keeffe and Joseph Stella, and a portrait of Frances de Forest by William Merritt Chase. Through Sept. 20.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAY MAISEL / TODD WEBB—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

ROSALIND SOLOMON—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of prints by an artist who has found a connection between, for instance, a Santa on duty in the Northgate Mall in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a *condomblé* initiation in Brazil, and a wedding in Burma. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOW—Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show—of sculptures, primarily—that examines the human image in the West African Bamana culture. Among the forty works are large wood and terra-cotta sculptures of mother and child and of male hunters. . . . ¶ An exhibit of forty-one Impressionist and early modern paintings on loan from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow, including Matisse's "Harmony in Red." Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 21. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Rosalind Solomon. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open free, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, from 6 to 10, for the final times this season, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Expressive Figure from Rousseau to Bacon," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that are based on the figure but were done during the rise of abstractionism. . . . ¶ A small show of sculptures and collages by Louise Nevelson, including an environmental piece called "The Floral Garden," which the artist recently gave to the museum. . . . ¶ A display of six large-scale tapestries by Norwegian artist Jan Groth, and related drawings in crayon. All shows through Monday, Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Sundays and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of forty prints by the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin, whose work is characterized by erotic and fantastic imagery. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except Labor Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Labor Day, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. Through Oct. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs (a matte painting by Albert Whitlock for "The Birds"), costume sketches and costumes (the matador suit Rudolph Valentino wore in "Blood and Sand," the barbecue dress Vivien Leigh wore in "Gone with the Wind"), set models (a tabletop model city for "Blade Runner"), posters, about two hundred photographs, documents (a pithy memo on character development from F. Scott Fitzgerald to David O. Selznick), and, from the Xanadu of Hollywood's prop room, the sled from "Citizen

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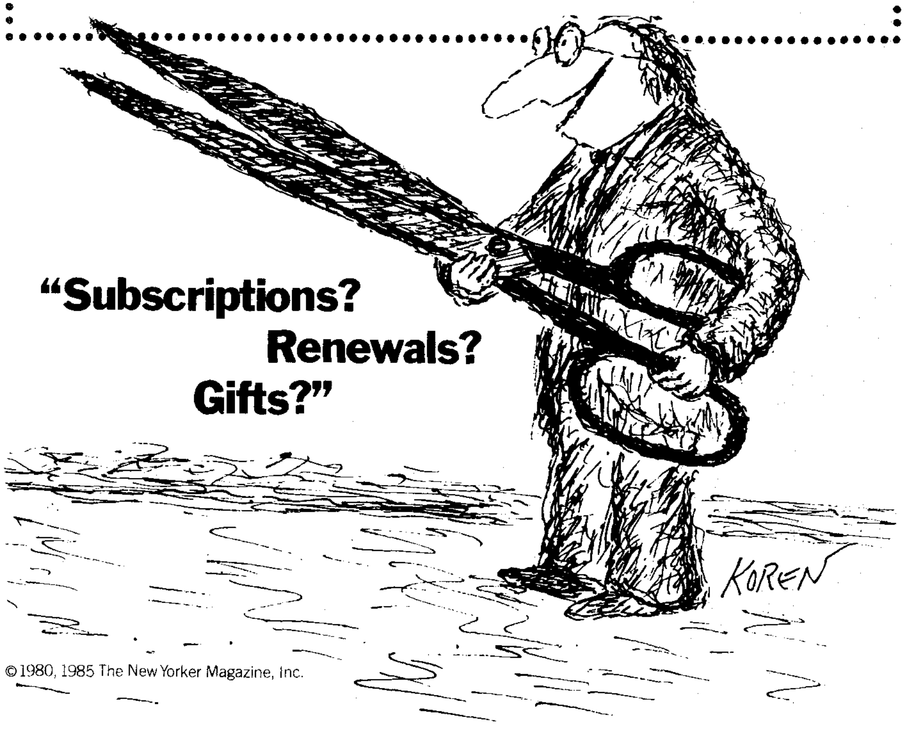
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kane" and the piano from "Casablanca." Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Bill Thompson's fourteen-foot-wide photocollage of an Auschwitz gas chamber, Audrey Flack's Photo-Realist rendering of a Margaret Bourke-White photograph of survivors of Buchenwald, Rodney Ripps's abstract canvas of the land of Israel, and Ann Sperry's welded-steel sculpture entitled "The Creation; Seven Days" are included. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis, whose courtyards seem to have been enlivened by pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About seventy specimens of botanical illustration are displayed in books, prints, magazines, drawings, and watercolors: the laurel tree of Carolina (*Magnolia altissima*) from Catesby's volume "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands" (1731-43); lilies and azaleas from Paxton's *Magazine of Botany* (nineteenth century); paintings and drawings by Asher Durand, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—A two-week engagement of Sigmund Romberg's **THE NEW MOON** will run through Sunday, Sept. 7, after which the company will resume its repertory schedule. There will be alternating casts, and Jim Coleman will conduct all performances. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein, Michael Stern, Michael Morgan, and Michael Barrett variously conducting a program of music by Beethoven, Strauss, Ravel, and Shostakovich. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. John the Divine—Michael Barrett conducting a Schubert-Mozart program, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; Ben Holt, bass; and Caroline Stoessinger, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Sept. 1, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting an all-Dvořák program, with John Ostendorf, bass, and Caroline Stoessinger, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Saturday, Sept. 6, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: Benjamin Luxon and William Crofut in a program of English and American folk songs. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 7: Carol Vaness, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Brahms-Ravel program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2: The Cassatt String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8:30: Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, with the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with Miss Vaness; Thomas Moser, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

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Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final concerts of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 27: The Eurythmics and Jean Beauvoir. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28: The Charlie Daniels Band, the Gregg Allman Band, and the Dickey Betts Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29: George Benson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30: Elton John. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31: Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 1: John Fogerty and Bonnie Raitt. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 7: Steve Winwood and Jimmy Cliff. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 399-4444, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Avner the Eccentric in the final program of the season. (Becket, Mass. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, at 8; Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

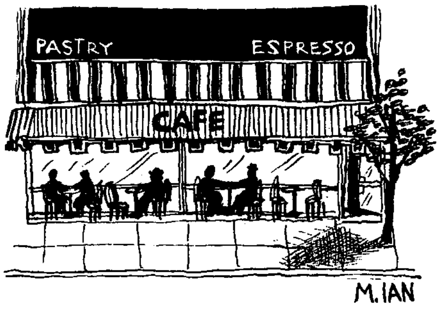
Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 29, at 7:35; Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2:20; and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday, Sept. 1, at 1:35, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 2-3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, Sept. 5, at 7:35, and Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2:20.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 27; the Woodward, Saturday, Aug. 30; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 31; the Jerome Handicap, Monday, Sept. 1; and the Maskette, Saturday, Sept. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Nightly at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8, from Friday, Aug. 29, through Saturday, Dec. 13. Post time will be 1:30 on Labor Day. The Ballantine's Scotch Classic, Friday, Sept. 5.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Thursday, Sept. 4, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at noon. For information about tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly, except Labor Day, at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Labor Day at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.



THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Euripides' **MEDEA** (in Japanese), by the Toho Company, Ltd., a twenty-five-member all-male troupe from Japan, making its first appearance here. Mikijiro Hira has the title role and Yukio Ninagawa is the director. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Monday, Sept. 3-8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Central Park Mall—Performances in the 72nd Street Bandshell. Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 6: Dance programs by Diane Martel and the Wendy Perron Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 3: James Jabbo Ware and the Me, We & Them Orchestra.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Wednesday, Aug. 27: Big Country and the Rainmakers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6: Steel Pulse. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances of a festival of dance, music, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 27, Jazzmobile at 12:15, and Jazzdance: The Danny Buraczeski Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, mime Branch Worsham (for children) at 10:30, and Dance Through Time at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, Matthew Nash Music & Dance, with guest dancers Vanessa Harwood and Eva Robertson, at 5, and the West Side Chamber Players at 6:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, the Coronets, the Steel Orchestra of St. Kitts and Nevis, at noon, Branch Worsham at 2:30, the Yass Hakoshima Mime Theatre at 5, and mime Daniel Stein at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, the National Improvisational Theatre and stilt dancing by Friends in High Places at noon, and the Multigravitational Aerodance Group at 2:30. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, clown day, with programs at noon, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:15. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Sunday, Aug. 31, Enrique Diemecke conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with Alec Chien, piano, at 4 (rehearsal) and 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, from noon until sundown.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sept. 20-21.

Baseball—League Championship Playoffs start Oct. 7.

Professional Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. New England Patriots, Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Oct. 5.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season will open on Sept. 22, with Wagner's "Die Walküre," and will run through April 18. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Sept. 8 and 13. . . . ¶ The New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta conducting, Sept. 16 (a nonsubscription benefit concert) and Sept. 18 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Yo-Yo Ma, cello, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Sistine Chapel Choir, Oct. 6.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 19 at Avery Fisher Hall and Alice Tully Hall, and then continues at Alice Tully Hall, Sept. 20-Oct. 4. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 5. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 4 elections, Oct. 9 and 11.

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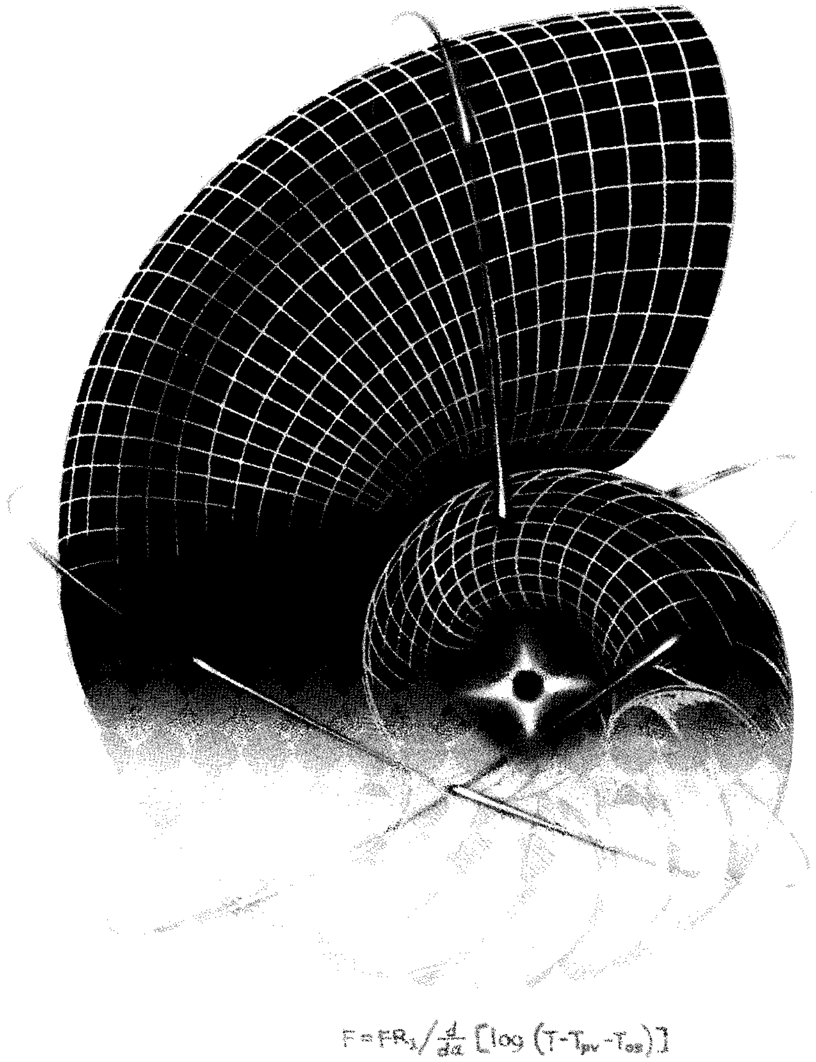
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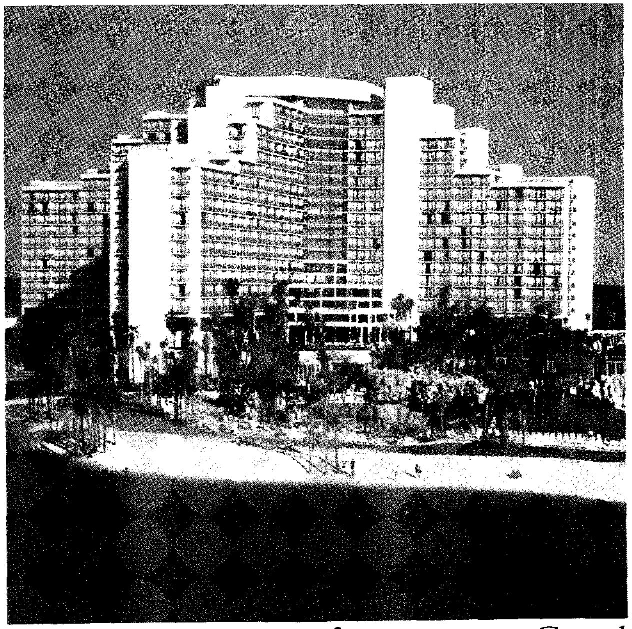

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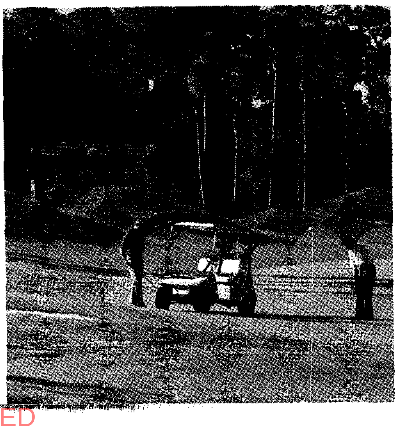
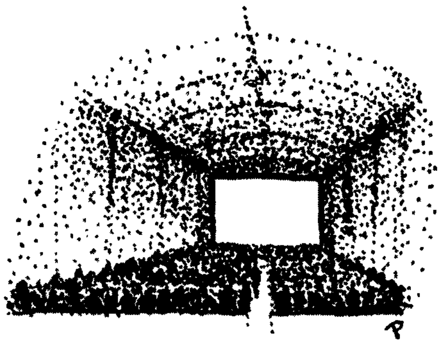


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 31: A program of Latin-American films.
From Sept. 2: "Molière" (1978; directed by Ariane Mnouchkine; in French). The film, more than four hours long, will be shown at 7:30 only.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: "Legal Eagles" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 29: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch).
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 3: "Heartburn" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Stand By Me" (Rob Reiner), with Wil Wheaton.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 28: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
From Aug. 29: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 28: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper. From Aug. 29: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. (No performances on Wednesday, Aug. 27.) From Aug. 29: "Steaming" (Joseph Losey), with Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, and Diana Dors.
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (Rob Reiner), with Wil Wheaton.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mona Lisa" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Theatre 2: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Back to School" (†). From Aug. 29: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch).
Theatre 2: "Legal Eagles" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 4: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).
From Sept. 5: "90 Days" (Giles Walker).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heartburn" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 2: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "We Were So Beloved" (directed by Manfred Kirchheimer), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Do You Remember Dolly Bell?" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 4: "Vagabond" (†). From Sept. 5: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 4: A festival of jazz films. From Sept. 5: "Vagabond" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 28: "Ruthless People" (†). From Aug. 29: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "About Last Night . . ." (†). From Aug. 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 28: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper. From Aug. 29: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 4: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard). From Sept. 5: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 28: "Ran" (†). From Aug. 29: "She's Gotta Have It."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 28: (Matinées only) "Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser); and (evenings only) "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. From Aug. 29: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser). No performances on Tuesday, Sept. 2.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Stand By Me" (Rob Reiner), with Wil Wheaton.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 28: "Top Gun" (†).
From Aug. 29: "Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heartburn" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Men . . ." (Doris Dörrie; in German). From Aug. 29: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 2: "Men . . ."
Theatre 3: "Men . . ."

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hard Traveling" (Dan Bessie), with Ellen Geer.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 3: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 4: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Starting Aug. 29: "Men . . ." (Doris Dörrie; in German).
Theatre 2: Starting Aug. 29: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: (Matinées only) "The Transformers—The Movie;" and (evenings only) "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Aug. 29: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 28: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper. Aug. 29-Sept. 4: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2;" and "Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker). From Sept. 5: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 28: "Night of the Creeps." From Aug. 29: "Reform School Girls" (Tom DeSimone).
Theatre 4: Aug. 27: "The Horse's Mouth" (1958; Ronald Neame), with Alec Guinness and Kay Walsh; and "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom. Aug. 28-30: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beau-

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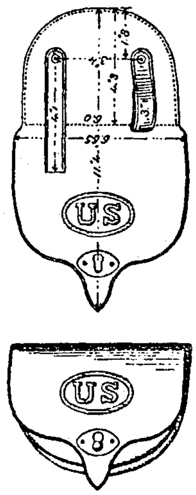

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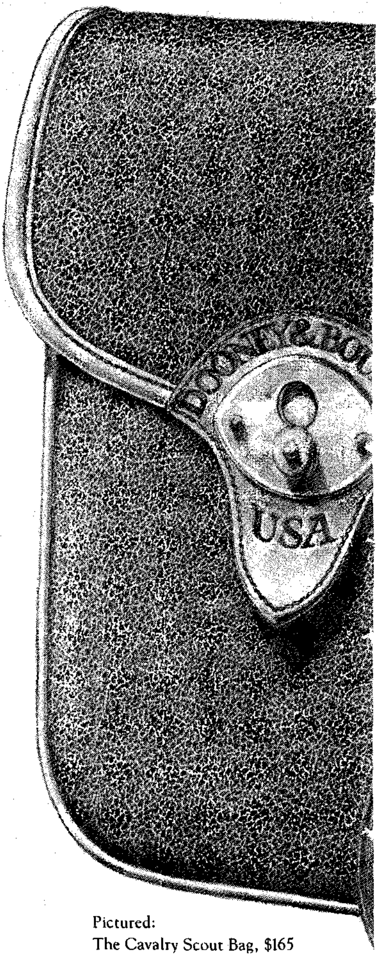

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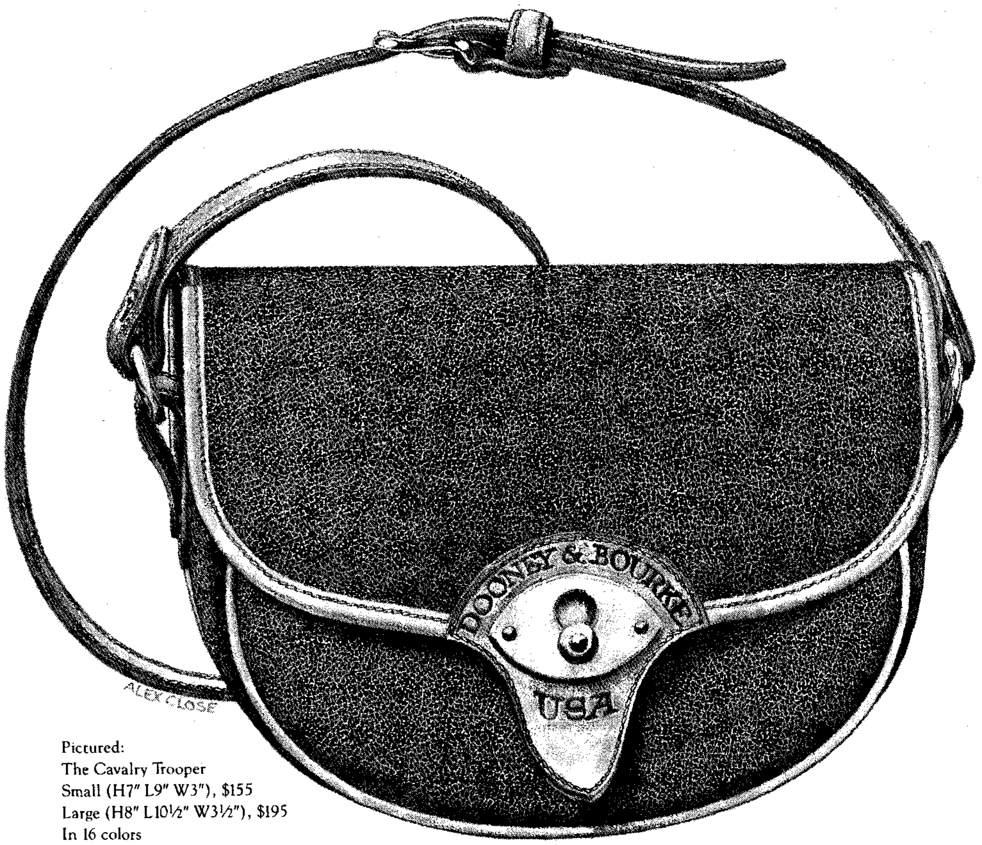
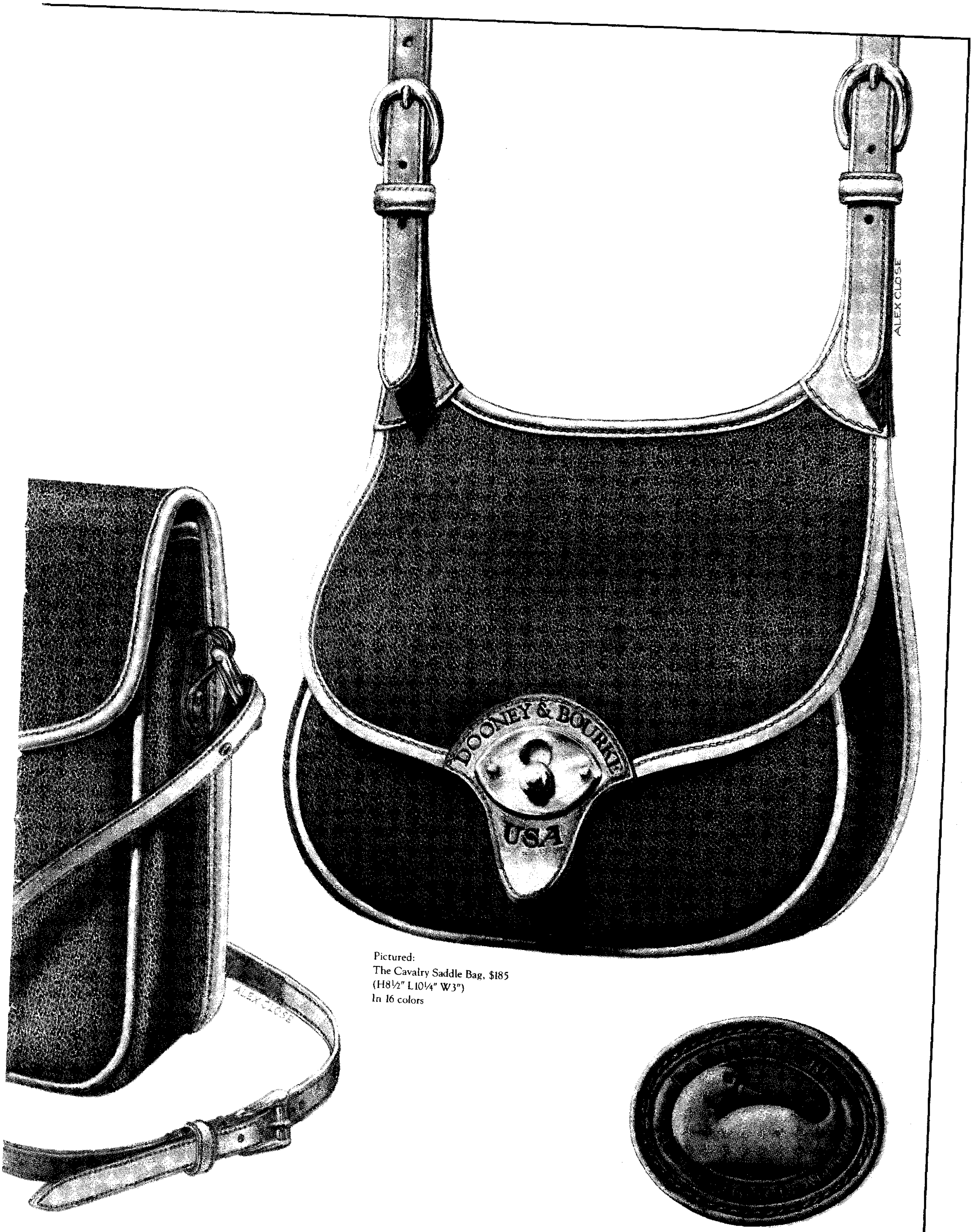
The Cavalry Scout Bag, $165
(H9" L8" W2½")
In 16 colors



Pictured:
The Cavalry Trooper
Small (H7" L9" W3"), $155
Large (H8" L10½" W3½"), $195
In 16 colors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The Cavalry Saddle Bag, $185
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In 16 colors

Dooney & Bourke, Inc. • P.O. Box 841, 1 Regent St., S. Norwalk, CT 06856 • (800) 243-5598 ty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair. Aug. 31-Sept. 2: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari. Sept. 3-4: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish). From Sept. 5: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick; and "Pretty in Pink" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (directed by David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 28: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson. From Aug. 29: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 6: "The Transformers—The Movie."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "Black Joy" (Anthony Simmons).
Theatre 4: "Top Gun" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 29: "Bullies" (Paul Lynch).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 28: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin). From Aug. 29: "Born American" (Renny Harlin), with Mike Norris.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 28: "Back to School" (†).
From Aug. 29: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. (No performances on Tuesday, Sept. 2.)

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 2: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

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U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 28: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. From Aug. 29: "Reform School Girls" (Tom DeSimone).

REVIVAL HOUSES

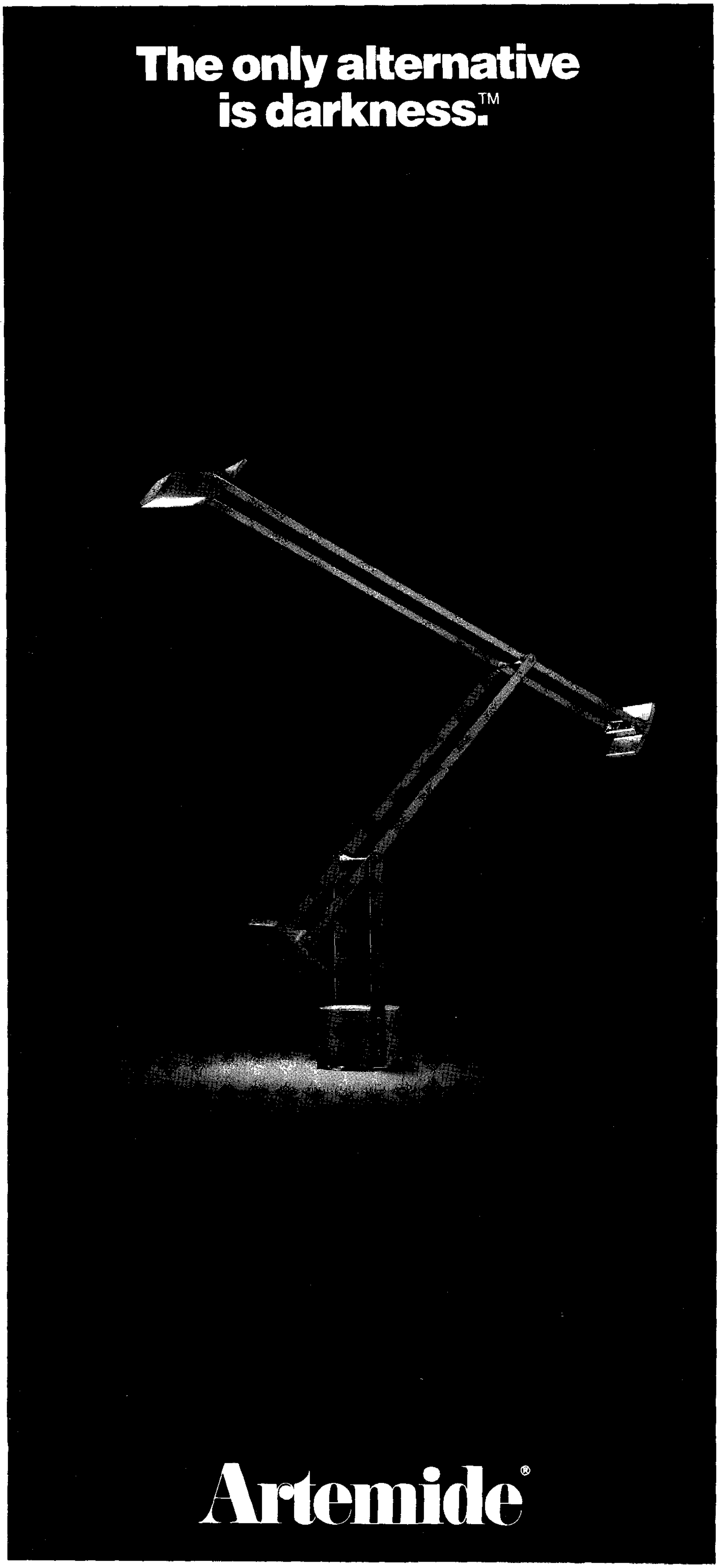
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 28: "Carmen Jones" (1954; directed by Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
Aug. 29-30: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Aug. 31-Sept. 2: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
Sept. 3-4: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Sons and Lovers" (†).
Sept. 5-6: "Swept Away" (†) and "Seven Beauties" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 27: "The Odd Couple" (1968; Gene Saks), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau; and "The Goodbye Girl" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason.
Aug. 28-30: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Sept. 2: "The World According to Garp" (†) and "My Favorite Year" (†).
Sept. 3: "Arthur" (†) and "Tootsie" (†).
Sept. 4: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†) and "All of Me" (†).
From Sept. 5: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Aug. 27: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Aug. 28: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Aug. 29: "Love and Death" (1975) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Aug. 30: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "King, Queen, and Knave" (1972; Jerzy Skolimowski), with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.
Aug. 31: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.
Sept. 1: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Sept. 2: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Walking Dead" (1936; Michael Curtiz), with Boris Karloff and Ricardo Cortez.
Sept. 3: "Singin' in the Rain" (†); and "I Love Melvin" (1953; Don Weis), with Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Una Merkel.
Sept. 4: "Cutter's Way" (†) and "Hearts of the West" (†).
Sept. 5-6: "Children of Paradise" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Aug. 27: A program of jazz concerts on film.
Aug. 28: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 29-30: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Teresa Venerdi" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and De Sica.
Sept. 2: "Visions of Eight" (†); and "16 Days of Glory" (1986; Bud Greenspan), a documentary on the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games.
Sept. 3: "Young Frankenstein" (†) and "Blazing Saddles" (†).
Sept. 4: "Bedazzled" (†); and "Foul Play" (1978; Colin Higgins), with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.
Sept. 5-6: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (†) and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 27: "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.
Aug. 28: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
Aug. 29-30: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.
Aug. 31: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (†).
Sept. 1: "Ninotchka" (†); and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.
Sept. 2: "Cabin in the Sky" (†) and "Stormy Weather" (†).
Sept. 3: "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott; and "Our Daily Bread" (1934; King Vidor), with Karen Morley and Tom Keene.
Sept. 4: "Secrets of Women" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Anita Björk and Eva Dahlbeck; and "A Lesson in Love" (1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Sept. 5-6: "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles),



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with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Sept. 1 at 2: "Wings" (1927; directed by William A. Wellman; a silent film), with Richard Arlen, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, and Clara Bow. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 5: "Our Daily Bread" (1934; King Vidor), with Karen Morley and Tom Keene. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 2:30: "Reaching for the Moon" (1931; Edmund Goulding), with Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: "Intermezzo" (1939; Gregory Ratoff), with Leslie Howard, Ingrid Bergman, and Edna Best. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 2:30 and 6: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Edward Everett Horton, and Thomas Mitchell. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2:30: "Garden of Allah" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 6: "Wings." . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2: "Duel in the Sun" (1946; King Vidor), with Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 5: "Since You Went Away" (1944; John Cromwell), with Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, and Robert Walker.

Theatre 2: Aug. 28 at 3: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a French silent film), with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6:30 and Aug. 29 at 3: "As You Like It" (1936; Paul Czinner), with Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6:30 and Aug. 30 at 2:30: "The Mikado" (1939; Victor Schertzinger), with Kenny Baker and Martyn Green. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 5:30: "Une Partie de Campagne" (1946; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Sylvia Bataille; and "Il Miracolo" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2:30: "Intermezzo" (1939; Gregory Ratoff), with Leslie Howard, Ingrid Bergman, and Edna Best. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 5:30: "Garden of Allah" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through Aug. 28.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (8/11/86) (New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

All of Me (1984)—Steve Martin is Roger, who hates his job as a lawyer. Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and has never really had a life. Now she is about to die, and Roger's boss has sent him to revise her will. Edwina has imported a Tibetan swami (Richard Libertini), who at the moment of her death is supposed to capture her spiritual substance in a bronze pot and transfer it into the curvy body of the lovely Terry (Victoria Tennant), who has agreed to vacate it. Edwina instructs Roger to arrange for Terry to inherit everything she has, but he thinks she's crazy and refuses. The argument precipitates her demise, and in the confusion her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. The director, Carl Reiner, seems to have an intuitive rapport with his funny performers; his weakness is that the gags aren't thought out visually in terms of the L.A. locations, the camera setups are often klunky, especially in Edwina's mansion, and the film has the bland ugliness of sitcoms. The ingenious script, by Phil Alden Robinson, was adapted from an unpublished novel, "Me Two," by Ed Davis. With Jason Bernard and Madolyn Smith. (Regency; Sept. 4.)

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—Otto Preminger wheels slowly around a courtroom story of a rape-and-murder case. Plodding stuff, but the cast is good, and courtroom drama always works. The judge is played by, of all people, Joseph N. Welch, celebrated opponent of Senator Joe McCarthy; it is almost as if he wrote his own sage and pungent lines. With James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31.)

Arthur (1981)—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This was the only film directed by the late Steve Gordon (he also wrote the script); he was a long way from being able to do with images what he could do with words, but there are some inspired bits and his work has a friendly spirit. As the poor-girl heroine, Liza Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. With Barney Martin, Anne De Salvo, and Jill Eikenberry. (Regency; Sept. 3.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, and Movieland; through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 29.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Dudley Moore and Peter Cook probably did their best screen teamwork in this movie, which was written by Cook, from a story they devised together, and directed by Stanley Donen. It's a very deft and silly and likable Faustian vaudeville—a series of skits in which the tall, skinny Cook, as the Devil, makes a sucker of the shy, little-boyish Faust (Moore). The scenes are quick, and even though the rhythm is frequently stagy little bits of verbal wit seem to be flying about. Moore starts out as a timid, working-class fellow who's helplessly in love with a girl (Eleanor Bron) who likes intellectuals; he sells his soul for her, and of course he never gets her. The movie is no more than a novelty, but it may surprise you by making you laugh out loud a few times. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 4.)

Beverly Hills Cop (1984)—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Yelling and fast-talking, and hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, and Bronson Pinchot. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Regency; Sept. 4.)

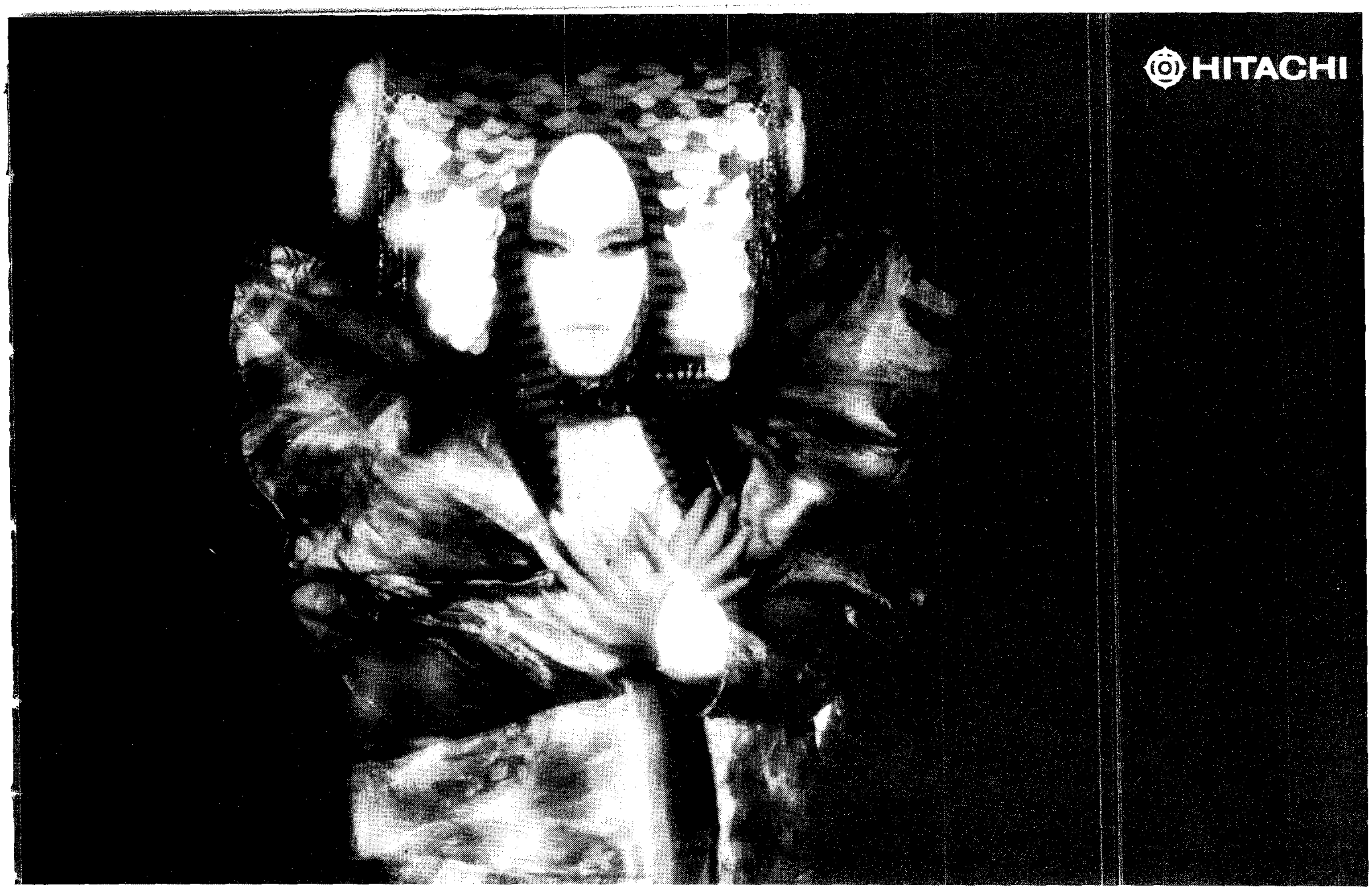
Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks' comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties. Brooks' celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. With Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Dom DeLuise, Harvey Korman, and Slim Pickens. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 3.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—It's a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux naïf* Negro folklore, with an all-black cast, and it's one of the best musicals ever made in this country. It becomes even better with the years: now it's easier to ignore the weaknesses in the script, because it's so exciting to see legendary artists, such as Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, John W. Bubbles (John William Sublett), and Duke Ellington, as they were in the forties. The script, by Joseph Schrank, is based on the stage musical, with music by Vernon Duke. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. With Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 5-6.)

Cutter's Way (1981)—This moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness is set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California; it has an odd, hallucinatory lyricism—the atmosphere is never less than absorbing. John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes; Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-Fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, the film is an attempt to get at something that—if it were arrived at—might turn out to be less subtle than all the ambiguous reaching and groping suggests. With Lisa Eichhorn, Stephen Elliott, and Nina Van Pallandt. (Thalia; Sept. 4.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Bar-



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bara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

Heartburn—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. (8/11/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Hearts of the West (1975)—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed. (Thalia; Sept. 4.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), David Clennon, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/30/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Loews New York Twin.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original uncut version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, and Thomas Mitchell. (Regency; starting Sept. 5.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 5-6.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a onetime petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Cinema Studio.)

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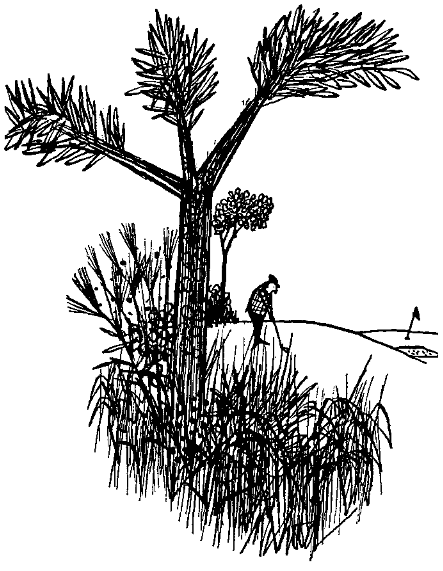
My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

My Favorite Year (1982)—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole is simply astounding. Ravaged and liquefied as Swann is, he still has his feelers out—he's always aware of the impression he's making; even when Swann is drunk, he's acting a great actor drunk. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. With Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, Anne DeSalvo, and Mark Linn-Baker. (Regency; Sept. 2.)



Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo brings her incredible sensual abandon to the role of a glum, scientifically trained Bolshevik envoy who succumbs to Parisian freedom—i.e., champagne. The film includes a historic encounter, when the great instinctual artist of the screen meets the great stylist and technician of the stage—Ina Claire, as a Russian grand duchess. The fur flies exquisitely. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, this light, satirical comedy has the nonchalance and the sophistication that were his trademark—but it also reveals that this time the trade marked him too high. There's an obviousness here; we can feel that we're being played down to. With Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, Bela Lugosi, Alexander Granach, and George Tobias. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1.)

Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. This picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andrew McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanton, and James Spader. Directed by Howard Deutch. (4/7/86) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 5.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 28.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Aug. 28.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—The writer-director Lina Wertmüller's slapstick-tragedy investigation of an Italian common man's soul, set during the Second World War, with flashbacks to the thirties. Pasqualino (Giancarlo Giannini) deserts the Italian Army in Germany, is captured by the Germans, and is sent to a concentration camp. In flashbacks, we see his prewar life as a two-bit mafioso, with fat sisters—the "seven beauties." Pasqualino is everybody's dupe. He believes what the Mafia tells him, what Mussolini tells him, what anybody in authority tells him. As Giannini plays him, he's a Chaplinesque Fascist. The picture is full of flashy ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, and pious moralizing, and Wertmüller presents it all in a goofy, ebullient mood. With Elena Fiore, Fernando Rey, Enzo Vitale, Mario Conti, and Shirley Stoler. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Sept. 5-6.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant satire of Hollywood in the late twenties, at the time of the transition from silents to talkies, is probably the most enjoyable of all American movie musicals. The teamwork of the stars, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds, is joyful and the material is first-rate—ranging from parodies of the Busby Berkeley style of choreography to the Charleston and Black Bottom performed straight. The film falters during a too long love song on a deserted studio stage (later cut from some of the prints) and during a lavish oversize Broadway ballet, but these sequences don't seriously affect one's enjoyment. With Jean Hagen, Millard Mitchell, Cyd Charisse, and Rita Moreno. Directed by Kelly and Stanley Donen from the witty, affectionate script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The songs by Nacio Herb Brown with lyrics by Arthur Freed include "Fit as a Fiddle," "You Were Meant for Me," "You Are My Lucky Star," and, of course, "Singin' in the Rain." (Thalia; Sept. 3.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, and directed by Jack Cardiff. Visually, it's extraordinarily fine, though the visual beauties aren't informed by Lawrence's passionate sense of life. The artist's fire simply isn't here—the movie is temperate, earnest, episodic. But Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Wendy Hiller as the mother and Trevor Howard as the drunken miner father are superb; it's possible that Howard has never done anything to match his work here. With Mary Ure, Heather Sears, Rosalie Crutchley, Ernest Thesiger, and Donald Pleasence. (Cinema Village; Sept. 3-4.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Lena Horne, Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, the great Nicholas Brothers, Zutty Singleton, Ada Brown, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Benny Carter, and many other black performers and musicians. There are so many famous people in this movie that sometimes three or four "greats" are packed together in the drably staged scenes. Andrew Stone directed. The script is about as bad as a script can be. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2.)

Swept Away (1974)—A Sicilian Communist deckhand (Giancarlo Giannini) working on a yacht and the rich blond shrew (Mariangela Melato) who chartered the ship for a pleasure cruise are marooned on an island. She gave him a bad time when she had the upper hand, so when he takes charge on the island and starts whacking her around maybe one can say that he isn't hitting a woman, he's hitting the capitalist class. Under the guise of a Socialist parable about the economic determinism of personal behavior (class interests determine sexual choice, etc.), the writer-director, Lina Wertmüller, has actually introduced a new version of the story of Eve, the spoiler. This erotic fantasy is like a modern version of Valentino's "The Sheik"—blissful rape for the trendy, dissatisfied liberated woman. And solid reassurance for the men in the audience that women only want to be mastered, yet are sly little beasts, never to be trusted. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Sept. 5-6.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 5-6.)

Tootsie (1982)—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. With Jessica Lange, Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and Sydney Pollack, who also directed. (Regency; Sept. 3.)

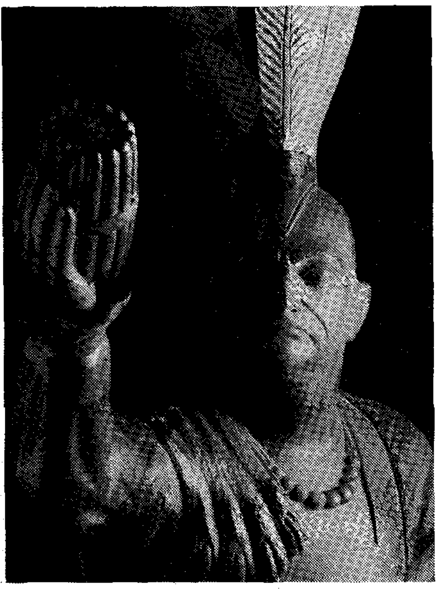
Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Aug. 28.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Visions of Eight (1973)—The 1972 Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight film fragments that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 2.)

The World According to Garp (1982)—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. Irving's novel is something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it. With John Lithgow, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and Amanda Plummer. (Regency; Sept. 2.)

Young Frankenstein (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is old Baron Frankenstein's scientist grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks' most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. With Cloris Leachman, Marty Feldman, Teri Garr, and Gene Hackman, bearded, in a masterly bit as a blind man. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 3.)



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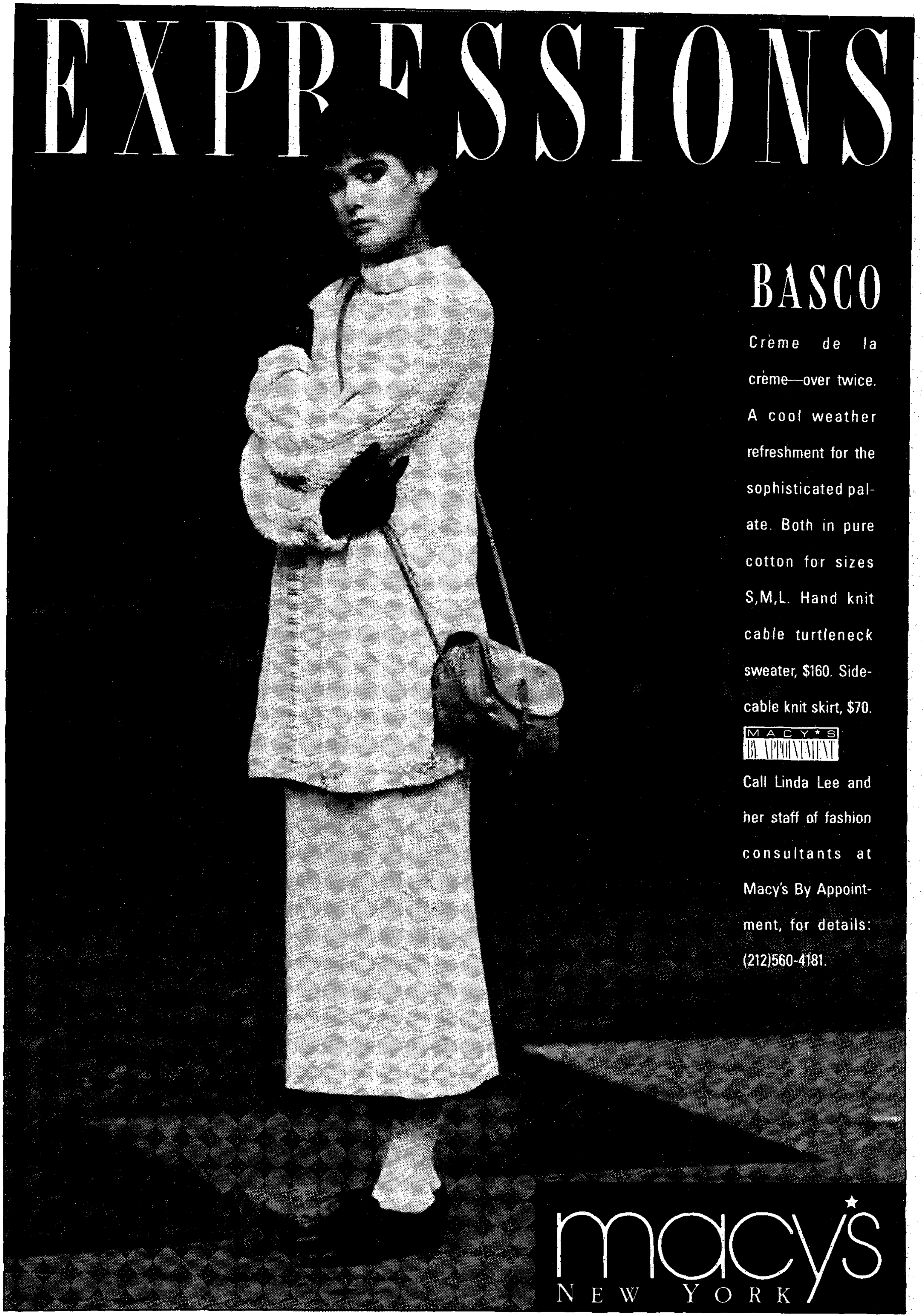

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THE NEW YORKER

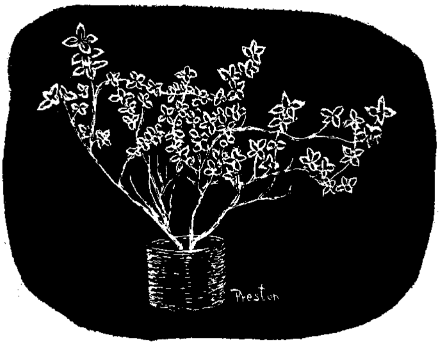
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RECENTLY, we saw a segment of PBS's MacNeil-Lehrer news broadcast which all too painfully caught our attention. Dr. Anthony Fauci, chief of infectious diseases at the National Institutes of Health, in Bethesda, Maryland, and Dr. Mathilde Krim, a research scientist at St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital Center, here in New York, joined in debate over the use of controlled clinical trials in the testing of several drugs that are being looked at as possible treatments for acquired-immunodeficiency syndrome—AIDS. One of the drugs, azidothymidine, commonly referred to as AZT, was recently described in the British medical journal *The Lancet* as showing some promise; and in an experiment now being conducted at the N.I.H. and at a dozen other hospitals, including St. Luke's–Roosevelt, patients with fully developed cases of AIDS (as opposed to those in earlier stages of the disorder, such as AIDS-related complex, or ARC) are given either AZT or a sugar pill—a placebo. Neither the doctors nor the patients know who is receiving which—this is the classic and time-tested method of scientific and medical research called a double-blind experiment—and the condition of all the patients is followed carefully, in the hope of eventually determining whether AZT is safe and effective as a therapy for this terrible disease. It's really in the hope that it is effective, of course. At the end of a predetermined period of time—say, six months—the doctors reveal to themselves the identity of those who have been taking AZT and those who have got the placebo, and if AZT has been found to be safe and effective, they offer the latter group treatment with it. It sadly goes without saying that the number of those in both groups may by then be considerably diminished by death.

Dr. Krim, a warm and articulate woman with a trace of a German accent, argued that AZT should, "on compassionate grounds," as she put it, be administered to all the patients—that there were other scientifically sound ways of measuring the drug's efficacy. Dr. Fauci, who had a neat, slightly grizzled beard and wore a brown suit, and whose demeanor at first struck us as cold and distant, felt that the double-blind method was the only one that might furnish conclusive results. As the discussion went on, it became evident that Dr. Krim and Dr. Fauci, although they disagreed with each other, held each other in esteem: Dr. Krim at one stage courteously anticipated the objection that Dr. Fauci would raise to one of her points, and paid the objection respect, and both doctors were in accord on several important matters—that there is at present no proved therapy for AIDS, and that it is imperative, on precisely the compassionate grounds that Dr. Krim referred to in her advocacy of AZT for all AIDS sufferers, not to abandon the methods of science for what may turn out to be a false hope. And as the segment drew to its close it became clear that both physicians were concerned not only about the hard choices posed by this particular AIDS experiment but in general about those suffering from this dreadful illness. Dr. Krim had from the beginning been speaking from her heart, without losing her head, but it took a while for us to realize that Dr. Fauci's logical, analytical style also had humanity as its foundation; there came a moment, for instance, when, with just the faintest betrayal of what we guessed was deep anguish, he referred to "young men dying who shouldn't be dying."

There was real nobility in this discussion—it was not just another ten-minute TV debate. In their intellect, in their charity, in their individuality, and in their ability to disagree without raised voices or personal malice, these two physicians—at least in this forum, for this short time—gave a powerful demonstration of what hope means, not only in the pursuit of a cure or treatment for AIDS but also in the search for answers to the other frightening and stunningly complicated problems that surround us. To them, and to all those like them who in our behalf wrestle the demons of the modern age, Godspeed.



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A FRIEND writes:

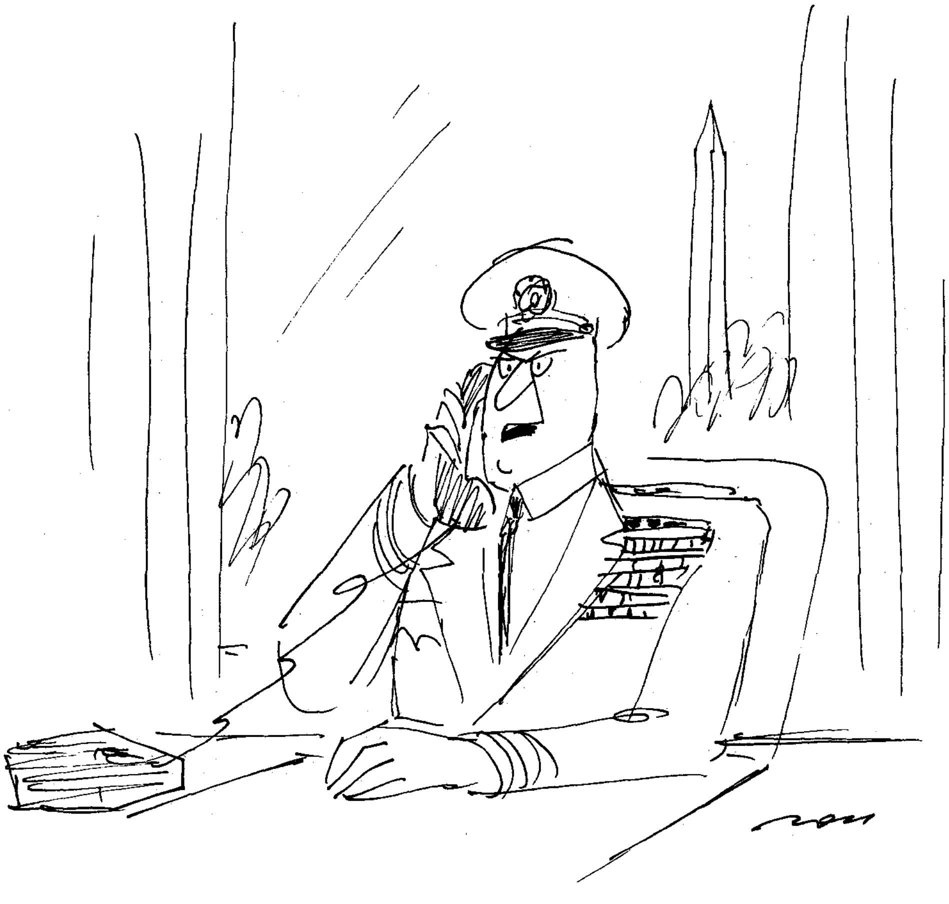
Emily Dickinson died in Amherst a hundred years ago, after decades of seclusion. She and her poetry remained mostly in her room, unknown. I made a discovery about that room on a flight to San Francisco earlier this summer. I carried along the recent Belknap/Harvard two-volume facsimile edition of her poems, and once the plane was aloft I opened one of the volumes. I found it strange while hurtling through space in a sort of fake parlor to encounter intimately, and as if for the first time, a poem I had known since I was fourteen—"I Heard a Fly Buzz When I Died." I felt privileged to see the careful, hooked calligraphy that had flowed out of her pen as she sat alone at her desk with her inkpot and her paper and her singular brain. The lace of capitals adorning nouns here and there and the calm, level placement of line after line create a clear figure on the page—itself a kind of room. Whenever the word "fly" appears, it is capitalized and is written without ligatures, each letter far from the others—"F l y"—like a portrait of the components of being, or of the separation that occurs at death:

> With Blue, Uncertain, Stumbling Buzz,
> Between the Light and Me,
> And then the Windows failed, and then
> I could not see to see.

Her room was no ordinary one. It was a force field of concentration in which, isolated from the distractions that erode attention, she quietly employed her art to touch the most difficult moments of existence.

In San Francisco, I went to the Palace of the Legion of Honor to view an exhibition of prints of Edvard Munch. His life coincided somewhat with Emily Dickinson's—he was twenty-two when she died; he eventually became something of a recluse; they both tried in their work to examine death from an unsentimental point of view—but their external histories could not have been more divergent. He left his home in Christiania, Norway, and travelled throughout Europe; he mingled with a bohemian crowd; he suffered from passionate liaisons with difficult women; he provoked attacks from critics with his drawings of debauchery; and he attained fame before withdrawing, in the last thirty years of his life, to a retreat outside the Norwegian capital. The first picture I saw upon entering the gallery was a color lithograph of "The Sick Child." Munch's sister, who lived only to the age of fifteen, is portrayed on her deathbed in profile, as if she were facing a window: the dishevelled strands of her hair are delicately splayed across the pillow, her lips are together, and her gaze is open, as if yearning to take in more light. Near this lithograph was a drypoint etching of the girl, also in profile, with a woman slumped next to the bed. Their hands touch. At the base of the etching is a panel of a landscape: a hill, a tree in full leaf, a sky.

I grew up in a remote part of the country, in the boundless, accidental world of nature, and I was thoroughly ignorant of art until I was eighteen, when I saw a travelling exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings. I was astonished. They were windows into a deeper world, a world framed by intention and revealed through the efforts of consciousness, and the window that made the greatest impression on me was Munch's "The Scream." I returned to it again and again, and, baffled, stood there listening. In subsequent years, whenever I ran across a reproduction, I again puzzled over the mystery. In the Palace of the Legion of Honor I found "The Scream" once more, this time in the form of a lithograph that was, if anything, more powerful than the painting: lines of force ripple outward from the openmouthed figure, penetrating the land and the sky. A docent conducting a tour reached the picture, and she read aloud, in a beautiful voice, from Munch's own notes: " 'Stopping, I leaned against the rail, nearly dead with fatigue. Over the blue-black fjord hung the clouds red as blood and like tongues of flame. My friends left, and alone, trembling with fear, I experienced the great infinite scream of nature.' " "The great infinite scream of nature." Of course. That scream passes through the human being, who, hands clamped over his ears, is shown in the act of witnessing the utter strangeness of what it is to be here.



"Colonel Mulveahy here, exercising unilateral restraint."

I went outside and sat at an overlook in a little park. The sky was clear and luminous. The only sound was the wind. Framed between branches of a tilted pine were the opening of the bay and the steep green of the headlands. White sails moved across the blue between the boughs. I thought about the immense room shared by Emily Dickinson and Edvard Munch. On the last page of the exhibition catalogue I had bought was quoted the text he had written on a drawing from a portfolio he called "The Tree of Knowledge":

> Nothing is small nothing is great—
> Inside us are worlds. What is small divides
> itself into
> what is great the great into the small.

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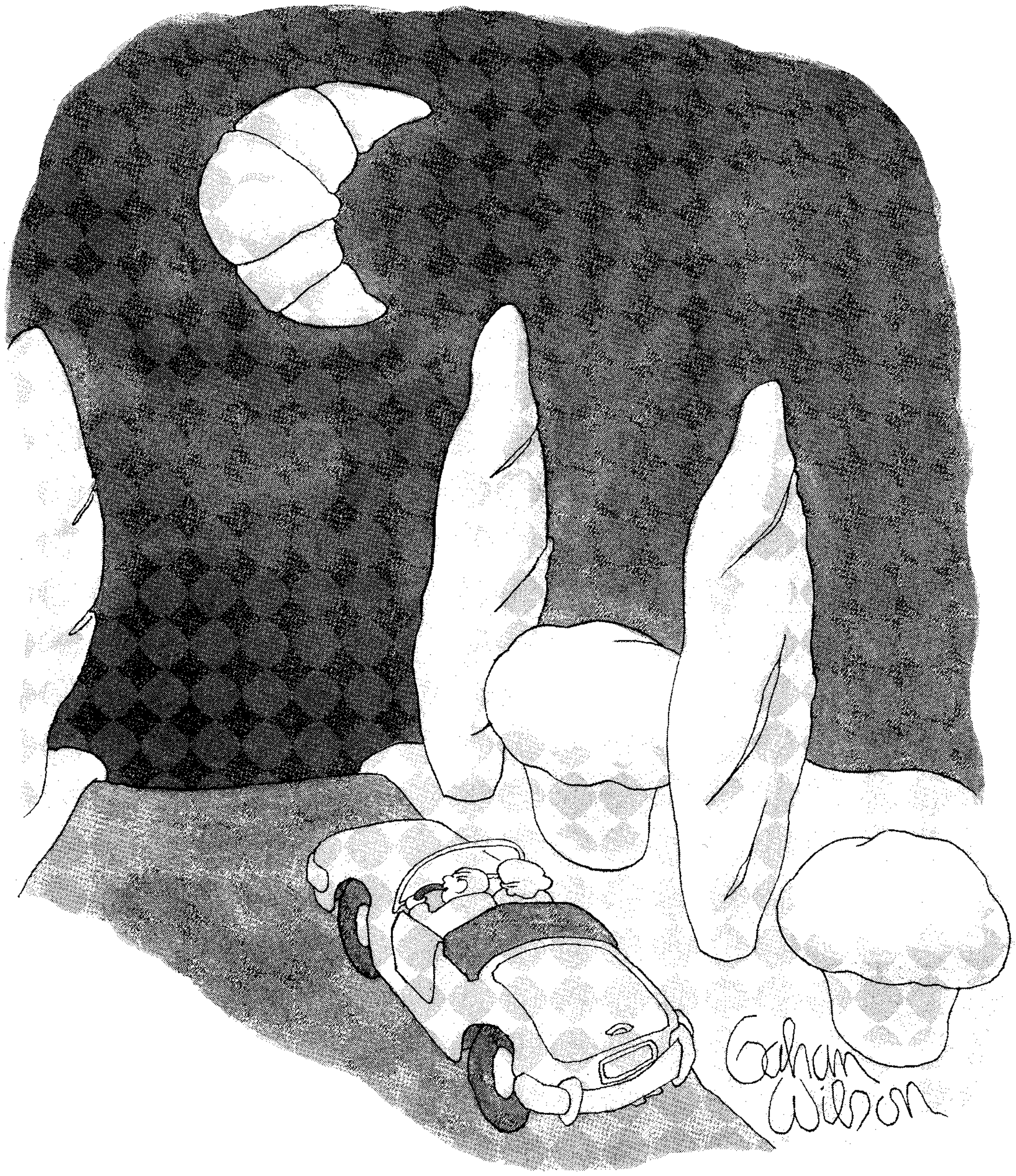
Colombian

IN this era of centennials—the nation's, the Statue of Liberty's, the Constitution's—the biggest of all, the five-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, is still six years away. Nonetheless, preparations for it have started in at least twenty countries, most of them in and around the

Caribbean, which Columbus explored on his four voyages. We learned this over lunch with Mauricio Obregón, who has been Colombia's Ambassador to Venezuela and to the Organization of American States, and who is currently its Ambassador-at-large in the Caribbean states; he is also a founder and past president of the University of the Andes, in Bogotá, and was until his term expired in June the only foreign member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard. Mr. Obregón, who was a student at Harvard, speaks impeccable English. He is a distinguished-looking man in his sixties with a neatly trimmed mustache and beard, and, in addition to being a diplomat and a teacher, he is an explorer and the author of several books on exploration. Most of his expeditions have been in the tracks of the great explorers of the past—in particular, Columbus and Magellan. Many of his trips were in the company of the late Samuel Eliot Morison, who taught a famous course in exploration at Harvard, and each of the two frequently turns up in the other's books. Together, they wrote "The Caribbean As Columbus Saw It."



"It sure is great to be back in France."

When we met with Mr. Obregón recently, he told us that the President of Colombia had put him in charge of Colombia's Committee for the Quinquecentennial—or, as Mr. Obregón, who is as precise in conversation as he is in appearance, corrected himself, the President made him executive vice-chairman of the committee, for a former President of Colombia, Carlos Lleras, is the chairman. "Some years ago, the King of Spain called together delegates from all the Hispanic countries and said that we should take the initiative for plans for the Quinquecentennial—or V Centenario, as we call it," Mr. Obregón said. "Each country works on its own plans, but we get together every year to coördinate. We've just had a meeting in Costa Rica. Sometimes the meetings are quite political. We've decided to let the Portuguese in, and, of course, the Brazilians are in, so we are not just Hispanic-Americans but Ibero-Americans. Then, we've argued about whether to let other groups in. We have invited your committee of observers to join, and we've decided to let the Haitians and the Bahamians in, too. We had to, as the Bahamas are the first place Columbus landed, and he also visited Haiti on his first voyage."

Since a main event of the Quinquecentennial will be sailing replicas of the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María across the Atlantic on Columbus's course, we asked Mr. Obregón if their sailors would know where to go—that is, if Columbus's first landfall in the New World is known.

"There's a big argument about whether he landed on San Salvador or on some other Bahamian island," Mr. Obregón said. "There's a whole bunch of us for San Salvador, but others say it was Cat Island, and still others say it was the Turks and Caicos Islands. Morison and I were—and I am—for San Salvador, for a number of reasons. When Columbus made his first landfall, he came from the east and he saw white cliffs—and San Salvador has white cliffs in the right place. I persuaded our Navy to take me on its big training ship, the square-rigger Gloria, on its way to New York for the centennial of the Statue of Liberty, and we approached the island at dawn, as Columbus did. And I saw the white cliffs. After seeing the cliffs, Columbus had to sail around the island to find a breach in the coral reefs and, beyond it, a beach. Even then, he and his men had to go through the gap in longboats. San Salvador is surrounded by such a reef, and at the easiest place to go ashore there is a beach. Columbus saw on the beach a great many square stones 'cut as if ready to build a cathedral.' Morison and I saw a few such stones on a trip we took some time ago, but not enough to satisfy what Columbus described. When I went back this year, I saw dozens of square stones at the waterline, where they had been covered with sand earlier. There were easily enough to build a cathedral."

We asked Mr. Obregón how he had met Morison, and learned that in the early nineteen-sixties Morison had come to Colombia and had addressed its Navy. Mr. Obregón, himself an ex-naval aviator, and also a yachtsman, was in the audience. "Morison spoke in English," Mr. Obregón said. "The Navy's interpreter wasn't very good with naval terms. When Morison talked of 'dead reckoning,' he translated it into Spanish as 'dead man's reckoning.' People in the audience shouted, 'No, that won't do!' So they got me to interpret. Afterward, our admiral said to me, 'Now, what will we do with the great man?' I invited him to Cartagena to go sailing on my cousin's yacht. One evening, we were sitting on deck drinking gin and coconut milk. We were talking about early exploration. Morison said it was impossible for an explorer on the sea to see the Sierra Nevada Mountains behind Santa Marta, a city on the Colombian coast. I said one could see them. The next day, I took him there in an airplane. I flew him in from the sea at mast height, and we looked. We didn't see the mountains. He was right. But what was more important was that the flight made us think what a wonderful platform a light airplane is for tracing the routes of explorers. You can go high and get a maplike view, and low for the view of a sailor up a mast. That flight started us. We did Columbus. Then we did the Vikings in North America, and then Cabot, and then half a dozen explorers in the south. And when he was busy with other projects I did Jason and Ulysses on my own. Later, we did Magellan, going around the world together. He wrote about our trip in his last book. He was a great man. Do you know what his last words to me were? 'I have no complaints at all against life.' Isn't that lovely?"

We asked Mr. Obregón if he was following the tracks of any explorers at the moment, and he said that he was investigating the Polynesians, but that he had no plans to take on explorers of the Arctic, the Antarctic, or the Himalayas. "I pick only explorers who go to pleasant places," he said. "The idea is to go and sail around in them."

Popcorn Memoirs

THE local movie house in a village that lies between the Atlantic Ocean and the Great South Bay was showing Kurosawa's "Ran" last Monday night. The hurricane watch had been called off, but a sturdy east wind was blowing, and amazing clouds were moving across the sky. The sun was setting brightly, and a practically full moon was about to rise as the movie began. A fourteen-year-old boy was making his début behind the popcorn-and-candy counter. Four hours later, he had this story to tell:

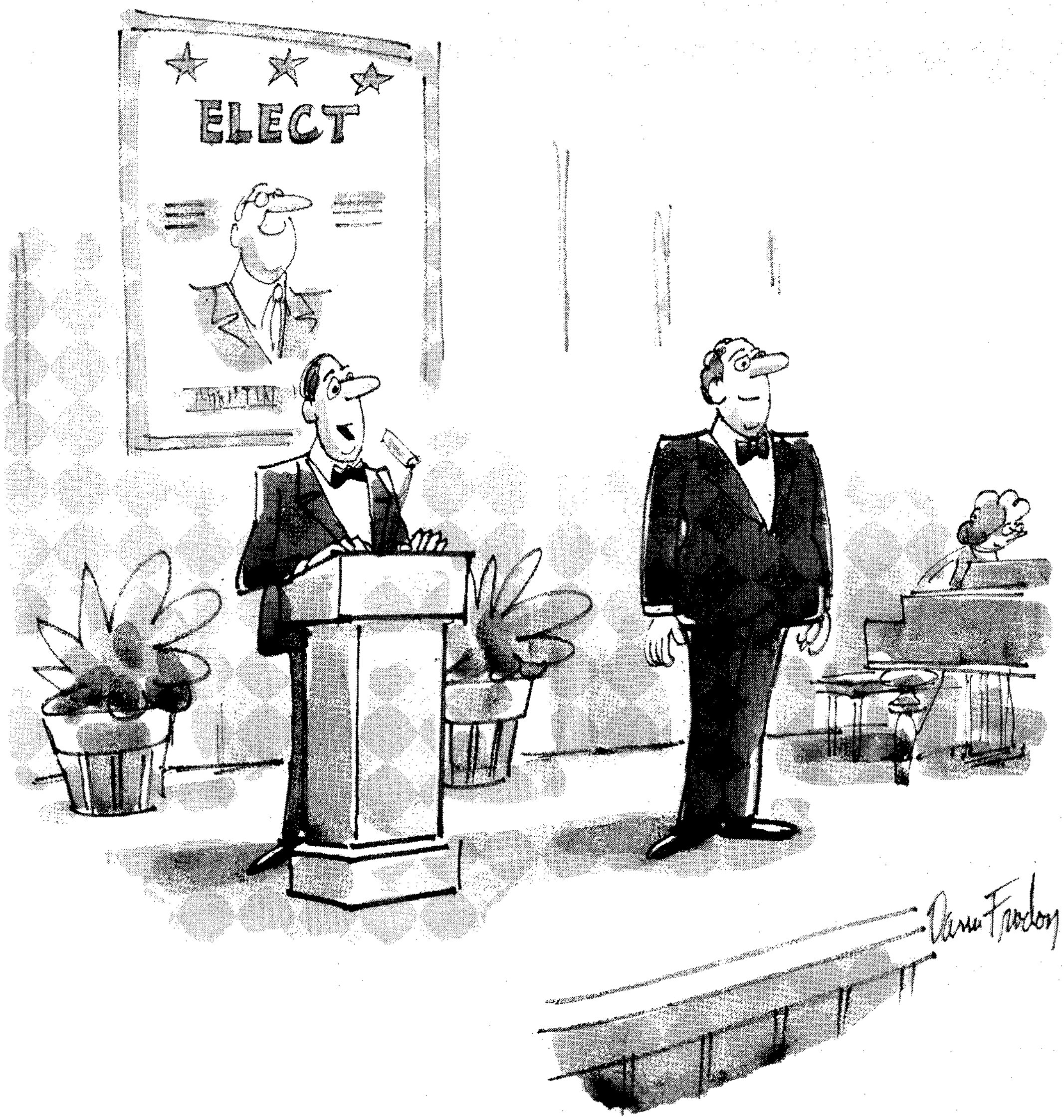
I met L——, the woman who runs the movie house, on the street one night, and we had a little conversation pertaining to summer employment. She said she would keep me in mind. This afternoon, she called up and said to be there at a quarter after six. She hurriedly showed me the ropes—basically, cleaning off the counter, making sure to see that there was enough of all the sodas, and making sure I knew where the brooms were—and she also told me to see that the men's room was mildly reputable-looking. Oh, yeah, she showed me how to do the popcorn. She did the first batch to show me how, and she told me to do three more. I say "do," not "make," because I don't actually bring the popcorn into being. L—— has a good sense of how much popcorn to do—she really knows movie crowds.

You take a measuring cup, scoop the kernels out of a huge bag, lift up the top of the popper— Oh, this reflects the way I mistakenly did it. I'm supposed to put the Tastee Pop in first—that's a popcorn oil and seasoner, it says on the box—but I forget and put it in after the kernels, usually. Tastee Pop is harder and flakier than butter. Then I'm supposed to put salt in—that's one of the things she's picky about, the salt—and then I lower the top. Oh, before I do all that, before I even start, I have to turn the little knob that says "Popper," wait till it gets hot, and then turn on a separate switch for the motor and a light switch. Then I do three or four batches—I have to use my judgment—and turn everything off except the infrared lamp that keeps it warm. Once each batch is popped, there's a wooden stick that's used to knock it out of the popper into the bottom of the box, which is where I scoop it out from. The stick is about two feet long with a flattish end where it's chipped—like something you'd find on the beach.

L——'s business philosophy is the hardest thing to get used to. It's "The customer is always wrong." She didn't put it to me in so many words, but I soon got the idea. One woman started out by wondering if the popcorn might be soggy, and then she complained about the Tastee Pop—she wanted to know was I using butter or imitation (we put butter on at the end, if they want it)—and then she said it wasn't salty enough, and when I handed her the cylinder she said didn't I have a saltshaker. I said to L——, "This woman seemed to think it was a wine-tasting party, or something," and L—— said, "Oh, yes, she's a ---- -- --- ---," and she told me if I had any more trouble just say, "L——, we've got a complainer over here." She told me she had once warned the very same woman, "If you ask me whether the popcorn's stale, you'll wear it." Perhaps her thought was that I should hit complainers with the stick.

Oh, God, one weird thing. During the middle of the first show, there was a loud clatter coming from the projection room, so I ran to the foot of the stairs, and I got there just in time to see a huge reel of film speeding toward me, sort of half in the air and half on the stairs, picking up speed as it fell. I managed to jump out of the way before it landed and crashed into the wall.

I got to see some of the movie when business quieted down. The part where he was saying to the daughter-in-law, "Why do you look at me with love in your eyes?" That was so sad I began to cry, so I went over to the napkins to dry my tears, and L—— said, "Don't take too many napkins." This is another feature of her philosophy. At one point, a large person appeared and bought a large popcorn. He was a rather tough-looking fellow, perhaps wearing a black leather jacket (or I may have imagined he was). He stuck his hand into the napkin box—this was before L—— replaced the napkins—and he pulled almost all of them out. L—— had told me, "If someone takes too many napkins, just



"And now baritone Robert Winkley will sing, with no apparent effort, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

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say, 'Hey, don't take so many napkins,' because they'll just wind up on the floor and I'll have to sweep them up later." But in this case I decided it would be better not to say anything.

Oh, yeah. Remember those sushi people? You know, the family that runs Sushi-Ya? This is from L——. She told me they came in and that they were delighted to have a movie in their own language. So she asked them could she have a free plate of sushi the next time she went to their place, and they said yes. I think she meant to imply that they were ecstatic.

Then, later, at the second show, a woman came in and said she had allergies, did we have any water, and L—— said, "No, no water." That struck me as harsh. Then she relented and brought some water in a cup, and the woman bought a Coke. And I thought my paperboy job last summer was weird!

You have to have an aptitude for this popcorn biz. I know it's candy and soda, too, but I think of it as popcorn. Oh, this is part of her business philosophy: "Don't bother getting them their sodas from the cooler—they can do it themselves. You have enough to do." I was only trying to be helpful before I got too busy with the popcorn. I developed a rhythm for it surprisingly quickly. You take the— You're supposed to put half a stick of Tastee Pop in for each batch, and if it isn't cut yet, in half, take the church key and cut a groove around the middle of the bar and then snap it in half. So: cut, snap, dump the Tastee Pop in, scoop up the kernels, pour the kernels into the popper, sprinkle the salt. Cut, snap, dump, scoop, pour, sprinkle. Then you ask if they want butter. Of course, that includes somewhere in there opening and closing the lid of the popper.

One annoying incident—a Yuppie couple came in and asked for popcorn, and I filled the cup about *this* much under the rim, so it wouldn't spill out, and the woman said, "Could you fill it up, please," so I filled it to the rim and some pieces fell to the as yet unswept floor.

Last night, L—— underestimated the running time of the movie, so I ended up with only about two minutes to make two bushels of popcorn before the customers started to pour in for the second show. During the second performance, the reel ran out about half an hour into the movie. I was sweeping up, and suddenly I heard people screaming—this shout arose—and I saw the mustached projectionist running up the stairs. Every now and then, he comes downstairs and scoops up some popcorn. I was quite offended at first, as I thought of the popcorn as my domain, but he probably just wanted to save me the trouble.

One more night of "Ran," then two nights of "Desert Hearts" (a *very* adult movie, I hear), then some sort of benefit for two nights, then "Ruthless People," starting Sunday. L—— said to me, "So you think you're pretty fast, huh? When the first day of 'Ruthless People' comes around, you're gonna really understand what speed means. Maybe you'd better practice at home." She values speed over perfection—you can tell. She talked a lot about speed, but when I was sweeping the floors during my period of ennui an hour after the beginning of the first show—I was sweeping all the nooks and crannies—she said, "It doesn't have to be perfect." She runs a rough operation. She's great to work for. I haven't applied her philosophy yet, because I've been too intimidated by the customers. Probably I'll be forced to, though, when the mobs pour in. "Ruthless People," I imagine, will be the true test of my abilities. I hope I pass the test.

DANDELION GOLF

IT was spring, and the field across the road was empty. Our milk cows had been declared superfluous and they had been carted away. One would like to think that the children were asleep when it happened. As it was, they were watching Saturday-morning cartoons in the living room and could see the green livestock truck out the bay window.

Of course, we had known all about it for some time. The official letter came months ago. It was headed "Re: Milk Surplus." If we were losing money, we would have to give up our cows. There were features in the newspaper on the community page. People on dairy farms like this one but in New Hampshire, not western Massachusetts, where we are, got on the CBS news. Places there looked a lot poorer than here, but truthfully we were hurting and our kids seemed just as destitute, looking out that window.

My husband, Tom, stayed back riding the three-gang mower and kept his head down so he would not have to see the barn. It was the first cutting, and it had that sweet, succulent aroma that disappears later on in the year after the sun drives out the moisture. He drove the tractor in ever-smaller rectangles and he took care not to chafe any of the trees in the yard.

From the ell of the house where the kitchen is, you could see from the window over the sink the three kids kneeling backward on the couch, Tom perched on the metal tractor seat, and the green livestock truck with its ramp down. The cows were mooing in the barn. They did that when strangers were around them. On some government installations the personnel in charge of security have purchased flocks of white domestic geese to guard the perimeter. They are formidable birds, the males with necks as thick as a middleweight's arm, and they raise a racket, whereas good guard dogs do not bark at all. Tom had done the last milking at five-thirty, when it was still dark. He did not have to do it, but he knew the cows would be more comfortable that way on their journey. That was as far as he cared to think about their fate.

We had some savings, and we could get hold of the IRA if we wanted to take the penalty. There was the government subsidy and low-interest loans like the ones they have in the Midwest after a tornado hits, which we were told we were entitled to if we filled out the forms. Tom wanted to grow grapes with the money, like the Mondavi brothers in Napa Valley, whom he had read about in *Travel & Leisure*. Or maybe he would have goats on the old cow field and make goat cheese to sell in the Berkshires, he said. Maybe he would do both; and bread could be baked in the kitchen oven and the kids could pick wildflowers from the field and we could make picnic baskets for the tourists in the summer and the leafers in the fall. He was going to trade in the BMW for a four-wheel-drive Subaru wagon—it could hold more baskets. He could be overly practical.

When Tom was cleaning out the barn after the cows had been taken away, he found a cache of rusted tools, old license plates, harness leather, milking stools, and broken oak furniture. He would have a barn sale instead of making wine and goat cheese. There was a pile of junk he could polish and he could set up an antique store in the barn. He could find more stuff up in Vermont or in Maine, where it was certain to be cheaper, he said, and hauling it back would make the Subaru invaluable. That way no one would have to bake bread, and the children could concentrate on TV or homework or whatever they wanted to do.

The field where the cows had grazed grew wild with dandelions. On the wood above the large double doors of the barn, Tom sprayed the word "Antiques" freehand from a can of flat Rust-Oleum red. One man who stopped had an organic-vitamin company in New Jersey and he proposed to harvest the dandelions and turn them into carotene capsules, but then the Tylenol scare ruined the capsule market and Tom never heard from the man again.

Even without the cows, Tom had a hard time sleeping in in the morning. He would still dress in jeans and his boots and head for the barn. He still kept his toothbrush in a glass on the work sink. He would come out to wave to the kids if they were going to school, or to get the newspaper from the metal cannister beneath the fibreglass mailbox.

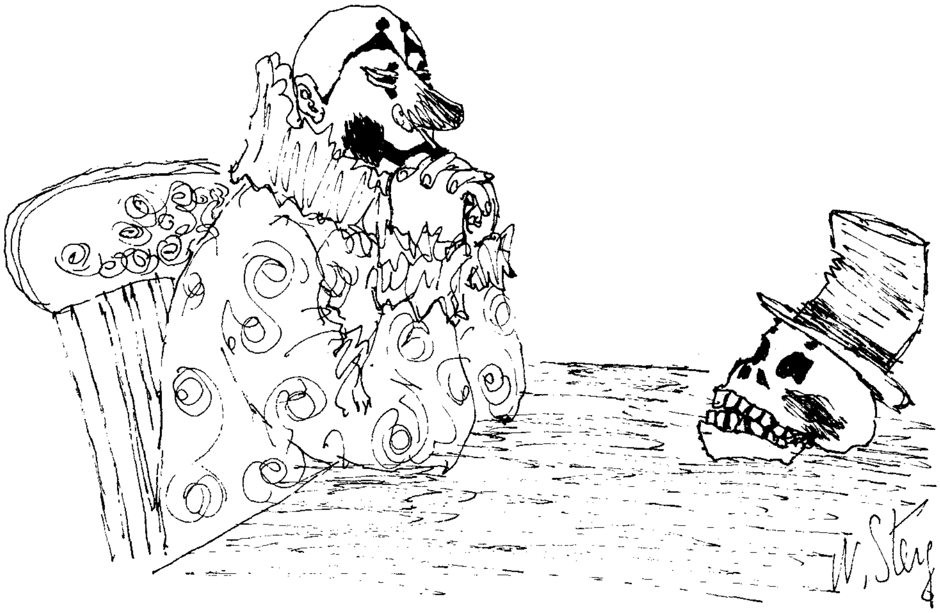
d. ehrenberg

THE mailbox had red setters on the sides and had come from Tom's mother via L. L. Bean or Hammacher Schlemmer the Christmas we moved up to run the dairy. Andrew had not been born yet, and Jane and Lydia had not begun regular school. We got the barn ready for the cows that winter by wire-brushing and whitewashing the entire inside. There is no better way to get to hate a barn than to crawl over every inch of it seven months pregnant, wearing a dust mask so you do not give the baby anything harmful by inhaling fungus, and alternately freezing and sweating. The kerosene heater Tom bought at a tag sale gave off inky fumes and about a square inch of heat. My mother kept Jane and Lydia warm at her condominium in West Palm Beach, and that helped sort of. Tom thought it a great help.

Cows do not give milk unless they are calved, and spring was calving time. Federal agriculture inspectors had certified us, the cows, and the equipment, and Tom made arrangements to have Sheffield Farms buy our milk as soon as production began and put it in their cartons. We did not have a pasteurizer. Nurses at hospitals in cow country learn early on to banter about putting metal registry tags in the baby's ear—ha, ha—and it was amid this vein of humor that Andrew was born. The first delivery you do not know anything about, except what you have heard; with the second you are scared because it is supposed to be easier and anticipation never is easier; and by the third the novelty has worn off and you just want to get it over with and go home.

Andrew nursed constantly. We kept empty Agway grain sacks in the mudroom to use in carting away the Pampers or Huggies that accumulated like snow.

For her second-grade project, Jane made a construction-paper display of the life cycle of a barn owl. One block of her neat printing revealed that this species could hear a mouse squeak half a mile away. In Havahart traps we



caught shrews, moles, mice, rats, and a young raccoon that we kept for Andrew. Tom did the milking of the sixty head by himself. He planned to have some summer help from the girls' junior college. We joined a 4-H Club for under-twelve-year-olds and got farming catalogues in the mail that we did not send for.

Friends from the city drove up on weekends and we made new friends either because we liked them or because our kids were friends with their kids. We had had the BMW when we moved, and had kept it even though it was too small for hauling feed, but we used it for grocery shopping and for going to the movies or to Friendly's—the girls in the back, Andrew on my lap in front, Tom driving. Most of the men we knew in the area drove pickups, with gun racks, into which were cradled their seasonal sporting equipment or, if they were builders, their long metal framing levels. Tom never owned a gun or a level. He took a correspondence husbandry course, and he helped teach swimming at the middle school.

Out in the country, he said, one learns to worry about ponds that children may stumble into, and castoff refrigerators with doors that they cannot open from the inside. A dirt road divided our farmhouse from the barn. There was a pond the cows used in the pasture, and a cattle gap on the road side of the barn. The barn had ladders that reached to the lofts, one on either side, with the stalls beneath them. Wide planking that was whitewashed formed the interior walls. The roof, rafters, and beams were a natural deep reddish brown, and were furrowed where the sun had come in over the years and baked them. Part of the main section between the lofts held the gleaming raw-milk tanks and the milking machinery with its gray rubber hoses that could be uncoiled to pass through holes into the milking stands. Equipment for sterilizing anything made of stainless steel and chemicals to check for tubercle bacillus were stored in a walk-in closet, along with a file cabinet, milk-production charts, and the accounting books with the records for Sheffield. Each entry bore the initials of the man who made the milk pickup. What tools Tom had were in the trunk of the BMW. He made most of the repairs on the barn and the house and on the machinery with the screwdriver, awl, or master blade of his pocketknife. The gardening and mowing equipment was in the shed. Handymen who advertised on the bulletin board between the inner and outer automatic doors at the Shoprite in town fixed whatever Tom could not. The farm had been fully equipped when purchased, and Tom's idea was to sell off as much as possible that did not have to do with milking and cart what did not sell to the dump. Instead, a lot got shoved into dark corners and into two stalls that were once used for draft horses and had deeply scarred, thick oak floors and heavy half doors dented from hoof kicks.

WHEN, not long after the cows were taken, Jane or Lydia taught Andrew about hide-and-seek—it was never clear who had done what—one of them told him that he was not supposed to give up his hiding place for anything. Andrew is garrulous and good-natured, as third children often are, and could be counted on to give away almost anything, but he kept his hiding place to himself. When the girls came to Tom crying that Andrew got lost when they were just playing a game, Tom found Andrew by putting himself in the frame of mind of a two-and-a-half-year-old.

It was during this search that Tom came across an old set of wooden-shafted golf clubs in a ratty canvas bag. The club heads had rusted, but you could make out the words "Niblick," "Mashie," "Brassie," and "Spoon." Soon afterward, Tom sent away for gallery tickets to the U.S. Open at Shinnecock, on Long Island.

Jane was seven and could run the washing machine and dryer alone. Lydia could unpack groceries and make beds without tucking in the sheets. We rented a housekeeping unit at a motel on the North Shore of Long Island, and the girls promised to help if they could come. There was no question about Andrew's coming. Tom wanted him to caddie for him someday, as Jack Nicklaus's son had done in the Masters. Tom had played in college and in junior tournaments, paired with a friend of his father's at whose place Sam Snead had once stayed and practiced his short irons.

It was an easy drive from the motel to where the Open was being played, and on the way, on the radio in the car, an NPR commentator was bemoaning the fact that the Belmont had been run and there was no Triple Crown winner this year, nor had Indy produced any heroes. The Mets were outdistancing their league, and the Yankees no one seemed to care about. Aides at the White House were preparing the country for what might be the longest vacation in Presidential history. The only bright spot, he said, was Nicklaus's chances in the Open. Tom turned it off. For this, he said, he had high hopes, if Nicklaus could stay out of the rough. Andrew looked up, not understanding what the rough is, and Tom explained that it is where the weeds grow. "Like dandelions?" Andrew asked. Tom smiled and said yes, and turned his eyes back to the road.

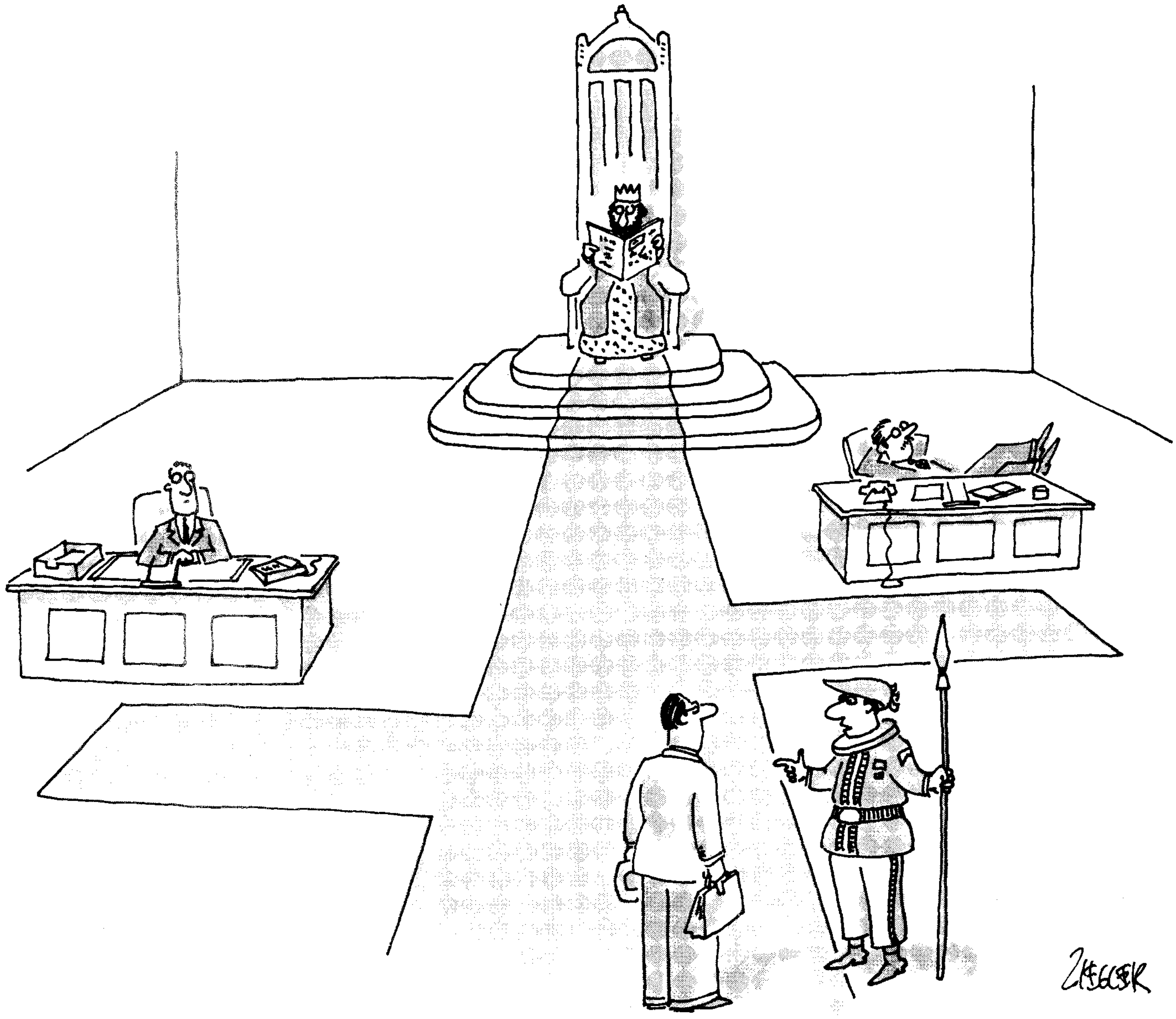
—DOUGLAS GASNER

28

At 28 I was still faithless.
I had crossed the country in a green Ford,
sleeping one night almost 14 hours in a motel
above Salt Lake City. I discovered
I'd had a fever all that day, and thus the animals
that dotted the road, the small black spots
that formed and unformed crows, the flying pieces
of slate that threatened to break through
the windshield . . . were whatever they were.
I took two aspirins and an allergy pill—that was all
I had—and got into bed although it was light out.
That was 28 years ago. Since then I have died
only twice, once in slow motion against
the steel-blue driver's side of a Plymouth
station wagon. One moment before impact I said
to myself, seriously, "This is going to hurt."
The kids in the Plymouth's back seat gaped
wildly, shouted, leaped, and the father held firm
to the steering wheel as I slipped through the space
that was theirs, untouched, skidding first
on the black field of asphalt and broken glass
that is California 168, Tollhouse Road, and over
the edge of the mountain, the motorcycle
tumbling off on its own through nettles and grass
to come to a broken rest as all bodies must.
Often when I shave before a late dinner, especially
on summer evenings, I notice the white lines
on my right shoulder like the smeared imprint
of a leaf on silk or the delicate tracings
on a whale's fins that the smaller sea animals carve
to test his virtue, and I reënter the wide blue eyes
of that family of five that passed on their way
up the mountain.
But at 28 I was still faithless.
I could rise before dawn from a bed drenched
with my own sweat, repack the green Ford
in the dark, my own breath steaming
in the high, clear air, and head for California.
I could spend the next night in Squaw Valley
writing a letter to my wife and kids asleep hours
behind me in Colorado, I could listen to Rexroth
reminiscing on a Berkeley FM station in the voice
God uses to lecture Jesus Christ, and still believe
two aspirins, an allergy pill, and proper rest were proof
against the cold that leaps in one blind moment
from the heart to the farthest shore to shudder
through the small sea creatures I never knew existed.

It seems the sun passing back and forth behind clouds
this morning threatens to withdraw its affections
and the sky is as distant and pale as a bored child
in the wrong classroom or a man of 28
drilled so often on the names of fruit-bearing trees
that he forgets even the date palm. Here in New England,
no longer new or English, the first frost
has stained the elms and maples outside my window,
and the kids on their way hunch their shoulders
against the cold. One boy drops his lunchbox
with a clatter and mysteriously leaves it there
on the pavement as a subtle rebuke
to his mother, to a father holding tight to a wheel,
to a blue Plymouth that long ago entered the heaven
brooding above Detroit. If only they had stopped
all those years ago and become a family of five
descending one after the other the stone ledges
of Sweet Potato Mountain and found me face down
among the thistles and shale and lifted me to my feet.
I weighed no more than feathers do or the wish
to become pure spirit. If I had not broken my glasses
I could have gone on my way with a thank-you,
with a gap-toothed smile.
28 years ago, faithless, I
found the great bay of San Francisco where the map
said it would be, and crossed the bridge from Oakland
singing "I Cover the Waterfront" into the cold winds
and the dense odor of coffee. Before I settled
in East Palo Alto among divorcées and appliance salesmen,
fifty yards from the Union Pacific tracks, I spent a
long weekend
with Arthur, my mentor to be. In a voice ruined, he said,
by all-night draughts of whiskey and coffee, he praised
the nobility of his lemon and orange trees, the tang
of his loquats, the archaic power of his figs.
In a gambler's green visor and stiff Levi's, he bowed
to his wounded tomatoes swelling into late summer.
Kneeling in the parched loam by the high fence
he bared the elusive strawberries, his blunt fingers
working the stiff leaves over and over. It was August.
He was almost happy.
Faithless, I had not found
the olive trees bursting on the hillsides west
of US 99. I knew only the bitter black fruit
that clings with all its life to the hard seed.
I had not wakened to mockers wrangling in my yard
at dawn in a riot of sexual splendor or heard
the sea roar at Bondi Bay, the long fingers
of ocean running underneath the house all night
to rinse off the pain of nightmare. I had not
seen my final child, though he was on the way.
I had not become a family of five or opened
my arms to receive the black gifts of a mountain road,
of ground cinders, pebbles, rough grass.
At twice my age,
Arthur, too, was faithless, or so he insisted
through the long sober evenings in Los Altos, once
crowded with the cries of coyotes. His face
darkened and his fists shook when he spoke
of Nothing, what he would become in that waiting blaze
of final cold, a whiteness like no other.
At 56, more scared of me than I of him,
his right forefinger raised to keep the beat,
he gravelled out his two great gifts of truth:
"I'd rather die than reread the last novels
of Henry James" and "Philip, we must never lie
or we shall lose our souls." All one winter afternoon
he chanted in Breton French the coarse poems
of Tristan Corbière,
his voice reaching into unforeseen sweetness,
both hands
rising toward the ceiling, the tears held back so long
still held back, for he was dying and he was ready.

By April I had crossed the Pacheco Pass and found
roosting in the dark branches of the Joshua tree



"His Majesty's lawyer will see you now, followed by His Majesty's agent, after which His Majesty the King will, if all goes well, see you."

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the fabled magpie—"Had a long tongue and a long tail;
He could both talk and do." This is a holy land,
I thought. At a Sunoco station, the attendant,
wiry and dour, said in perfect Okie, "Be careful, son,
a whole family was wiped out right here
just yesterday." At Berenda the fields flooded
for miles in every direction. Arthur's blank sky
stared down at an unruffled inland sea and threatened
to let go. On the way home I cut lilacs
from the divider strip of El Camino Real.
My wife was pregnant. All night we hugged
each other in our narrow bed as the rain
came on in sheets. A family of five, and all
of us were out of work. The dawn was silent.
The black roses, battered, unclenched, the burned petals
floated on the pond beside the playhouse.
Beneath the surface the tiny stunned pike circled
no prey we could see. That was not another life.
I was 29 now and faithless, not the father of the man
I am but the same man who all this day
sat in a still house watching the low clouds massing
in the west, the new winds coming on.
By late afternoon the kids are home from school,
clambering on my front porch, though day
after day I beg them not to. When I go
to the window they race off in mock horror,
daring me to follow. The huge crows that wake
me every morning settle back on the rainspout
next door to caw to the season. I could put them
all in a poem, title it "The Basket of Memory,"
as though each image were an Easter egg waiting to hatch,
as though I understood the present and the past
or even why the eight-year-old with a cap of blond hair
falling to her shoulders waves to me as she darts
between parked cars and cartwheels into the early dusk.

—PHILIP LEVINE

THE FORGIVENESS TRICK

IN London, Nicholas, who was nearly five and had never been afraid of the dark before, began to need his father at night. Barefoot on the pricklish Oriental rug, Nicholas would feel his way through the sitting room, which was dark except for six high, fogged-over windows that smelled of cold rainy glass and dirty painted mullions—he knew because he liked to lean his forehead against them in the afternoon. At night, a sudden dappling of lights on the ceiling meant a taxi in the icy street below, passing the hotel where black cabs often idled; his mother liked to catch them there. These lights wavered, flared very white, then flying-saucered around the walls, taking the corners fast, dipping when they hit the plush back of an aged armchair. The taxi's sound was a sticky unreeling like a long, long strand of tape being pulled free from something; there were deep puddles the tires had gone through. Then it was quiet. London was quiet.

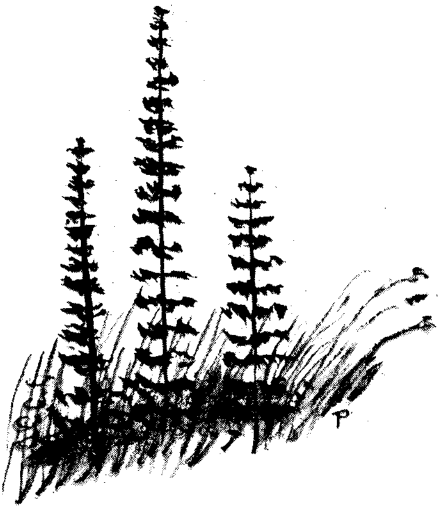
The thing that worried him most was when the cat came into the room. The cat belonged to two old English people who had gone away, leaving it, and their flat, in the care of the Americans—Nicholas and his mother and father. The cat knew when Nicholas was awake: at the rug's far side, it would fold itself into a crouch, steer its ears forward, and turn its sharpened attention, its small vexed mouth and round eyes, entirely on the child. Neither moved; this was hatred. Nicholas taunted it softly, "Fleas, fleas, fleas." The cat shied around antique-chair legs and was gone, leaving Nicholas alone.

At the door of his parents' room, he bumped his back rhythmically against the doorjamb in relief. The old radiator on the wall croaked and fluted as its metal pipes contracted; it was warmer in there than it had been downstairs, and he could see his mother's head behind his father's shoulder, and hear their different breathing. Going in, he stood by the bed until his father opened his eyes.

Nicholas's face, when touched in the dark by his father, had that charged, freshened feel it had after tears. All Charlie was aware of in that moment of sleepy chaos was fear, a wrench of hard alertness, which lasted until, his slightly more sensible self dawning, he realized that this had happened before, that this was only a night like the others when Nicholas had waked him because of a dream; it wasn't the surreal, sudden wrong Charlie believed could invade his life—his son hurt. If Charlie had felt what he felt on waking and *not* had Nicholas right before him, he would have gone crazy. He would have had to run until he found Nicholas, if it meant running ten miles. So he was grateful that there was just enough distance between them for his arm to stretch comfortably across. He loved the fit of his son's cheek in his hand. He caught some of the fine hair, tugged his son's head sideways, and said, "You and me, buddy."

Charlie conducted his son to the little bathroom, clicked the light on, and Kyra in the bed heard her husband whisper, "Niagara Falls," and then the patter of Nicholas's pee, followed by silence as they went back through the flat, then down the stairs, to Nicholas's room.

And Kyra, for whom sleep had vanished, didn't know what to do. She imagined herself sitting on the edge of the bed, sheltering Nicholas, rocking and murmuring through the first caught breaths and the hard, popping hiccups, stroking the hair back from his hot forehead, wiping his nose, then cleverly eliciting the details of the dream, but that couldn't happen now that Nicholas wanted his *father*. In an excess of loneliness for them, she lay heeding the cranky radiator's groans. (This place cost too much, and the nagging letters from its distant owners irritated her immensely. All those questions about their darling cat, when they had regarded Nicholas with the fastidious suspicion of the elderly and childless, and almost not rented the place to Charlie and Kyra, giving in at the last possible—) When Charlie wanted something, he started right in: London was this, London was that; the year's apprenticeship to an English publisher, bestowed by the New York house Charlie worked for on its most promising young editor, meant recognition of his worth. Then he went for her weaknesses: "New York is getting scarier, Ky. When Jay and Linda lived on Hampstead Heath, they let their three-year-old wander anywhere, and he says they felt perfectly safe. How long since we felt perfectly safe? He says London's sane. Think what it will mean to Nicholas to have one year of childhood when we're not watching him every sec." How could she have known to say no? She'd have felt selfish, one of the things she least likes feeling.

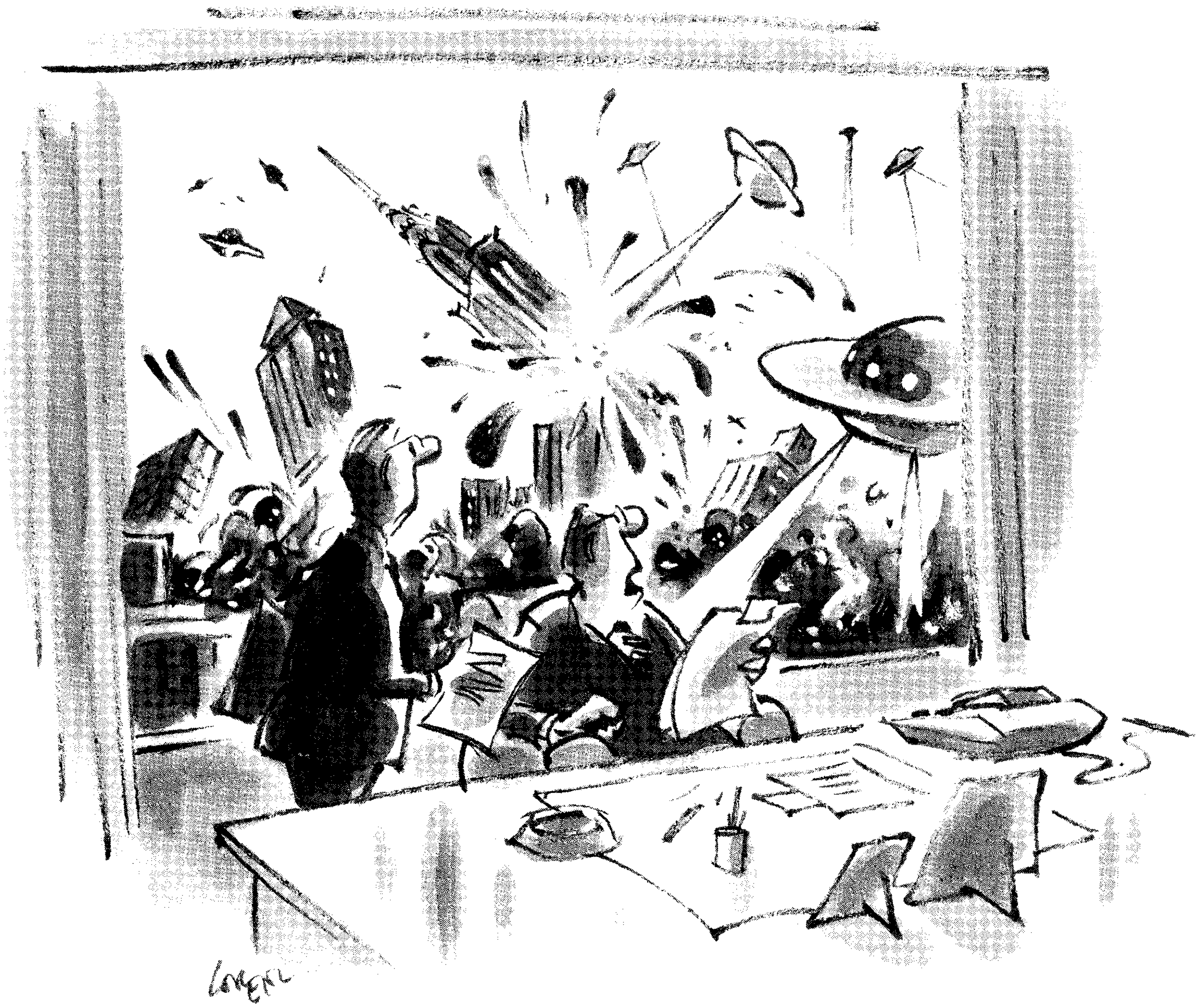


She cast her leg across Charlie's side of the bed. His absence was nice. Now she could think. There was so little thinking in families, such a ruckus of needy feeling. It seemed to her that Nicholas's dreams had to be her fault, that there was something she was capable of—some insight, some decision—and the dreams would be fanned away. She pushed her foot down to the cold bottom of the bed and found the cat there; he worked up a small, protesting yawn. She scooped him off the bed—a silken-slack sack, unresisting, that met the cold floor with a thump. The responsibility for Nicholas's nightmares was making her resentful, and she wanted to know what Charlie was doing. Going down the stairs she heard his voice. She didn't listen closely, but guessed from his intonation he wasn't getting anywhere.

IN Nicholas's doorway, she got an update: "Something was in here," Charlie explained from the edge of the bed.

Kyra pushed her hair from her face. All she could think of to say was "What?," so she said, "What?," guiltily, to her husband and her small son.

"Tell me what," Charlie urged. Nicholas shook his head. He could go stubborn like that, on her, on his sitter, or on anyone. During the week, Charlie sealed himself away in that gray suite of Bedford Square offices; his lunches lasted all afternoon, his afternoons lasted until after dark. Most of his precious year was up, and



"Drat! I suppose the market has already discounted this, too."

• •

he tended to come home so exhausted that he hadn't yet picked up on something that should have been obvious: his son's head-shaking resistance was part of a phase, and basically had nothing to do with him. If he didn't watch out, Charlie was going to turn into the sort of father who pretended closeness but really relied on briefings from his wife about their son's emotions. Kyra hated fathers like that.

Charlie insisted. "Can you start with what it looked like?"

Nicholas made a soft hissing, tongue to his front teeth: a child's embarrassment at being asked a question so far off the mark, so devoid of any intuition about the child's situation, that he is forced—briefly but with urgency—to wonder at the poverty of comprehension, which seems to imply that he is not at the heart of his father's world. Nicholas would have forgotten it completely in a minute, Kyra knew, but she didn't like that he had had to feel it. She imagined that her eyes were firing tiny red darts into Charlie's big, dense back.

He didn't turn. He said, "Nicky, you got me out of bed because of it. Don't you think I deserve to know something about it?"

Blackmail, Kyra thought. Wrong wrong wrong. Blackmail was the last thing that worked with Nicholas.

Her son's head shook fiercely, No, no, no. He fitted his shoulders more closely against the wall, put his chin on a kneecap, and gripped his ankles painfully hard. What he wanted to do now, Kyra was sure, was to distract his father from this course of questioning. He was trying to make his feet turn white. He gazed intently at his toes, waiting for the blood to be cut off.

"He doesn't want to talk about it yet," Kyra offered from the doorway.

"Ky, that's good. That's great. Undo what I've done. We were getting somewhere."

"You were not; look at him."

"I needed two more minutes; that's just like you."

"Stop it, then." She thought, *Pig*. She was amazed to have thought that about Charlie. *Pig?*

"What are you smiling about?" he demanded. "Have you got a lover?"—a question so astonishing, so out of the blue, that Charlie froze where he was, looking over his shoulder at her, and she froze where she was, neither of them immediately believing, but both then hearing, far too clearly, the unforgiving automatic inner replay of his words. She knew it was one of those things that just slip out; she knew that Charlie would never forget that it had slipped out in front of Nicholas; she knew that Charlie was going to worry the possible future psychological complexities of that for a long time. Thus far, they'd been so cunning in keeping their problems to themselves, even the affair Charlie had strayed into and out of in New York last March. They'd wished into place over Nicholas a rainbowed security, and neither had ever before let the tremors between them trouble it. She did a quick mother's scan: Nicholas didn't look as if he'd heard a thing. "Lover"—what could that conceivably mean to four and a half? Nothing. He was staring, with satisfaction, at his toes. More than anything, Kyra wished to pry his fingers from his feet.

To Nicholas, Charlie said in a stricken tone, "You won't talk to me."

His voice was hoarse. It was too much emotion to address a child with; it could only confuse Nicholas more. In a protective rush, Kyra said, "Hey, no more tonight, guys."

Charlie slid from the bed and knelt. He covered his face and said through his fingers, "Why won't you?" Frightened, Kyra thought: He's going to cry. But he only said, "What am I doing that changed you?" He couldn't see the startled glance his son gave him.

Kyra could. "Up, Charlie," she said. "Back to bed now. Come on, old bear."

Nicholas said to her over his father's head, "No, *you* go." When she didn't move, he bounced against the wall in irritation and shouted, "You go! You go!"

"Nicholas," she pleaded, "I—"

"Nicholas Chinaman Cincinnati," Charlie said, lifting his head, the purifying light of nonsense in his eye. "In the morning, see, you and I are going to get down to business. I love you, and that's it. That's all you need to know before you start talking to me, because I get this feeling more and more lately like something's wrong, and I'm your father, and I'm going to make it stop being wrong, see, because that's my job." Charlie kissed his son's forehead, though Nicholas, still scrunched up against the wall, tried to duck to the side. "God, he still smells great," Charlie said to Kyra. "Let's do it again. Let's have a baby in grotty old, gray old London. His hair's wonderful. I can't believe it. I love every cell of you," he said to Nicholas. "I love every atom in your body and the spaces between atoms—don't be frightened, they're just little spaces—and I love your fingernails, even bitten down to nothing, and the backs of your hands that're so chapped, and the insides of your ears, and your eardrums, and I love your brain, and your teeth, and the way your tongue looks—stick it out, ah, that's ugly, that's really pathetic. I love your elbows and your knees and your navel. Did I leave anything out?"

"My penis," Nicholas said. He was giggling wildly. "My *penis*."

"Nothing wrong with you," Charlie said. "That's the life force speaking up. When you were inside your mom—listen to this—the doctor said you had the strongest heartbeat she'd heard in twelve years of listening to babies."

"Me?" Nicholas said. "In Mom? I was the strongest?"

"Out of a lot of babies listened to, yes, you were. You really were. Now, are you O.K. to be left?"

He was; suddenly he was. Charlie climbed the stairs behind Kyra, and his hands framed her bottom as it ascended, bracketed it lightly on either side, though he didn't touch her. "What do you think the dream was?" he asked, when they were in their own bed; the room seemed to have gotten much colder in their absence. She shook her head softly in the dark, knowing he could feel the movement, and then said, "What do you think?"

"Whatever it was, if he was scared, why would he want you to go away?"

"I don't know that either." Then she remembered. "Charlie, why did you ask me if I had a lover?"

"Christ, in front of him."

"I know. So why?"

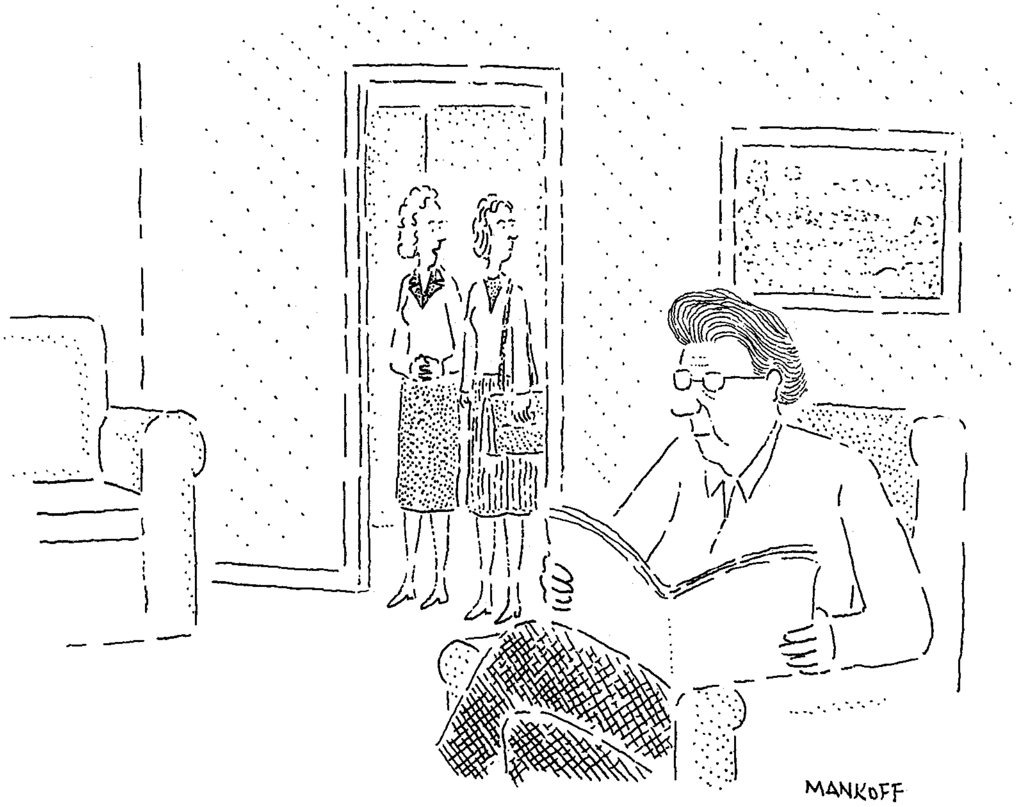
"I know you don't have a lover."

"Then why did you open your mouth and have that come out?"

"Crazy."

"I wanted to kill you," she said.

"You should have. London was never what you wanted, right? So it's been



"Howard used to be an Elvis look-alike."

strange, us being in England because of me, with nothing here for you. It could have come between us."

"It could have."

"In the office lately, I wonder, 'What is she doing right now?' In New York, I don't know, I was beginning to feel remote from you. Now it's back the way it used to be."

"Why? Why now, Charlie?"

"Dunno, sweet. Do not know."

"Sweet" was an old endearment, possibly their first. It meant that Charlie was a senior at the University of Michigan, she a green-eyed girl who'd glanced up from a coffee cup to find, directed her way across the jammed cafeteria, a scrutiny she'd rather theatrically returned. Now she was grateful no such look was possible. He could find things out only through her voice. She kept it calm. "But why not have loved me like that in New York? Why now?"

"That's what I ask myself. And I don't know, so I haven't brought it up before. I just want us to get through these last months and be back in New York still us. I meant I need you."

In the dark her mouth went round, considering, then indented at the corners in a smile, because she had felt that swift internal tug, deep as instinct, by which she knew the truth when any of three people told it: Charlie, or Nicholas, or—not least useful—herself. She was still smiling when he rolled over and caught the point of her chin between his teeth. They were breathing each other's breath. "Away," she said. "I have to yawn." He let go, and she yawned. She still felt a dazzling white spot of hatred for him, which she wouldn't have been conscious of if he hadn't insisted on being so close to her—but the thing he had done was a huge thing.

He rested his cheek against her shoulder, she rested her chin against his head, and, flicking his dark hair very lightly with her fingertips, she said, "Sleep," and pushed him away.

She had an irritated sense of their straining to be silent together, each aware of how the least movement might, this far into the night, prove unbearable to the other, and of how stranded they were, really, with sleep receding farther and farther from probability. Yet she must have been napping, because she was snatched awake when she heard, "I can't sleep."

"You feel so bad."

"Yes."

Her dislike was so great she couldn't fashion a question for him. She simply said, "About."

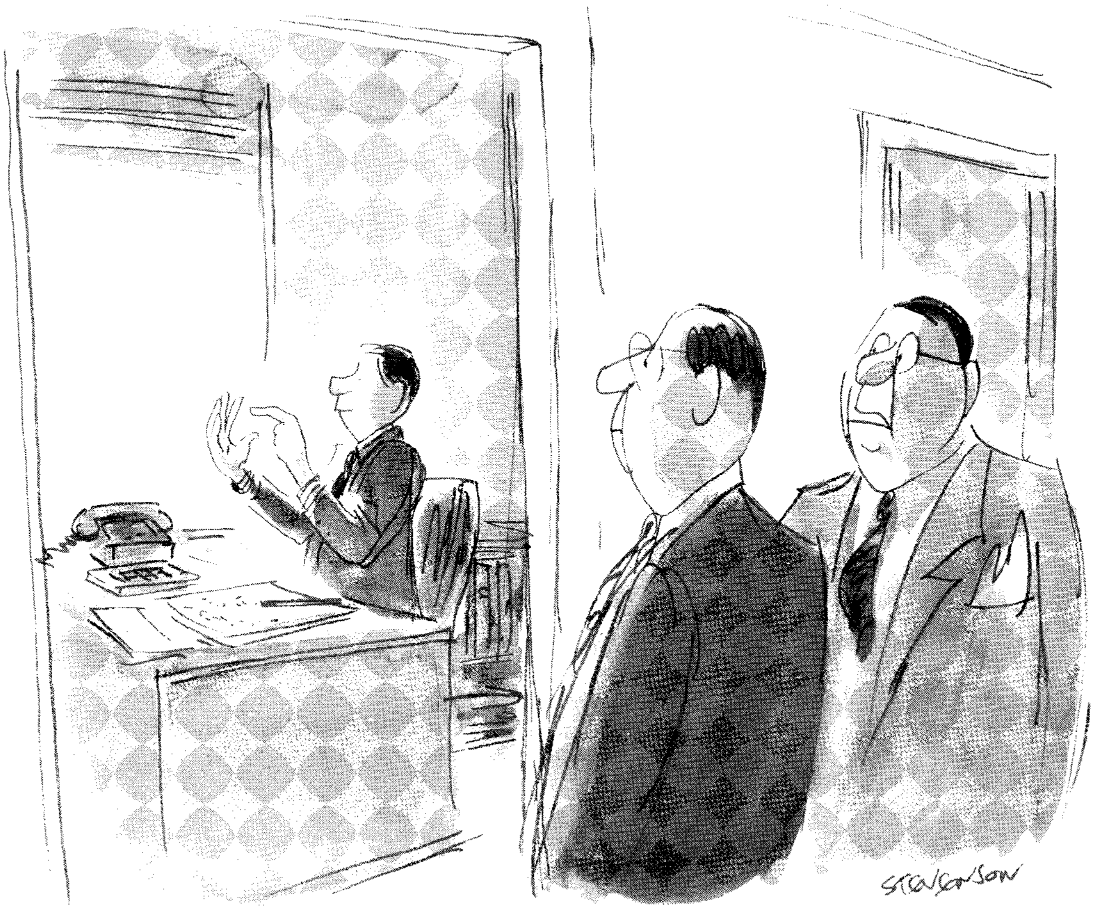
"Christ, in front of him. I mean you and I, we can understand, we're equipped—"

"He's all right," she said. "He's a child. They have—they have some kind of protection. I mean we all had childhoods and we turned out all right. Look at us."

"Comforting," he said.

She was exhausted. "It is and it isn't," she said. But she was awake enough to pity Charlie, feeling for him the insinuation of guilt into his future, guilt toward his son, and her heart did its forgiveness trick. Often after the very worst moments in their marriage, she had experienced a blithe instant in which she was all lightness, all reckless tenderness toward Charlie, as if nothing he did was beyond her power to understand and endure, yet as if those things were suddenly immensely easy to forgive, far easier than it could ever have looked from outside—but there was nobody outside, of course. It was a marriage. There had been somebody outside, but there wouldn't be, after tomorrow.

—ELIZABETH TALLENT



"He's a nice young man, but are you sure he's an M.B.A.?"

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From a Brandywine Valley (Pa.) tourist leaflet*]

MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND ENCAMPMENT—May 24, 25. Brandywine Battlefield Park. Colonial regiments of the American Revolution encamp on the battlefield grounds. Tactical maneuvers are demonstrated; camp followers will provide a look at the life style of the 18th century.

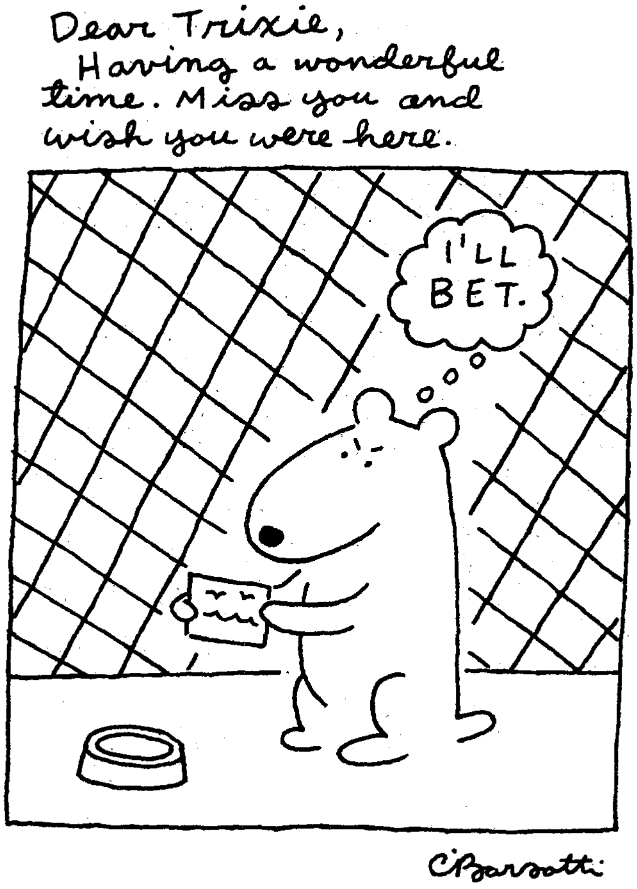
A REPORTER AT LARGE

FROM MARCOS TO AQUINO—II

IN the days following the Philippine Presidential election last February 7th—an event that was marked by rampant cheating and violence carried out by the supporters of the incumbent President, Ferdinand Marcos—it became obvious, even as the results remained in doubt, that enthusiasm for his challenger and the apparent winner, Corazon Aquino, was stronger than ever. At a press conference on February 8th, when the count from the independent National Citizens Movement for Free Elections (NAMFREL) showed her nearly a million votes ahead nationwide, and the official government Commission on Elections (COMELEC) computer gave Marcos a lead of only thirty-four thousand, Mrs. Aquino spoke confidently, and with remarkable poise and composure, of having won. Although she had every reason to distrust and despise Marcos—who was generally blamed for the murder of her husband, Benigno (Ninoy) Aquino, Jr., his chief political opponent, in August, 1983—she hoped for an early and peaceful transfer of power, and for reconciliation. "Despite the massive fraud and intimidation, I can still be magnanimous in victory," she said. When she was asked if she could be forced to accept defeat, she replied, "No way." If Marcos refused to concede, she said, she would lead daily peaceful demonstrations. "If it's very clear to me that I'm being cheated, I'm not prepared to accept anyone's proclamation," she continued. "I am still ready to offer my life. I don't mind being arrested. But violence will only beget more violence."

At a press conference that same afternoon in Malacañang, the Presidential palace, Marcos looked tired and ill. Though he pretended to be confident, analyzing the voting trends region by region and predicting an ultimate victory margin of between two and three million votes, he seemed to be running scared, and I felt that, however much he rigged the count, he knew he had lost both the election and his mandate. During the next week, while Mrs. Aquino maintained her margin of about a million votes in the NAMFREL count, COMELEC showed Marcos ahead by a million and a half, but this did not perceptibly alter the subdued mood of failure at Malacañang and of success in the Aquino camp. There were moments, however, when it appeared that Marcos would be able to brazen his way through and the Aquino partisans would have to make good on their threats to engage in a large-scale campaign of nonviolence and civil disobedience, including work stoppages. On February 14th, the National Assembly, or Batasan Pambansa, which Marcos controlled, declared him duly reëlected; and on February 16th, a Sunday, Mrs. Aquino formally endorsed a course of civil disobedience at a huge rally at Luneta Park, in downtown Manila, attended by a crowd even greater than the one at her final rally before the election, which had been estimated at more than a million. Now she called for an immediate boycott of businesses, banks, newspapers, and television stations controlled by Marcos and his cronies, and declared that she was ready to begin a nationwide tour to sustain her claim to being the nation's chosen President. "You have given a lot to the country, but in the coming days you will have to give more," she said. "We thought Election Day was the day of our redemption, but it proved the start of our further struggle."

Besides Mrs. Aquino's impassioned speech and the euphoric mood of the crowd, another highlight of this Luneta rally was the reading by a youthful Auxiliary Bishop of Manila, Teodoro Bacani, of a statement that had just been issued two days earlier by the Catholic Bishops' Conference of the Philippines. It described the elections as "unparalleled in the fraudulence of their conduct" and "a criminal use of power to thwart the sovereign will of the people." A government that engages in such practices "has no moral basis" to retain power, the statement went on, and "if it does not of itself freely correct the evil it has inflicted on the people then it is our serious moral obligation as a people to make it do so." Warning against "sheer apathy" but also counselling against "the enormous sin of fratricidal strife," the statement called for "the way of nonviolent struggle for justice," and made it clear that "the bishops stand in solidarity" with the people in conducting an organized campaign of civil disobedience. This strong document was drafted principally by Bishop Francisco Claver, another of the younger and more active bishops, who holds a doctorate in anthropology from the University of Colorado. He told me afterward that fifty-four of the hundred and four bishops attending the conference, or just over a quorum, were present at the final, heated meetings, at which the papal nuncio to the Philippines and, through him, the Secretary of State of the Vatican issued cautionary statements. But the bishops decided that it was their responsibility to take a position, Claver said, and after rejecting a milder declaration the meeting voted in favor of the version that Claver and other ac-

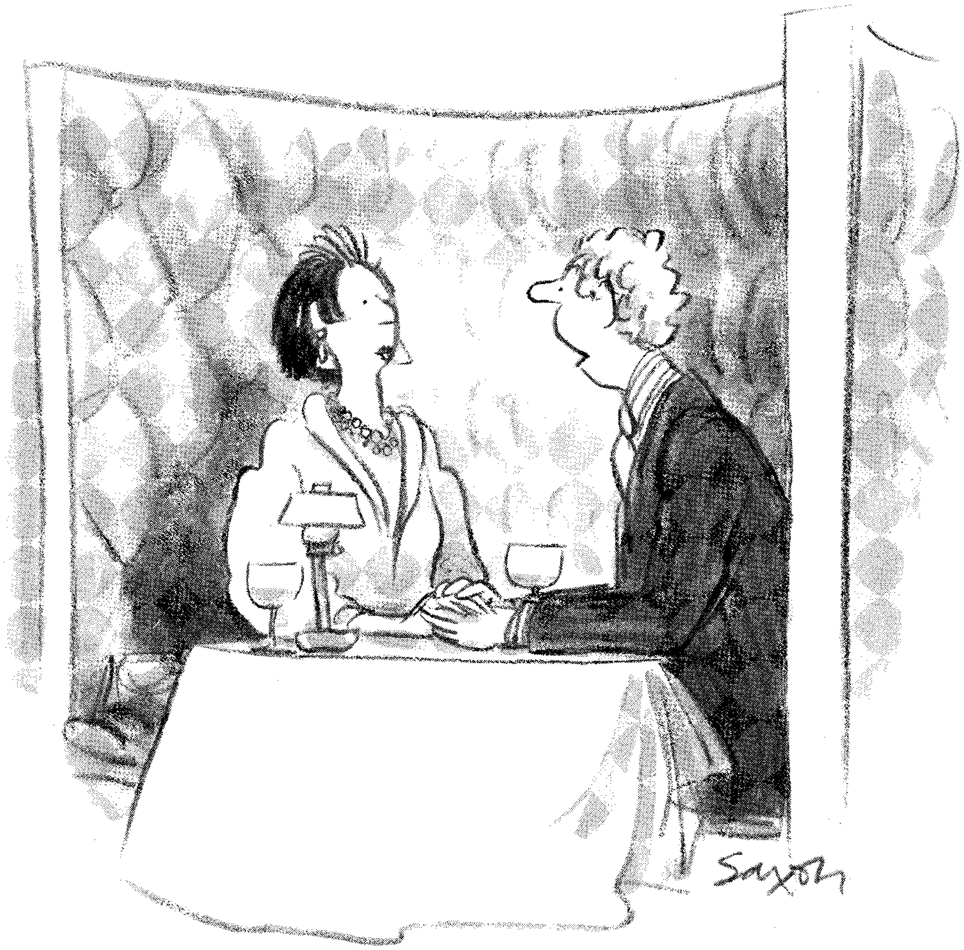

Dear Trixie,
Having a wonderful time. Miss you and wish you were here.
I'LL BET.
CBarsotti

tivists had proposed. During the previous long night of debate, Marcos's wife, Imelda, visited a group of the bishops and begged them not to issue any public pronouncement prior to her husband's forthcoming inauguration, because it might inspire violence. She also visited Jaime Cardinal Sin, the chief Catholic prelate of the islands, at his residence at three o'clock that morning to seek his intervention, which he refused. The Cardinal, who enjoys jokes about his anomalous name, later told me that he had mildly rebuked her for "coming to the house of Sin at such an hour."

I watched the rally at Luneta with mixed feelings of excitement and foreboding. Beneath the mood of exuberance was a note of frustration and latent anger, which even Mrs. Aquino's brave words of confidence and faith in her cause could not dispel. Most of the crowd's feeling was directed at Marcos, but there was also some resentment against President Reagan, because shortly after the election he had issued a statement of neutrality over its outcome and expressed the opinion that fraud had been committed "by both sides." Mrs. Aquino had responded with fury and contempt to this, and to a suggestion by Reagan that she accept an opposition role in a two-party system. "Too many will be dead the moment the world's head is turned," she had replied. "No Filipino President has ever received the overwhelming mandate at the polls that I have been given. I would wonder at the motives of a friend of democracy who chose to conspire with Mr. Marcos to cheat the Filipino people of their liberation."

The day after the Luneta rally, in response to a later statement by Reagan to the effect that fraud, which he now acknowledged was committed chiefly by Marcos and his supporters, had damaged the incumbent's claims of legitimacy, Mrs. Aquino still took issue with a comment Reagan had added concerning "heartening evidence of the continuing commitment of the Filipino people to the democratic process." There was "nothing democratic about the violence, intimidation, cheating, and bribes by which Mr. Marcos sought to snatch victory," Mrs. Aquino said. Pointing to the by now obviously huge vote in her favor, she told the American President, further, "You do not ask a whole nation to go back into its cage after such a demonstration of popular will. What is now at stake here is more than the removal of an impostor President. It is the future of democracy itself."

During the following days, as I discussed with my Filipino friends the choices confronting Mrs. Aquino and Marcos and the country itself, I heard far more questions than answers. "Is she staging a protest or celebrating a victory?" I was asked by former Senator Jovito Salonga, a onetime Liberal Party colleague of Benigno Aquino, and a man I have known and admired for many years. (Salonga, who has his own Presidential aspirations, had worked hard in Mrs. Aquino's behalf.) Repeatedly, I was asked what Reagan was up to, why he had supported Marcos so long, and why he was now sending former Ambassador Philip Habib to Manila as his special envoy. Mistrust of American motives was running deeper than it had run for some time, and was expressed at dinner parties in the prosperous residential areas of Makati and Forbes Park as well as in scores of coffee shops around town. Marcos was regarded as a fallen figure who, at best, might manage to hang on for a short time (he himself had admitted that his government was "tarnished"), yet there was widespread fear that he still had the power to do something drastic, as he had demonstrated before by putting the country under martial law between 1972 and 1981. As for Mrs. Aquino, while she retained her tremendous popularity and had acquired a sort of Joan of Arc aura, there was a growing skepticism about her ability to unseat Marcos and set up a functioning government that could deal with such problems as the Communist-backed insurgency of the New People's Army, and with the bankrupt economy and the future of the two big American military bases in the Philippines—Clark Air Base and the naval base at Subic Bay, both northwest of Manila on the island of Luzon. One of my closest Filipino friends, a well-known novelist, remarked, "Much as I like her—and I voted for her—I'm not yet convinced that she can free herself from the shackles of her élitist past"—a reference to Corazon Aquino's well-to-do family and her first-class educa-



"Believe me, Marlene, I have a very real reaction to you on a personal level."

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tion. "What she has to do is radicalize her program, as she did during the campaign," he added. "To some extent, she even has to coöpt what the Communists and their left-wing supporters have been saying."

On the afternoon of Friday, February 21st, Mrs. Aquino flew by private plane to the city of Cebu, the capital of Cebu Island, in the central Visayan group, about four hundred miles south of Manila, where she planned to begin her campaign of civil disobedience the following day. Saturday evening, she was scheduled to fly farther south for a Sunday rally in Davao, on Mindanao, the Philippines' southernmost major island, where the opposition to Marcos was strong but so were the Communists (as well as a Muslim separatist movement). The Communists had penetrated many of the barrios around the city and on occasion had attacked places in the city itself and murdered policemen and other government agents. I had arranged to interview Mrs. Aquino at a ranch outside Davao and had flown ahead to await her arrival, but, as it turned out, she didn't come. On Saturday afternoon, a military rebellion against Marcos began in Manila, and on Sunday afternoon, having spent the night at a Carmelite monastery in Cebu, Mrs. Aquino flew back to Manila and went secretly to the home of one of her sisters. I had returned early that morning, after listening all night in Davao to shortwave radio broadcasts that described the confusing events taking place in the capital; at the same time, I had listened to some of Mrs. Aquino's Davao supporters and my disappointed hosts, at the house where I was staying, as they debated whether or not they should go ahead with their earlier plans to set up a revolutionary government in Davao on her behalf. Wisely, they decided to wait and let events in Manila take their course.

UPON A NEWS ITEM

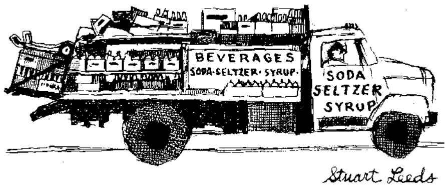
The waltz of the water at this depth, they say, is both faint
and unbelievably graceful, and the chandelier in the main ballroom
of the Titanic swings even now a little, surrounded from time
to time by sands and fins swirling fast or slow.
There is precious crystal lying about in the sand
and musical instruments are floating about in the air. Mahogany steps still
lead down to impenetrable staterooms and, darker still, if possible,
little rooms that are lifeless or doubly engulfing inside.
The blinding light of the mechanical sub shows them not knowing
how to flee. They have made a most accidental moment their home.
Their endless living is actually crowned in darkness.

Here one finds the moments of some victorious life
blinded in green. The place of diamonds and grand dinners.
One wishes to find nothing altered here. What is there to dread?
That all this is destined to be raised shrinking to our lights.

—Gordon Osing

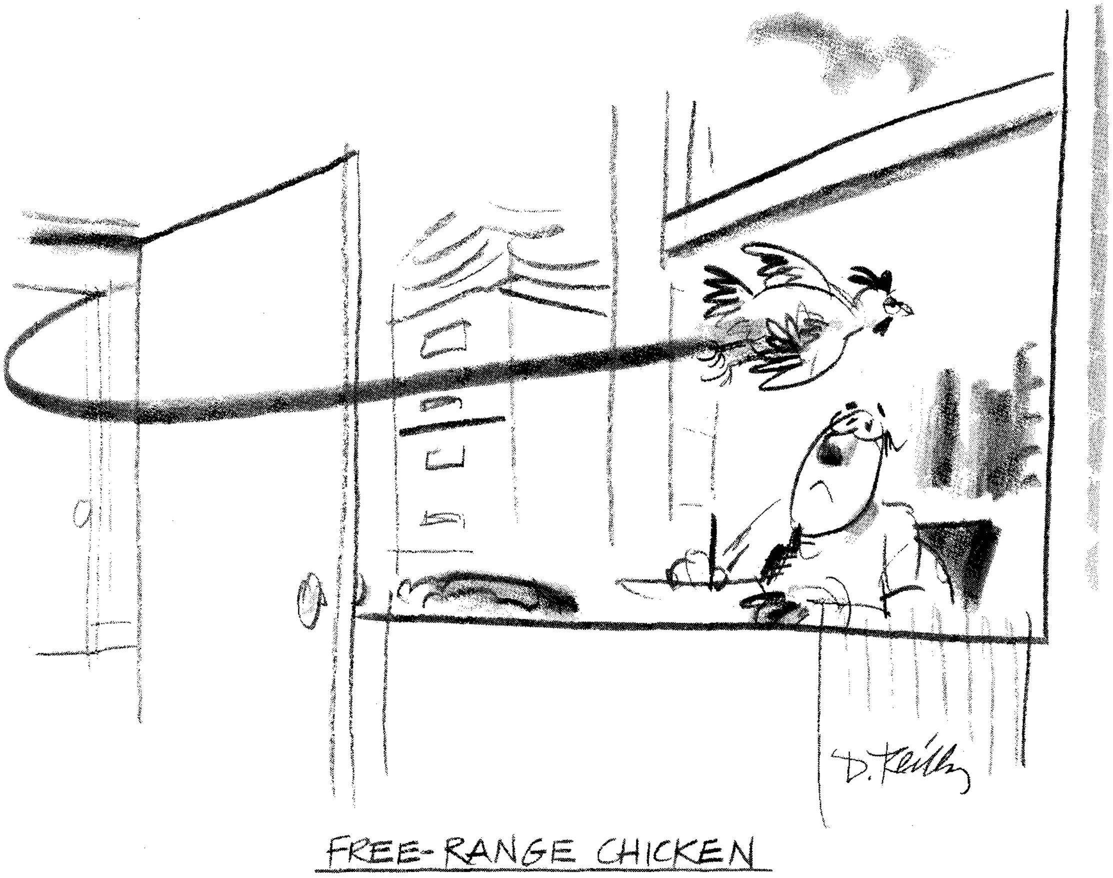
• •

THE amazing four-day coup, or military revolt, or spontaneous rebellion, that blossomed into a revolutionary movement in which scores of thousands of Filipinos took part, among them hundreds of nuns, priests, and Catholic lay workers, has been described by many participants, including Cardinal Sin and Mrs. Aquino, as a "miracle," and by others as a long-overdue purge, or an exorcism. However it is defined, it proved to be the best and least costly way of getting rid of Marcos. Though I have witnessed several wars and revolutions, I can say that I have seen nothing quite as emotional and dramatic as what took place during those four days and nights, except, perhaps, the celebration following the end of the Second World War, when, as a war correspondent, I covered Manila's "first liberation." What was most remarkable about "the second liberation" was the bravery, skill, fortunate timing, and fortuitous developments, all of which, taken together, were responsible for the movement's success. Aside from the mass support and enthusiasm, which were due in no small part to the round-the-clock inspiration and encouragement of both the Philippine Federation of Catholic Broadcasters and Radio Veritas, the Church's main station, the most significant factor was the inspired role of the military, which met the challenge in unexpected ways. On the one hand, led by a young officers' group known as the Reform of the Armed Forces of the Philippines Movement, the Army and the Constabulary, whose morale over recent years had dropped to a new low as a result of corruption and favoritism under Marcos, demonstrated that they had the will and the ability to recover their pre-martial-law principles of providing leadership and motivation; and, on the other hand, as was shown in some of the most moving and touching scenes, units supposedly loyal to Marcos and to his chief of staff, General Fabian Ver, refused to obey orders to attack the crowds gathered outside Manila's two major military installations, Camps Crame and Aguinaldo, on the city's outskirts, where the small group of rebels were holed up. In some instances, contingents of troops even refused to come to Manila from the provinces and fight in Marcos's behalf. One scene that will stay with me occurred during the crucial second day of the military revolt, when government tanks had assembled on Epifanio de los Santos Avenue, near the two camps. Some of them were manned by young marines who had just been flown up from the south and had never been in Manila before. One marine, who I guessed was a teenager, sat on top of his tank looking down at the mob that was pushing up against it to try to keep it from moving on. Watching a group of young girls just below him who were refusing to get out of the way, he cried, in English, "Jesus, I can't shoot those chicks!"



The surprise leadership provided to the Reformists from the outset of the rebellion by Minister of Defense Juan Ponce Enrile and Lieutenant General Fidel (Eddie) Ramos was crucial, but their intervention came about through a chance sequence of events which might easily have developed differently and played into the hands of Marcos and General Ver. The Reform Movement, consisting originally of about twenty officer graduates of the Philippine Military Academy (most were in the class of 1968, and the rest graduated in the years just after that), began holding informal discussions in 1984 and was unofficially launched in mid-February, 1985, at a meeting of Academy alumni at Camp Aguinaldo, the

Army headquarters, when the group circulated a hastily prepared "manifesto" protesting the "prevailing military culture which rewards bootlicking incompetents" and banishes "independent-minded professionals." A month later, claiming to have from eighty to a hundred members, the Reformists issued a nine-point statement, which called for, among other things, a cleansing of military ranks, better discipline and training, improved morale and welfare support, and loyalty to the country's constitution rather than to one man or group. Though a dozen or so highly regarded retired generals had privately lent their support to the movement and its aims, many senior officers still on active duty denounced its leaders as "a bunch of troublemakers" and as "cowards hiding behind the cloak of anonymity." But one sympathetic colonel, a member of the class of 1956, who describes himself as an "older brother" of the group, told me that from the start it was composed of serious-minded young officers who were genuinely concerned about low morale and negative attitudes within the military and had growing doubts about the moral and material goals and achievements of the so-called New Society Marcos proclaimed shortly after he declared martial law. "When their classes graduated from the Academy, quite a few of them were sent to fight against Muslim rebels in the south, and some were wounded and killed," he told me. "Those who survived and returned to Manila were given hack jobs supporting martial law. They became more and more disillusioned, and began asking questions never asked before, about the true meaning of courage and also of national security—whether it was in the interests of the people or just of the few. They began questioning the morality of arresting citizens without sufficient reason and extracting information through torture. In the late seventies and early eighties, though the movement was not yet formally organized, many of its incipient sympathizers turned to religion and began holding Bible classes. This increased their sense of moral outrage at what the Marcos government was doing. The assassination of Ninoy Aquino in the summer of 1983 heightened their sense that the dignity of the individual was at stake, and, in a way, this became the movement's ideology."



FREE-RANGE CHICKEN

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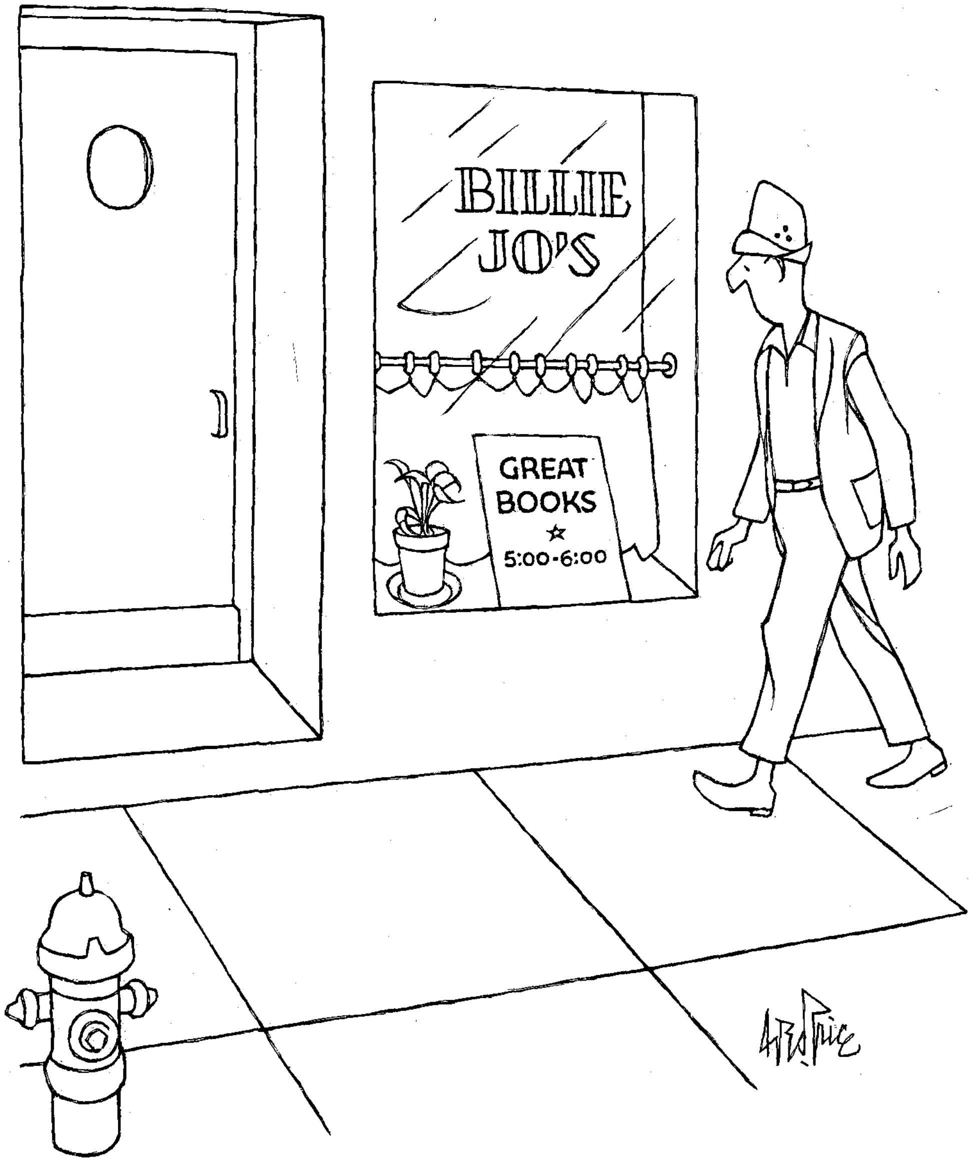
On March 21, 1985, stung by the charge from senior officers that they were "anonymous cowards," Reform Movement officers held their first public demonstration, during an alumni parade at the Academy's graduation ceremonies, in Baguio, in northern Luzon. In the middle of the parade, a group carrying streamers proclaiming "We Belong" broke formation after marching past the stand where Marcos and other top officials were seated, and marched off in a different direction. At that time, according to what my colonel friend told me, the movement had seven or eight hundred members and enjoyed the sympathy, in varying degrees, of sixty or seventy per cent of the officer corps of nearly fourteen thousand. The armed forces by then totalled a quarter of a million men, and consisted of the police and Constabulary, headed by Ramos, and the Army, Navy, and Air Force—all under the command of Ver and of Marcos as Commander-in-Chief. Both Marcos and Ver had, by this point, become thoroughly suspicious of what the Reform Movement was up to. Marcos, typically, sought to defuse it by meeting with some of its leaders and telling them that while he approved of their aims, they should be careful not to be a force for disunity; Ver, on the other hand, moved openly to bolster his personal strength by persuading Marcos to give him full control over the nation's newly organized military regions, and by appointing his own loyal followers to all the high command posts. Among other things, these moves gave him direct access to intelligence operations throughout the military, and since he also directed the separate National Intelligence and Security Authority (comparable to a combined C.I.A. and F.B.I.), he was in a position to keep track of anything he regarded as subversive, whether inside or outside the military. Ironically, the Reformists had built up much of their strength among intelligence units in the Ministry of National Defense and the Philippine Constabulary, so they were in the odd position of supervising information about subversives, and particularly about suspected Communists, while they were under sus-



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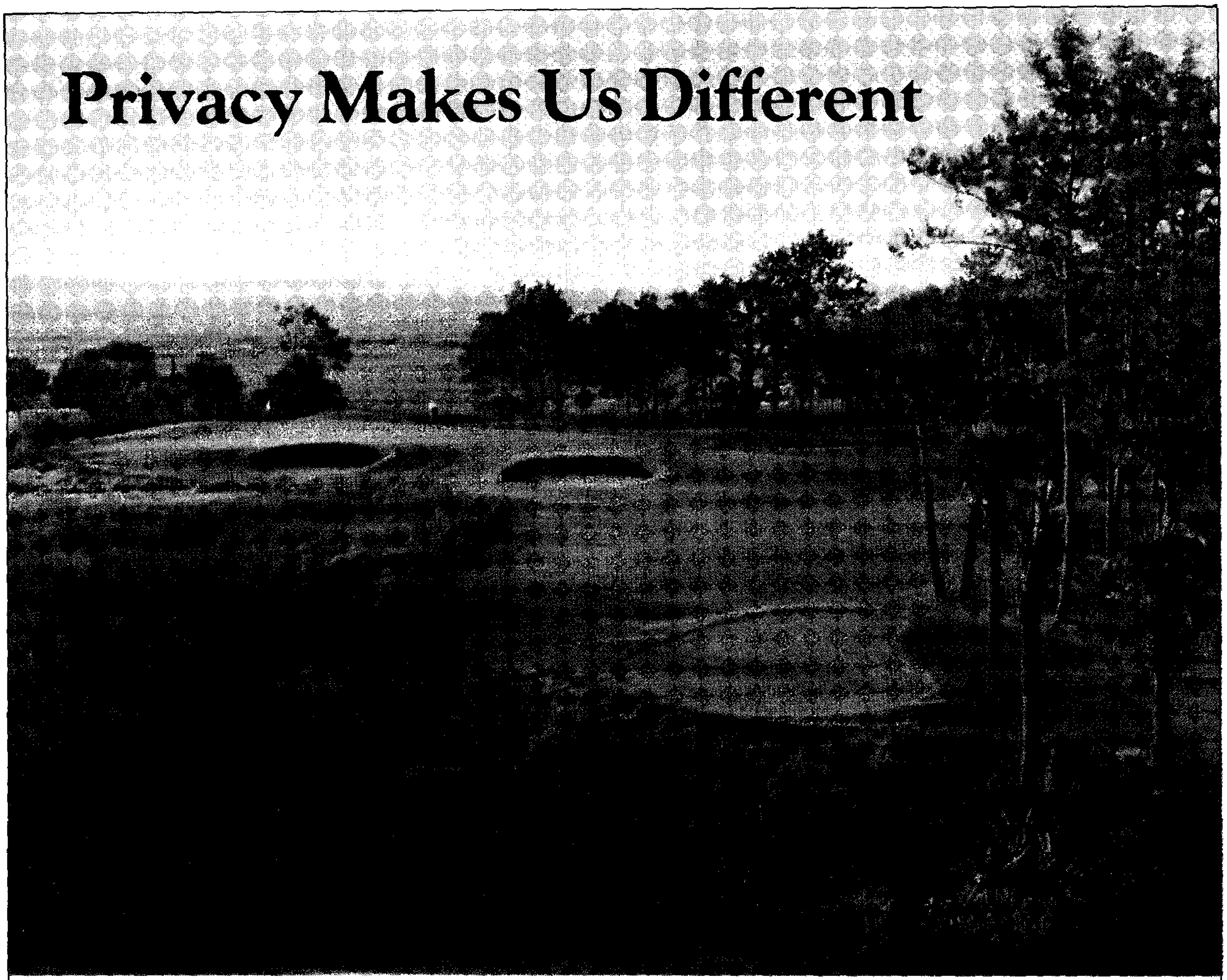
picion themselves; and they discovered that some of their own circulated statements sounded disconcertingly like captured revolutionary documents.

Ever since they had come out into the open with their "WE BELONG" parade maneuver, the members of the Reform Movement had found themselves on the defensive; they were harassed, investigated, and given poor assignments, and rumors went around of their impending arrest. They were afraid, despite their claims, that in a showdown the numbers of their supporters among officers and men would amount to a drop in the bucket—one of the older members of the group said to several reporters, "We can't hack it." At this point, in mid-1985, a separate, secret group, called the Movement for National Unity, was created. It consisted primarily of colonels, majors, and captains in their thirties who were prepared to conduct a coup, if necessary, to forestall efforts by Marcos and Ver to perpetuate themselves in power, and it was probably inspired by reports that the Presidential Security Command, which included the Presidential Guard and some intelligence operations, held dossiers marking the members of the Reform Movement for "violent action." The possibility of a defensive coup of this sort had, in fact, been discussed by some members of the Reform Movement as far back as 1982, and had also been raised about then by Defense Minister Enrile in private talks with his inner circle of intelligence officers, some of whom belonged to or were associated with the Reform Movement. Enrile's actions, he recently disclosed, were prompted by a report he had received that Ver was plotting, in the event of Marcos's death, to install Imelda Marcos as President for six months and then to seize power himself. In July, 1983, Enrile had tried to resign his post after receiving information that some members of the military, said to be Ver men, had told Marcos that his Defense Minister had formed a secret group to "undermine" him. Marcos refused to accept the resignation, and when Enrile charged that Ver was in effect holding Marcos "captive" Marcos said that he needed Enrile to help him because he was in fact being held captive by "one family"—presumably his own extended one. Though Marcos was fully aware of the deep enmity between Ver and Enrile, which dated back a long way, and knew that Mrs. Marcos sided with Ver, he did not know that Ver had frequently boasted that he could control the President as he wished. This was particularly true over the past several years, when Marcos was suffering from a debilitating disease requiring regular dialysis treatments.

Between the summer of 1985 and the election last February, as the situation grew increasingly tense, the two elements of the Reform Movement functioned separately, though there was some overlap. The group on the surface sought to build up its strength in military units around the country, and organized a campaign called Kamalayan (meaning "Consciousness" or "Awakening") '86, ostensibly to conduct prayer rallies among soldiers and their families seeking fair elections but, actually, to establish a nationwide communications organization. The Movement for National Unity meanwhile laid the groundwork for a coup. Enrile was kept apprised of the plans. As for General Ramos, though he had some knowledge of what was going on and sympathized with the Reformists, he did not take part in any actual planning; many members of the movement admired Ramos as an honest and highly capable professional soldier but felt that he had not been bold and forceful enough all along. They felt, further, that as acting chief of staff when Ver was temporarily removed from his post to face trial, with twenty-five others, on charges of conspiring to assassinate Ninoy Aquino (the defendants were all acquitted), Ramos had condoned continuing irregularities, including torture, and had failed to take any significant measures to reorganize the Army, replace Ver's worst appointments, or retire overage generals. Ramos had later claimed that his hands had been tied by Marcos. After General Ver was acquitted, Marcos reinstated him. He retired him for good a week after the election, but only be-



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cause he himself was on the defensive and was being subjected to renewed American pressure to drop Ver; even then, he shilly-shallied about the date when the retirement was to become effective.

As it became apparent, during the fortnight after the election, that Marcos intended to try to hold on to power, several alternative coups were considered by the Reformists. Initially, Enrile was to make a new and "irrevocable" announcement on February 24th that he was retiring, and they would take action on February 28th by seizing two of the thirteen military regions in the country—Region 10, in the south, and Region 2, Cagayan Valley, in northeastern Luzon, which was Enrile's home base. These moves were to be followed by seizures of military camps and regional headquarters throughout the islands and by successive resignations of groups of Reformist officers. Once they had "neutralized" the forces loyal to Marcos, they planned to move on Manila and seize Camp Aguinaldo as the climactic step in forcing Marcos to resign and to recognize Mrs. Aquino as President. These plans were discussed with Enrile on the night of Friday, February 21st, but then, on their own, without telling him, the plotters devised a bolder plan: to cross the Pasig River in rubber boats and seize Malacañang on Sunday, February 23rd, capture Marcos, and force him to resign or, if he should refuse, kill him and set up a civilian-military junta, which would include President Aquino, Enrile, Ramos, and two or three others.

If the Malacañang plan didn't work—and some of the plotters themselves were dubious about it—its failure would jeopardize the more carefully laid long-range plan to force Marcos to quit. In any event, by the morning of Saturday the twenty-second it suddenly seemed that everything was going wrong. Enrile subsequently told me the story: "That morning, I received a report about troop movements. Some troops were entering Manila from the north. Some—mostly marines—were being ferried from Mindanao, landing at the domestic airport. And some armored units were moving about. I was watching all this, and analyzing, and asking myself 'What's the meaning of this?' I had been in the Ministry of National Defense long enough to realize that no such movements would take place without a reason." About the same

Warteck
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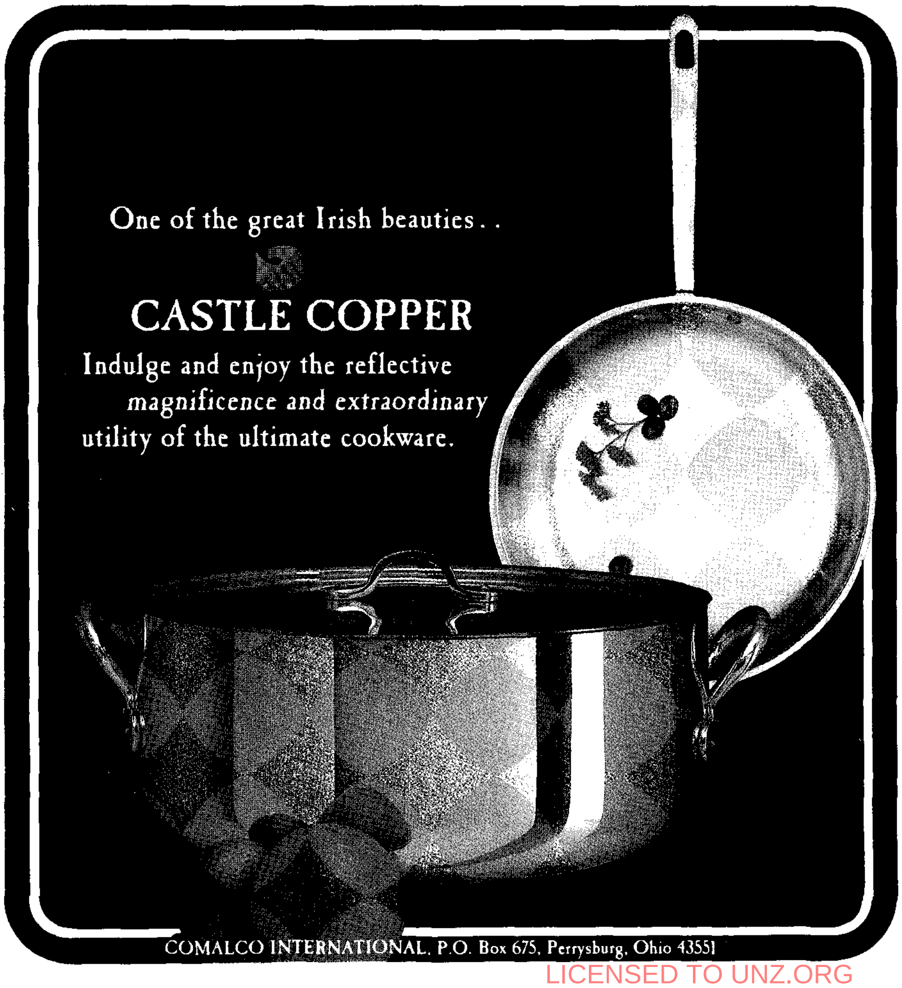
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time, the Reformists at Camp Aguinaldo and elsewhere around Manila were hearing similar reports and receiving information from their intelligence sources which confirmed what they had begun to suspect—that their Malacañang plot had been discovered by Ver's agents, and they were to be arrested that day, along with Enrile and a score or more of the leading civilian supporters of Mrs. Aquino. Moreover, Marcos and Ver were preparing to reimpose martial law, in accordance with a blueprint called Oplan Everlasting, which was to go into effect after Marcos's reinauguration but was to be preceded by a period of instability, created by the kidnapping and assassination of opposition politicians and military men, purportedly the work of the Communists. (The same sort of scenario had preceded the declaration of martial law in 1972, when Enrile himself was part of a phony plot in which he was to be kidnapped.) Now, to make matters worse and more confusing, as far as the Reformists were concerned—though, as it turned out, it set off a quick, if somewhat panicky, reaction by Enrile that preëmpted the plans of Marcos and Ver, launched the revolution, and saved the day—Enrile received an alarming telephone call about eleven o'clock that Saturday morning while he was having a late breakfast with his daughter, Katrina, at a restaurant in Makati. The call came from Roberto Ongpin, the Minister of Trade and Industry, who was one of Marcos's most loyal and trusted backers but was now having his own serious problems with Ver.

Ongpin and Ver had never got along, and Ongpin's brother Jaime had been one of Marcos's strongest critics, and had become a leader of the opposition. (He is now President Aquino's Minister of Finance.) But Bobby Ongpin, as the Marcos minister is known, had, in his own way as a top technocrat, made himself almost as indispensable to Marcos as Ver was, and had done his best, as Marcos's cronies engaged in one nefarious financial deal after another, to hold the government together fiscally and economically. For the past two years, as black marketeering in dollars and the flight of capital intensified, Ongpin had led a Marcos-appointed monetary task force to control the situation as closely as possible. Most of the black-market operations took place in Binondo, the Chinese financial district of Manila, and Ongpin had made an informal deal

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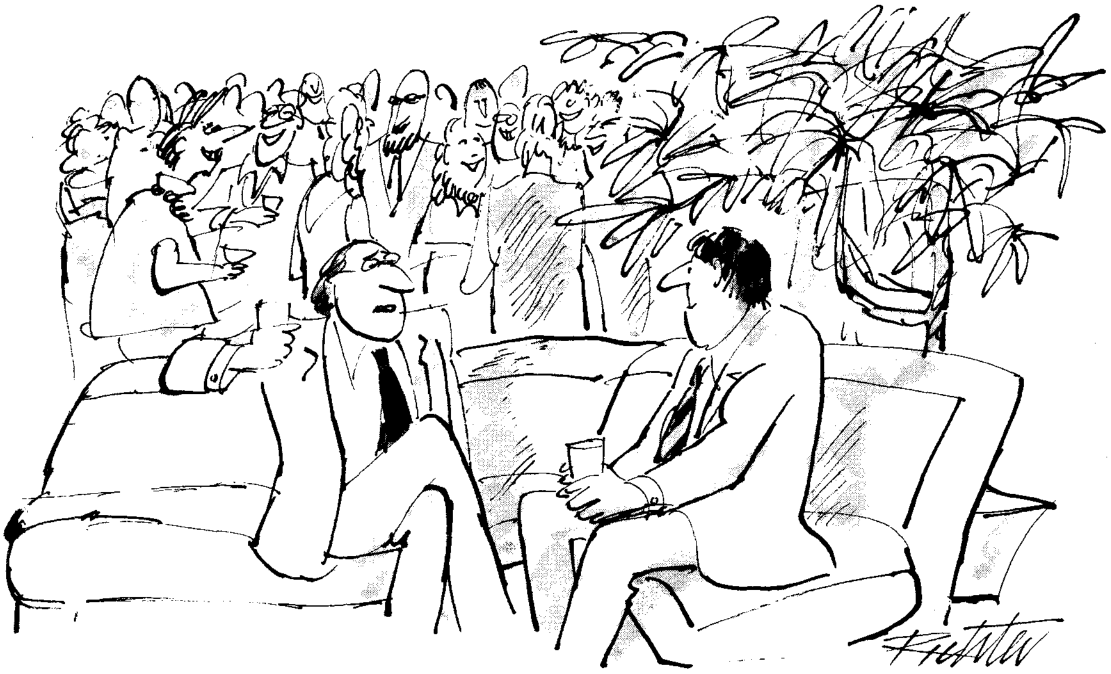
200 Boylston Street Boston, Massachusetts 02116 (617) 338-4400 (800) 268-6282 with the leaders of the so-called Binondo Central Bank, most of whom were Chinese, whereby he allowed them to continue to operate but only on condition that they not go too far. Late in January, ten days or so before the election, when Ongpin felt that the black-market rate was soaring too high, he decided to crack down by arresting one of the top Chinese speculators. One of Ongpin's problems, however, was that Marcos, typically, had appointed Ver a member of the special task force, and Ver was said to be deeply involved in the black-market dollar trade himself—perhaps in behalf of President and Mrs. Marcos, who had by now salted away millions of dollars in bank accounts abroad. After the arrest of the Chinese speculator, the man suffered a heart attack on his way to court, escorted by Ver's security agents, and later died. Ver, furious, demanded a showdown with Marcos over Ongpin. Ongpin, who had been pushing hard to persuade Marcos to fire Ver as chief of staff without any further hedging, was adamant in justifying his own actions to Marcos. He was also pushing Marcos to promise Special Envoy Habib, who had just arrived in Manila, that serious economic, political, and military reforms would be carried out. (Marcos had asked him to coördinate the arrangements for Habib's visit.)



"And what are you trying to put out of your mind these days?"

• •

Although the Ongpin brothers had grown apart, they still saw each other from time to time, and, as I later learned, Bobby had told his brother's wife a day or so before how serious things were at Malacañang—how Marcos's whole inner circle was beginning to crumble. He had added, somewhat forlornly, that he felt that loyalty demanded that he himself not quit the government at this crucial moment. For his own safety, however, Bobby Ongpin had built up a private security force of nineteen soldiers. Obviously, he had wanted no one associated with Ver, and he had asked Enrile to supply him with the necessary men. Enrile had agreed, and had personally selected five trusted members of his own staff. When Ver's showdown with Marcos took place, Ongpin went about his business, which on the afternoon of Friday the twenty-first included attending a weekly meeting of the monetary task force. After the meeting, convoyed by his security force, Ongpin went to his home, in the suburb of Alabang, and the men then left him. Driving home themselves, however, the guards were suddenly surrounded by Jeeps of the Scout Rangers, an élite fighting force. The guards were arrested and taken to Fort Bonifacio, where they were informed that they would be held and questioned about an alleged plot to kidnap or assassinate Marcos and his wife. One of the guards managed to talk his way out, and immediately telephoned Ongpin to tell him what had happened. In a panic, Ongpin phoned Marcos. "I feel so naked now," he said, and he added that Ver would be responsible if anything happened to him. Marcos promised to investigate the matter at once, and meanwhile offered Ongpin some of his own Presidential Guards—an offer that Ongpin, aware that their chief was Ver's son Colonel Irwin Ver, refused. Ongpin then tape-recorded his account of all that had taken place over the past few weeks and went to bed. The next morning, he reached Enrile by phone at the Makati restaurant and related everything that had happened, and then went into hiding, unaware that he had just played a key role in triggering the real coup against Marcos.

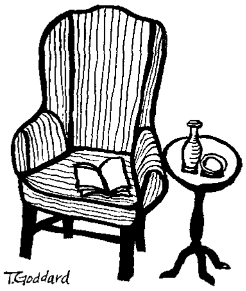
As soon as Enrile heard what Ongpin had to say, he and his daughter returned to their home, in Dasmarinas Village, an exclusive section of Makati. Enrile told his wife, Cristina, and their children that he was probably going to be arrested, and he arranged for them to stay at the homes of different friends in the Makati area. At about one o'clock, two of the leaders of the Reform Movement who were members of Enrile's intelligence and security staff—Colonel Gregorio Honasan and Colonel Eduardo Kapunan—came to his house. As Enrile told me, "They said that we had a problem—that they had received reliable information that many members of the Reform Movement and a lot of civilians were going to be arrested. So I said 'What are our options?' and we sat down and assessed the situation. We could disperse and sneak out and ask the forces in the field to withdraw their allegiance from Marcos, but if we did that Marcos's people could still take us one by one. On the other hand, if we regrouped and stayed in Manila and took a stand we could generate a political force that would impress the President with the fact that he would have to kill a lot of people to get at us. So we decided to take the second option, and it turned out to be the correct one." The decision having been made, primarily by Enrile, he went to his room, changed into a fatigue jacket and blue denim trousers, and got his gun, an Israeli Uzi rifle, and three of his favorite books on military subjects. Before he left for Camp Aguinaldo, he telephoned General Ramos from his bedroom. "I said, 'Eddie, we are in this condition—we are about to be rounded up. Would you join us?' " Enrile told me. "And Ramos said, 'Do not use this phone, sir, because it is not a clear phone, but I am with you all the way.' So I said, 'Let us meet at Camp Aguinaldo.' " Ramos, who later told me he had been planning to call Enrile if Enrile didn't call him, agreed. Enrile, Honasan, and Kapunan thereupon flew the short distance to Aguinaldo by helicopter, arriving there about three o'clock. At that time, there were only between two and three hundred soldiers on duty at the camp, and it was virtually defenseless.

As soon as Enrile reached his office in the Ministry of Defense building, inside the camp, he made a number of other telephone calls. First, he rang his wife and asked her to get in touch with Cardinal Sin at once, "so that he can generate help," and to call Eugenia Apostol, the publisher of the anti-Marcos *Inquirer*, and let her know what was happening. Then he phoned the American Ambassador, Stephen Bosworth, and the Japanese Ambassador, Kyoshi Sumiya, and asked them both to inform their governments what was taking place. The Americans, having been in touch with members of the Reform Movement since its inception, knew of their various plans for moving against Marcos but were skeptical of their chances for success—particularly if they tried to carry out the wild scheme to cross the Pasig River by boat and capture Malacañang. Although most Embassy officers, and also key members of the State Department and the Pentagon and much of the membership of Congress, by this time believed that Marcos's days were numbered, the United States had not yet officially taken sides in the election or in what had followed. The government had, however, made clear to Marcos the importance of holding clean and fair elections, and American officials in Manila, to say nothing of the hundreds of foreign correspondents in the country, had been dismayed at the amount of cheating and intimidation by Marcos's goons. In fact, after Reagan issued his first hasty statement about cheating "by both sides" Bosworth, acting on his own, without instructions, had gone to see Mrs. Aquino in an effort to soften its impact, and try to persuade her that it did not represent either Reagan's considered opinion or the judgment of the American government. Mrs. Aquino had not been altogether mollified and was not prepared to welcome Ambassador Habib with open arms: her first words to him, spoken rather coolly, were "What can we do for you, Mr. Habib?" In any event, the Americans, who had been vainly trying to push reforms on Marcos for more than a year, had warned him a day or two earlier that if he now used force to maintain himself in power Washington would immediately terminate all aid. Bosworth and his staff were aware that in their views they were still far out ahead of Washington, and particularly of the White House, because of Reagan's reluctance to abandon Marcos, whom he regarded as an old friend. But, with Habib now on the scene to carry out the dual task of assessing the situation at first hand and of buying time, and with word having reached Reagan from the official congressional mission, headed by Republican Senator Richard Lugar, of Indiana, which had come to the Philippines to witness the elections, that Marcos's people had committed "massive frauds," the Embassy's task was becoming easier. Even so, Bosworth was holding his cards close to his vest, and refused to say anything to a special emissary Enrile sent to see him.

Now that Enrile's hand had been forced by events—by Bobby Ongpin's story and what Enrile had learned from his own two colonels—"everything unfolded largely by accident," as one American friend of mine in the Embassy later commented. Several people made big mistakes and ended up "smelling like roses," my friend said. "Enrile panicked by jumping the gun on his resignation, but he managed to preëmpt the plans of Marcos and Ver, who had a pretty good idea of what the Reformists were up to, and, in fact, had found out about the bizarre plot to attack Malacañang. But they also knew that if they overreacted they would split the military, make more trouble for themselves and for the country, and create a serious problem with the United States. So they hoped to scare Enrile and Ramos by threats and pretend to the public that they were still on top of the situation. Enrile acted courageously by doing what he did, and he was smart to let us Americans know of his impending arrest—he wanted witnesses for what was about to happen, whichever way it went. After that, a lot simply took place unexpectedly, especially the swelling of the ranks of the dissenters and the tremendous popular support Enrile and Ramos obtained, and the way key units of the military reacted. That's where we lucked out."

The first thirty-six hours of the revolutionary uprising were the most crucial. It was then that Marcos, had he chosen to do so, might have crushed it militarily, and he has since said in bitter retrospect that he regrets that he didn't. At best, however, he would have won the battle at a heavy cost and have simply postponed the final reckoning. His indecision was due to a number of things. He had originally underestimated the opposition and, when the mutiny of troops began, was confused over what was actually happening and how serious it was. He had a concern for, and an even greater fear of, the consequences of killing untold numbers of fellow-Filipinos, now that thousands of them were clogging the streets and, by Sunday morning, preventing tanks and other vehicles from advancing on Camps Aguinaldo and Crame. And his keen political instincts, sick as he was and without the benefit of sound advice, may have persuaded him that he had lost both the election and his mandate and was finally reaching the end of his tether. There was another important factor. Quietly and unobtrusively, the Americans, for once, were adopting a wise policy. Discussions had been going on in Washington for weeks about our various options in the Philippines, and now that Marcos had ignored all the pressure brought to bear on him to keep the elections fair the sentiment for easing him out of power, one way or another, was predominating. Comparisons had been made with the situation in Vietnam in November, 1963, when the Americans had encouraged, and even supported, the coup that overthrew President Ngo Dinh Diem, who was murdered during the course of it. That coup had been followed by the installation of one unsuccessful government after another, and the United States became more and more deeply entangled in the war. Though the relationship with the Philippines is historically much different, Washington was not inclined to involve itself directly in the overthrow of Marcos—particularly in view of President Reagan's feelings about him. But if other events occurred—especially a military revolt, which some experts anticipated—there were alternative tactics to adopt, including persuasion. From the outset of the revolt, members of the Embassy staff were secretly in touch with Enrile and Ramos and knew what their problems and plans were—though no one foresaw the huge outpouring of the people. On the other hand, once the rebellion was under way, the Embassy informed Marcos that if he wanted to leave the country he and his family would receive help from the United States and a likely haven there. General Ver was made a similar offer, but he was "scared and nervous, and more determined to fight it out and strafe the military camps from the air or bombard them with artillery," as my Embassy friend told me. "At the end, though, Ver panicked and went along with Marcos, because he knew he had no choice," my friend said.

THE details of what took place hour by hour during the revolution are still being disclosed in bits and pieces. What follows is a summary of the dramatic high points and of what seemed to me to be the key turning points. At five o'clock on the evening of Saturday the twenty-second, Ramos arrived in Enrile's office at Camp Aguinaldo, and at six-thirty they appeared together at a press conference attended by scores of correspondents, who packed the third floor of the Defense Ministry. The conference was broadcast live over Radio Veritas, which had set up a mobile unit outside, and was repeated all night. Enrile appealed to "the people, our brothers-in-arms," explaining, "We can no longer support Marcos as our Commander-in-Chief—because of our honest belief that he did not receive the people's mandate in the election. I believe in my heart and mind that Mrs. Aquino was duly elected President of the Philippines. . . . We will never surrender, and if we are assaulted we will all die together." Shortly after the press conference, Mrs. Aquino telephoned Enrile from Cebu to ask what was happening. When, over the open phone, he guardedly told her, she asked him what she could do, and he replied, "Just pray for us," and then rang off. Ramos then went across the highway to his headquarters, at Camp Crame. "I knew how important the support of the people was," he later told me, "so we called all the groups we could think of—NAMFREL, veterans' organizations, and civic organizations—and all our friends, and we told them to get out in the streets as soon as they could. I had two battalions at Crame—a reserve unit and a provisional unit, including some women—and we set up a defense perimeter. I also sent a hundred and twenty-five men to secure the main office of Radio Veritas, in Quezon City, on the outskirts of Manila. Then I started to call my commanders in the field, and by the end of the night I had pledges of support from the heads of most of the regional units." Shortly after nine o'clock, Cardinal Sin's voice suddenly came over Radio Veritas. "Go to Camp Crame and Camp Aguinaldo," he told the public. "Lend your support to Enrile and Ramos. Protect them, and bring them food; they have nothing to eat." The Cardinal's announcement—and a second message he broadcast, early Sunday morning, imploring Marcos and Ver not to use force and asking the faithful "not to abandon Enrile and Ramos and their families"—had a tremendous impact: it did more than anything else to get people by the thousand pouring out into the streets and highways surrounding the two military camps. The constant bulletins and repeated appeals for help broadcast over Radio Veritas were vital during the first twelve hours, and for the next forty-eight hours radio broadcasts, largely clandestine, remained the chief source of information and instructions. Before dawn on Sunday, forty armed Marcos loyalists destroyed the main Veritas transmitter, in the suburb of Malolos, but the station quickly arranged for a standby transmitter, with a much weaker signal, to be used temporarily. In the meantime, Cardinal Sin called Father James Reuter, an American-born Jesuit who heads the Philippine Federation of Catholic Broadcasters, and asked him to find another transmitter. By the time the temporary one conked out, that evening at 6 P.M., Father Reuter had found two others, regularly used by smaller radio stations in town. One of them, DZRJ, became the voice of the revolution, with a staff led by June Keithley, a popular director of children's programs and talk shows on Radio Veritas and on television, who now emerged as one of the revolution's true heroines. "We had to be careful, because we had a hot line to Crame and we were physically close to Malacañang," Keithley told me later. "At the start, all I had was a couple of teen-agers helping me, and we kept getting reports about tanks approaching. I was terrified, but there was nothing to do except keep talking, and praying. I asked them just to give me enough warning to get out."



Father Reuter said, "Word went around that we had a 'secret station.' There was nothing secret about it; we just didn't say where it was. Hearing June's familiar voice, everyone believed that it was Radio Veritas. But she was really isolated in that small studio, so we phoned the headquarters of one of our women's orders, and the nuns went there, filling the narrow corridors and the stairways. If the Marcos forces had ever found the place, they would have had to slaughter dozens of nuns before they could get to June."

All Saturday night, while Ramos was rounding up military support, Enrile was trying to reach as many pro-Aquino civilian leaders as possible, as well as members of the diplomatic corps. From time to time during the night, he and Ramos, together or separately, broadcast further reports and appeals over several shortwave stations that covered the islands, and in Davao I heard most of those broadcasts over Radio Mindanao or Radio Iloilo, a Visayan station. Typically, Enrile said, "I have done nothing wrong. We came here to defend ourselves. Marcos lost the election, and he knows that it was manipulated. He should accept the will of the people. I am only trying to be true to my belief in freedom and the freedom of the Filipino people. If we die, Marcos will have our blood on his hands. I don't think he will want to be known in history as the butcher of his own people." With so few soldiers at Aguinaldo, one of the first things Enrile did was to obtain from the commander of the military-police brigade stationed nearby, Brigadier General Pedro Balbanero, a pledge to remain neutral. A number of high-ranking military officers, both active and retired, came to Enrile's office to offer their help. One was General Romeo Espino, who had been chief of staff before Ver. Another was General Rafael Ileto, formerly vice chief of staff under Espino, and now Ambassador to Thailand; he had just returned to Manila, upon receiving word that the Reformists, with whom he sympathized, were about to take some sort of action. (Today, Ileto, who, like Ramos, is highly respected by the military for his professionalism, is Enrile's Deputy Defense Minister.) Among those who appeared at the Ministry that Saturday night was Colonel Rolando Abadilla, Manila's most deeply feared police officer and one of Marcos's chief bullyboys. He told Enrile that Marcos wanted to talk to him. Enrile said that it was too late for talk: "We have burned our bridges; we have already taken a stand." Abadilla left, but returned a short time later to repeat his request. Enrile again rejected it. Abadilla then asked him if he would talk on the phone to Ver, and Enrile finally agreed. The conversation that took place was one of mutual bluff, and, like much else that was happening, sounded like something from the theatre of the absurd.

Ver said, "Sir, we were very surprised at this turn of events."

"Well, I was informed that you were trying to have us all arrested," Enrile replied blandly.

"That is not true. There was no such plan, no such order," Ver protested.

Enrile said, "Well, anyway, we are in this condition. Why don't we talk in the morning, and maybe we can find a solution to this unpleasant problem. But if you want a dialogue with us the only thing I request is that you not approach our area and initiate an attack or provoke an incident tonight, because if you do we are determined to fight back."

Ver agreed, but said, "You must also tell your men not to attack the palace."

Enrile replied, "You have my word. We have no aggressive intentions against the palace."

Enrile afterward told me, "Later that night, we kept hearing there would be artillery fire against us, but we waited and waited and nothing happened. And daybreak came, and we were still alive, and by now there were tens of thousands of people around the camps protecting us, the military. That was funny, because we were supposed to be protecting them."

Marcos appeared on his four government-controlled television stations twice that first night, and also on the radio, and these telecasts and broadcasts were constantly replayed. He had several young officers alongside him, whom he identified as captured members of the group that had planned to seize the palace, but their alleged confessions were rambling and made little sense. At one point, Marcos impatiently said to one of them, "Next page, next page." At another point, he said, "I hope none of the opposition are involved in this, although there is some evidence that they not only supported but financed the conspiracy." He also expressed the hope that neither Enrile nor Ramos was part of the plot, but a moment later he said that both "probably were," and he angrily added, "Imagine, they do not even want to answer my phone calls."

At noon on Sunday, Marcos held a press conference at Malacañang, which I attended. He looked tired and drawn, and seemed to me to be close to a state of shock, but he spoke reasonably and, at first, calmly. "I wish to emphasize that the attempt at a coup and an assassination plot is real," he said. "We have witnesses—those who surrendered or were captured. The action took me by surprise, but we have taken steps to protect ourselves. I note these events with sadness. I cannot believe that these officers, who are now in prison or are being interrogated, would launch such a plot. I intend to avoid bloodshed as far as possible, and have ordered our troops not to start trouble, but I don't know if the threat has abated. The armed forces are still behind me, and their commanders have sent me their pledges of loyalty." As he answered questions, he grew more impassioned and impatient, but again I felt, as I had immediately after the elections, that he was a defeated man and knew it, despite his occasional displays of bravado. He said that he had not issued any arrest orders for Enrile or Ramos but that the leaders of the plot would have to face trial. "They want to know the terms of surrender, and we want to know if they will identify the members of the conspiracy so they can be tried," he said. "Negotiations are going on now, at Ramos's headquarters at Crame." But then he said, "I'm not going into this. It's in the hands of lawyers. I really don't know the details." He would declare martial law again, he said, only "if there is fighting in the streets," adding, "I did tell Ambassador Habib of my fears of an impending coup and assassination, but Habib agreed it is something we must settle by ourselves. We are trying to do it constitutionally, but we may have to make a few arrests. My intention is to keep the government working, whatever the intention may be from outside. We will settle this question one way or another. Certainly I won't resign. Up to now, all the circumstances are favorable to us. I could finish the problem in one hour, but it would be bloody. I don't want to do it. I will use all my efforts to bring this to a nonbloody end."

STORE
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As Marcos spoke, General Ver kept dancing nervously back and forth beside and behind him. Seated to Marcos's left were four more of the alleged coup plotters, three of whom read their "confessions." One of them, a thin, intense young major named Saulito Aromin, admitted that he was a sympathizer with the Reform Movement, and was refreshingly candid in his account of the details of the plan to cross the Pasig River and capture the palace and Marcos. "If we have to die in this endeavor, it is better that way, rather than our people dying in the streets," he said, using the present tense. "We are not intending to set up a junta. Our intention is only to capture the President and talk to him, force him to resign or send him to exile and invite some people who we feel are credible to the Filipino nation to lead the country back to democracy." As Major Aromin spoke, Marcos looked the other way and, as he had done frequently throughout the long meeting, wiped his eyes with a handkerchief, apparently to soak up the drainage of fluid from a medication he was taking.

The twenty-four hours between Sunday and Monday mornings proved to be the key period of the revolution, as what would be called People Power became the dominant factor. Taking a taxi out to the military camps after the Marcos press conference, I saw block after block teeming with crowds, and the atmosphere was both festive and serious—an odd mixture of picnic and crusade. People atop commandeered buses waved yellow banners and raised their thumbs and index fingers in the familiar L-shaped Aquino sign, signifying "LABAN"—the acronym for the party of which Ninoy Aquino was the chief founder during his years as a political prisoner. Many in the crowd had small radio sets tuned in to the running commentaries of June Keithley. Among the several hundred thousand people stretched out over a square-mile area were scores of nuns and priests, leading slow processions toward the gates of the camps, which were still closed, in case the camps should be shelled. Around intersections of the main highways, government tanks or armored personnel carriers had been stalled by the crowds and forced to park, and troops, mostly marines and Scout Rangers, perched on top of them or stood guard. The mood here was somewhat more ominous, but for the most part the crowd tried to joke with the troops or cajole them, offering them sandwiches and fruit and cold drinks. Dr. Alfredo Bengzon, a longtime friend of Mrs. Aquino's and one of her closest advisers, who is now her Minister of Health, was manning a medical van. "This is an unbelievable sight," he said. "Almost all these people are complete novices in the art of political nonviolence, but they're following their gut instincts. Hardly any of them know what a bullet or a mortar shell can do to the human body, and they seem totally oblivious of any danger." One of the most dramatic confrontations took place around midday Sunday, at the corner of E. de los Santos and Ortigas Avenues, close to Camp Aguinaldo, where General Artemio Tadiar, one of Marcos's most ardent supporters, headed a convoy of ten tanks and twenty-six trucks carrying a regiment of marines. Dozens of cars and buses barricaded the intersection and forced the convoy to halt. Groups of marines with M-16 rifles disembarked and took positions in front of the vehicles, as a crowd of several thousand, more than half of it made up of women and children, milled around. "We're all Filipinos! What are you doing? Don't kill us!" one woman shouted.

"Why do you obey a dictator?" another cried out.

A third woman pushed her way through and managed to reach Tadiar, throwing her arms around him. "Temy! Temy!" she cried out. "You have a wife and children, too. Don't do it!" Finally, removing his bulletproof vest, Tadiar replied, "We are not going to hurt civilians, but our orders are to confront Enrile and Ramos." He climbed to the top of one of the tanks and asked the crowd to let them pass, adding that the people could accompany them if they wished. The crowd refused, and, instead, many knelt on the ground and started to pray aloud. When the tanks started up their engines to drown out the voices, the people prayed louder. Finally, Tadiar agreed to allow two civilian emissaries to go to see Enrile, but before they returned the tanks turned around and headed back toward Fort Bonifacio. (The following morning, Tadiar's marines were able to get inside Camp Aguinaldo through a special entrance, but when they were given an order to shoot at the Ministry of Defense building they refused, because the order had not come from Tadiar personally. Subsequently, Tadiar, who after the revolution was held under house arrest at Fort Bonifacio and is now assigned to a committee studying military reorganization, said, "I could not in conscience shoot Enrile and Ramos and the people shielding them.")

SIMILAR confrontations took place elsewhere in the area of the two military camps, and in each case the people, scores of whom squatted or lay on the ground in front of moving tanks and armored cars, prevailed, forcing the vehicles to stop. On the crucial Sunday afternoon, and during the evening, when the tide was beginning to turn in the insurgents' favor as the vast crowds swelled around the camps, Enrile and Ramos conversed frequently by telephone and continued to round up military support around the country; the defections of a number of key intelligence officers proved vital. It was later apparent that the uprising, if it could have been defeated at all, would have had to be stopped in its tracks before Sunday ended. And it was apparent right at the time that, once some commanders, like Tadiar, had begun to have doubts about issuing orders to shoot, the soldiers, confronted by the gathering force of People Power, would refuse to obey orders they did not believe in, and certainly would not turn their weapons on defenseless men, women, and children. Enrile realized this by midafternoon Sunday. "It was about three o'clock, and I was assessing the situation," he told me afterward. "I could not believe we were in this kind of situation. I had a feeling of unreality, as if it were a dream—maybe a bad dream. It was déjà vu, because it was the same feeling I had as a young soldier when I was a member of the resistance against the Japanese before they captured and imprisoned me for a hundred days. In this state of mind, I fell asleep for a short time. My aide woke me and said that it had been suggested we move across the way to Camp Crame and consolidate our forces with those of General Ramos. So we prepared to move, and it took us more than an hour, because of the crowds. We were accompanied along the way by nuns saying the Rosary and carrying images of the Virgin, and when we reached the gate on the main road between Crame and Aguinaldo we saw a sea of people, shouting—shouting so loud that I felt at that point there was no way we could fail, because we had all this support. I could hardly squeeze through, and my men had to surround me, because, with a crowd like that, somebody can stick a knife in your belly or your back." Ramos had gone out onto the road to escort Enrile into Camp Crame, and by the time they arrived at the main gate I was at the scene. Enrile had his Uzi rifle slung over his shoulder and was smiling broadly, but almost sheepishly, as if he indeed couldn't believe what was happening. He had never been a particularly popular figure, largely because of his long relationship with Marcos and his vital role in administering martial law, and now he suddenly found himself a hero of the people. Ramos, the aloof, scholarly commander, who knew how to mix with his troops but was less at ease with ordinary people, took the adulation more in stride, as if he had somehow known that, despite

all the setbacks and insults he had suffered from Marcos, his time would come, and now he could publicly vindicate himself as a popular leader. He was smiling and laughing, and brandishing not a gun but a cigar—his personal trademark.

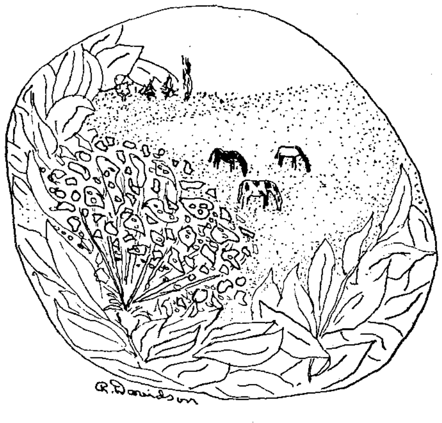
Not long after Enrile arrived at Crame and set up an office adjacent to Ramos's, he received two members of the Batasan who belonged to Marcos's political party, the New Society Movement, and they begged him to telephone Marcos. Reluctantly, Enrile agreed. The conversation was brief. According to Enrile, Marcos said, "Johnny, I have no intention of punishing your men, but they must go through a pro-forma trial, so that we can show we are enforcing the law. And I assure you that I will give them a pardon."

Enrile replied, "Mr. President, I don't think they have committed a crime. Why should they surrender? Why should they go through a trial? But I will explain to them, and get back to you. We cannot decide this, because we now have a committee and each man has one vote."

As Enrile recounted this to me later, he started to laugh and said, "Of course, we did not have any such committee, but I delayed the decision and kept his emissaries with me. Later that evening, I said to them, 'Will you please go to the President and give him the message that the situation has changed—that it is no longer a question of the Reformist members of the Army but already a problem involving the interests of the people, and the bottom-line demand, which is non-negotiable, is for him to step down.' I think it was because of this message that Marcos became furious and went on television around midnight and ordered that we be attacked and demolished, liquidated, exterminated."

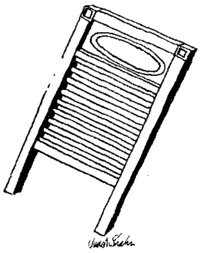
Enrile's boldness in dealing with Marcos was undoubtedly instigated, at least in part, by an impromptu accord reached between his own group of Reformist officers and a representative of Mrs. Aquino who visited Camp Crame and talked to them, apparently between the time Enrile and Marcos had their phone conversation and Enrile sent Marcos's emissaries back to Malacañang. Mrs. Aquino had returned to Manila from Cebu early that afternoon, with the insurrection well under way, and her position vis-à-vis the military was still somewhat uncertain. In a sense, she needed the military at this point at least as much as the military needed her. As a result of the bargain that was struck, "we placed ourselves at her disposal as the armed forces of the Philippines," as Enrile later said of himself and Ramos; and in return, he said, she agreed that "we would retain the Ministry of Defense" in whatever new government was established. Since Enrile had previously gone on record as supporting the Presidency of Mrs. Aquino, the agreement can be said to have simply formalized what had already been stated. Nevertheless, it was important, in view of the fluid and dangerous situation that existed that evening.

Marcos may well have been bluffing in his late-night television threat to "demolish" the rebel forces, for he may have realized he had probably already missed his chance, but a real danger still existed, as Enrile emphasized when I spoke with him later. "That night, Sunday, and on Monday morning, we were actually surrounded—by teams of tanks, on two sides of the camp, and two marine battalions and a mortar contingent, right by the compound, and several commando teams, along Horseshoe Drive, nearby," he said. "But some of these units, we afterward found out, were in such disarray that they had arrived without guns or ammunition. More defectors were also coming in—officers and men who refused to obey Marcos and Ver's orders—and that was naturally encouraging. But it was by no means over yet. That night was very tense, because we knew that Marcos and Ver still had enough troops in town to outnumber us, and we couldn't yet be sure who was for us and who was against us. We received reports that we would be attacked between midnight and three o'clock in the morning, or between three and five o'clock. Around two, someone said, 'Let's sing the national anthem,' so we sang it, and then the alma mater of the Military Academy. After that, we prayed 'Our Father,' and Bishop Claver, who was beside me, gave me absolution. And we waited for the battle to begin. Everybody was ready. But nothing happened, and daybreak came, and we had another reprieve."



As it turned out, that was the last reprieve they needed. At dawn on Monday, February 24th, one of the most stirring events of the rebellion took place—probably the turning point, militarily. Shortly after six o'clock, eight helicopters circled over Camp Crame, including five armed Huey gunships. Enrile and Ramos and the several thousand armed and unarmed people on the ground expected to be strafed and fired on by rockets, and prepared to take cover as best they could, but suddenly, after circling several times, the helicopters began descending in line and, moments later, landed. From the first one stepped Colonel Antonio Sotelo, commander of the 15th Strike Wing of the Philippine Air Force, and as the crews of the other craft climbed out each waved a white handkerchief and flashed the LABAN sign. Sotelo and Enrile embraced, and the athletic field where the helicopters set down was full of officers and men exchanging hugs and backslaps. A banner had previously been hung from the stadium roof saying, "Welcome Defector Center." The fifty-two-year-old Sotelo disclosed that he had made up his mind to join the uprising on Saturday as soon as it began. As he was listening to Radio Veritas, he received a call from Colonel Hector Tarrazona, of the Air Force, one of the leaders of the Reform Movement, who asked if Sotelo would help. Sotelo immediately said yes. Shortly afterward, he summoned his squadron pilots and instructed them to fuel and arm the five attack helicopters at Villamor Air Station, near Manila, where the wing was based. He later went to Sangley Air Station, in Cavite, and gave similar instructions for the AT-28 trainer squadrons stationed there. Early Sunday morning, he carried out orders he had received to fly over Crame on a reconnaissance mission, and two of his gunships photographed two helicopters on the ground. After receiving an order later that morning to destroy them, Sotelo asked for volunteers. No one in the squadron raised his hand. "I knew then we were together," Sotelo said, and he began planning the defection mission. Later on Sunday, after the attack order on Crame had been scrapped, four of his choppers obeyed a new order to fly reconnaissance missions. That night, Sotelo told his pilots to be ready to take off at five the next morning. By coincidence, he was ordered by Marcos and Ver to fly two of the gunships to Fort Bonifacio, and this made his planned defection easier. The five gunships took off at five-thirty and were joined in the air by two Sikorsky rescue helicopters and a utility helicopter. Not long after the eight aircraft landed at Crame, Enrile got word that the rest of the 15th Strike Wing had defected, and so had the 5th Fighter Wing, including two F-5s that had been circling ominously over Camp Crame for the previous twenty-four hours. Shortly before that news arrived, reports came over the radio that Marcos and his family had fled the country, but this quickly proved false, for Marcos appeared live on Channel 4, his principal TV station. Enrile then asked Ramos to send commando teams to the station. It was captured after a brief firefight, during which the first of only a dozen casualties of the revolution took place. Channel 4, with its strong signal, thereafter became the main rebel station.

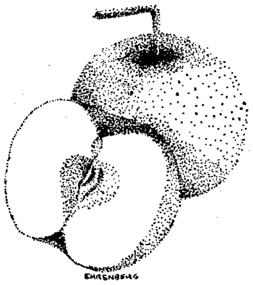
When I went to Malacañang with some other correspondents early on the morning of February 24th, about the time Sotelo's helicopters were landing at Crame, all the palace guards were wearing white bands around their wrists and had strips of white cloth tied to the barrels of their guns. When I asked what this signified, they replied, "It means peace for all friendly forces," but they denied that the bands indicated surrender. As I walked toward the palace gates, residents of houses along the way told of seeing half a dozen black sedans, with their window shades drawn, zoom out of Malacañang about five in the morning; that accounted for the false reports of Marcos's leaving. As we waited in the press office on the palace grounds, conflicting reports of what was happening were being telecast. Even Channel 7, one of the government stations, was still reporting in a superimposed title that Marcos and his family had fled. Shortly before nine, we proceeded to the palace ballroom, and there a weird tableau confronted us. Marcos and his wife, their two married daughters, Imee and Irene, and their twenty-eight-year-old son, Ferdinand, Jr., who is known as Bong Bong, along with three of their four grandchildren, were seated stiffly at the front of the room, as if posing for a family portrait. Mrs. Marcos had one of the grandchildren on her lap. They all looked uncomfortable and nervous, but then the television cameras began shooting and the children were soon cavorting around in front of them. Mrs. Marcos moved to the rear of the room and in and out of her private suite, farther back. Marcos wasted no time. He said he had given orders for all troops to hold their fire unless they were attacked, in which case they could respond, but only with small arms. "I've told them not to use mortars or recoilless rifles or artillery," he said, "but to avoid the takeover of their positions and to maintain the integrity of the country." Either not knowing or pretending not to know of the Air Force defections that had just taken place, he said he had given orders for several missions to be flown. He appealed to civilians to get off the streets, and "not to use their bodies" to stop tanks from moving, and to "stay calm." The "resignations" of Enrile and Ramos had been "accepted," he added. At this point, General Ver, who was also present, bobbed up from his chair. What followed was one of the strangest scenes of the week, as Ver and Marcos started arguing, in front of the cameras and two hundred or so reporters, about the seriousness of the situation. Ver insisted that Ramos and Enrile had already declared a "revolutionary government," and that he should be allowed to strafe and bombard Camp Crame and use any means necessary to put down the revolt, while Marcos continued to maintain that "this is a small group, over which we have control." He did say, however, that he had declared a state of emergency. Only toward the end of the session, which Ver's outburst had all but completely disrupted, did Marcos display any vehemence. "I won't have to fight here," he declared. "It won't come to that. We are going to keep Malacañang. I'm not leaving the palace, the city, or the country. I don't intend to step down as President. Never, never!"



The fact was, however, that the bravado and the protests were all but over. As I left Malacañang, fresh crowds were gathering at the barbed-wire fencing that surrounded it, and were beginning to push over the stanchions and to tear out sections of wire, gathering it in coils that would become new symbols of the revolution. The "loyalist" troops, with their white armbands, fired into the air to disperse the demonstrators, who were mostly students. When I got back to Camp Crame, Sotelo's gunships were just returning from their first mission on behalf of the revolution: one helicopter had flown over Malacañang shortly after the press conference and had fired seven rockets. They did only slight damage but, according to what Marcos later said, caused his family to "cower in terror." Three other gunships flew to Villamor Air Base and destroyed six loyalist helicopters on the ground. The helicopter squadron then proceeded to Clark Air Base, where the Americans agreed to refuel the aircraft. Before noon, Enrile announced the formation of a "provisional junta," which, he said, would pass power to a civilian government as soon as possible, and by midafternoon Channel 4, somewhat prematurely, was declaring Mrs. Aquino the duly elected President of a "revolutionary government." Around the same time, Enrile, now back at Camp Aguinaldo, said, "We are not here to grab power. We are not menials of anyone except the Filipino people," and Ramos announced that "the new armed forces of the people" controlled eighty-five per cent of all military troops and that except for some mopping-up operations the struggle was over. "People Power has done it," he said.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Marcos appeared on television from Malacañang, with his family still hovering in the background. "I am here, prepared for anything, day or night," he said. "Enrile and Ramos are trying to take over power for Mrs. Aquino. I can't see what their future is. We must make a decision as to whether it is not time to protect ourselves as well as the Republic of the Philippines." After announcing a 6 P.M.-to-6 A.M. curfew (which no one paid any attention to), he declared that he was still "fit and strong." He added, "I walk four or five kilometres a day and do push-ups and pullups. My blood pressure is one twenty over eighty-six and my pulse is sixty-eight to seventy-six. I've got my sniper rifle out just in case it's necessary to protect my grandson." An hour after this performance, news came from Washington that the White House had asked Marcos to step down. "Attempts to prolong the life of the present regime by violence are futile," the statement released by the White House pressroom said. "A solution to this crisis can only be achieved through a peaceful transition to a new government."

The American Embassy had already begun to suggest to Marcos that he might want to leave the country. Before the Washington announcement, Ambassador Bosworth had spoken to him on the phone and privately explained what the American position was and what he should expect. The specific offer of a plane to fly Marcos and his family to the United States was made on Monday morning, but he did not immediately respond to it. As a result, members of the Embassy quietly began to put pressure on Mrs. Marcos, the two Marcos daughters, and the daughters' husbands. Mrs. Marcos seemed reluctant to leave, but the children—particularly Imee and her husband, Tomas Manotoc—were more willing, primarily to insure the safety of their children. The process of persuading members of the family to reach any sort of agreement among themselves was a slow and painful one, however. Repeated calls were made to the daughters and Mrs. Marcos by various Embassy officers over the following day and a half, while Bosworth stayed in touch with Marcos, who was determined to go through with his inauguration ceremony, on Tuesday, before making any other decisions.



During the early-morning hours of Tuesday, Marcos held his two celebrated telephone conversations with Senator Paul Laxalt, the Nevada Republican, who, on Reagan's behalf, had visited Manila in October and given Marcos a blunt warning that the United States was dissatisfied with the slow pace of the Philippines' economic and military reforms. It was early Monday afternoon, Washington time, and Laxalt was attending a briefing on Capitol Hill with Secretary of State George Shultz, when he was summoned to the phone. It was Marcos, who, according to Laxalt, "wanted to know if something could be worked out whereby power could be shared." Laxalt said he thought that this was "impractical." Marcos was also concerned about being "punished" or "harassed" if he came to the United States, and Laxalt said he felt that that would be no problem, but he promised to consult with President Reagan and call Marcos back. "I sensed that he was a desperate man, clutching at straws, trying to work out something that would keep him somewhere in the power structure," Laxalt said. After a quick trip to the White House, where Reagan agreed that any power-sharing solution would be impractical and "undignified" for Marcos, and reiterated that he and his family would be welcomed in the United States, Laxalt phoned Marcos back. It was now three o'clock Tuesday morning, Manila time, and when Laxalt asked Marcos if he had been up all night Marcos replied that he had, because he was afraid that the palace would be attacked. When Marcos asked what President Reagan wanted him to do, Laxalt said that the President could not tell him what to do. Marcos then asked Laxalt the same "gut" question. Not feeling bound by "diplomatic niceties," as Laxalt later put it, he replied, "Cut, and cut cleanly. The time has come." As Laxalt recalled, "There was the longest pause. It seemed to last minutes. It lasted so long I asked if he was still there. He said 'Yes,' and then he said, 'I am so very, very disappointed.' "

Although after twenty years the United States had forsaken him, Marcos was still not ready to give up. About nine o'clock that Tuesday morning, just about when Mrs. Aquino's inaugural ceremony was due to begin, Marcos telephoned Enrile. "How can we settle this problem?" he asked. Enrile replied that he really didn't know, whereupon Marcos said, "Why don't we organize a provisional government? I just want a graceful exit. I will cancel the election and will remain an honorary President until 1987, because I would like to leave politics in a clean and orderly manner." Enrile hedged, disclaiming any interest in power himself, and then said, "We have already committed ourselves to Mrs. Aquino." As Enrile later related the conversation, Marcos next asked whether Enrile thought it would be safe for him to leave the country. Enrile replied, "Why not? There's no reason for any one of us, at least on our side, to harm you," and he offered to protect the President and his family. Then Marcos asked if Enrile thought he could come back if he went abroad, and Enrile said, "Of course. This is your homeland. Why not?" After this conversation, Enrile rushed to the Club Filipino for the inauguration of Mrs. Aquino. It began at ten-thirty, an hour and a half behind schedule.

In sharp contrast to the heavy gloom that hung over Malacañang, the mood at the Club Filipino was euphoric. Although the club was founded by early nationalists, it had soon been taken over by the élitist *ilustrados* of the Spanish colonial era, who had retained their influence during the early American colonial period as well, and it had remained Manila's most fashionable social center. When I arrived, shortly after eight in the morning, the seats at the ballroom tables were all taken, and guests were standing on chairs along the sides; eventually people stood on whatever they could find to climb on, anywhere in the room. The vast majority of those present, who numbered seven or eight hundred, belonged to the wealthy educated class that had run the Philippines between independence and the onset of martial law in 1972, and, notwithstanding their mistakes of the past, their mood now was unquestionably celebratory—they felt they had returned to power. When Enrile arrived—Ramos was already on the platform—he received a loud ovation; although, as a corporate lawyer and an astute investor, he had himself become a rich man before and especially during the Marcos regime, he was not part of the postwar élite, and he was obviously relishing his unexpected role as a revolutionary hero, and still wore the look of somewhat sheepish glee he had exhibited for the previous two days. When Mrs. Aquino appeared, wearing a simple yellow dress, as usual (yellow had been her husband's favorite color), the welcoming roar rose even higher, and the cheering lasted for several minutes. What a few weeks ago had seemed impossible had been accomplished, and though she, too, obviously enjoyed her moment of triumph, she retained her customary calm dignity and humility, enhanced by the warmth of her personality. If the revolution had now catapulted her into power without her having needed to take a direct part in it, she had nevertheless been its catalytic inspiration, without which People Power would not have welled up and proved decisive. (Ironically, People Power was conspicuously absent at the Club Filipino.)

After making her way slowly to the platform through a double line of well-wishers, she spoke, as she had during her campaign, of the need to restore and uphold truth, justice, morality, and decency, "as we proceed to create a truly great society for our people." The most moving moment, I thought, came when she read a few of her late husband's statements about the future, and said, "It took his murder to do this." After she and her running mate, Salvador Laurel, a former senator who headed the United Nationalist Democratic Organization (UNIDO), the largest Philippine opposition party, were sworn in as President and Vice-President, she appointed Enrile her Defense Minister and promoted Ramos to chief of staff and the rank of full general. (The rest of the Cabinet was not named until the following day.) It was noticeable that the new government was not proclaimed as "provisional" or "revolutionary," or anything specific. How to describe it, in fact, became one of the first major points of dispute in the next month. With Marcos's inauguration two hours later, the Philippines, in effect, had, for the time being, two presidents but no de-jure government. On March 25th, under a temporary "freedom constitution," Mrs. Aquino's administration was officially declared "provisional" or "interim," pending the writing and adoption of a new constitution. Late in May, though Marcos, in exile, still claimed to be President, the newly appointed Supreme Court ruled that the Aquino government was de jure as well as de facto. By now, virtually all the nations of the world have formally recognized it, although some constitutional experts still claim that a legal anomaly or vacuum obtains, and even some of Mrs. Aquino's closest advisers have admitted that her temporary assumption of all lawmaking powers represents an unseemly concentration of authority.

Marcos's inauguration, held shortly after noon on February 25th, in the main hall of Malacañang, was a sad affair, in the middle of which the television monitors—and, with them, the TV screens across the country showing the event—suddenly went blank while revolutionary troops were attempting to take control of the transmitters of the government station. Marcos looked up, bewildered, but then continued his predictable and by now pathetic platitudes. The American Embassy had kept in touch with Mrs. Marcos and Imee and Irene throughout the previous thirty-six hours, and it was apparent that they were now in favor of leaving, though Marcos and his wife kept asking questions and insisting that the family be flown to Ilocos Norte, his home province. An hour or so after the ceremony, Ambassador Bosworth spoke with Marcos for the last time about the departure plans, and Marcos also spoke with Brigadier General Teddy Allen, the chief of the Joint U.S. Military Assistance Group, to check on further details. Initially, the plans had called for four large helicopters to land on the grounds of Malacañang, but, because of the uncertainty of ground markings and the general congestion, it was decided to have the helicopters land across the Pasig River, in what are known as the Malacañang Gardens. This necessitated ferrying the Marcoses and about ninety others, including General Ver and his family, other friends, and members of the Malacañang staff, across the river in boats and barges—a process that took longer than expected. Loading Marcos's heavy medical equipment onto the boats and then

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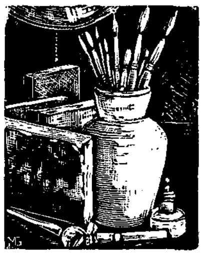
onto one of the four helicopters delayed the departure further, and it was dark by the time the last helicopter lifted off for Clark Air Base, a forty-minute flight away, where the whole party spent the night before proceeding to Guam and then to Honolulu. During the period of his departure from Malacañang and afterward, Marcos was sedated, and it may be true, as he has since maintained, that he thought, at least initially, that he was being taken to Paoay, in Ilocos, rather than to Hawaii, since the pronunciations are somewhat similar. On the other hand, he had been told earlier by both Bosworth and General Allen that he was being flown to Hawaii. Mrs. Aquino, in a last-minute phone conversation with Bosworth, had said she wanted him flown out of the country unless he was too ill to make the trip, so by the time Marcos left for Guam he certainly knew he was headed for Honolulu, and he subsequently admitted this.



In any event, whatever Marcos's lingering hopes of remaining in the Philippines, the Americans—both Embassy officials in Manila and officers at Clark Air Base—played an important part in arranging for his departure. To judge from the crazed temper of several thousand Filipinos who stormed the gates of Malacañang two hours after his escape and began looting the palace, the Americans may very well have saved his life. While the Americans did not specifically take part in the actual rebellion, they had been prepared for it and, once it began, had carefully monitored its progress hour by hour, and they had obviously done nothing to stop or discourage it. In fact, by permitting the defecting helicopters to refuel at Clark Air Base, and possibly to rearm there, they can be said to have been accessories. An American on the scene whom I have known for many years and who, through no fault of his own, had been involved during the previous decade in two major failures of American diplomacy was elated to have participated in a success. After it was all over, he remarked to me, with a proud smile, "Well, we did it *this* time, didn't we?"

THE Filipinos, of course, did it, and not the Americans. What my friend really meant was that for once we backed the right side, and at the final moment contributed something to the removal of a dictator and the restoration of democracy. Whether we have contributed enough since then—especially in the way of financial aid—has become a sore point between the two nations, particularly in view of the fact that during five successive Administrations, beginning with Lyndon Johnson's, the United States consistently supported Marcos, financially and otherwise, allowing him to gain the upper hand in our relations and to outmaneuver us diplomatically solely because we wanted to insure retention of Subic Bay and Clark Air Base. As a result, Washington missed numerous opportunities to put pressure on Marcos to moderate his corrupt and debilitating dictatorship and to avoid an economic disintegration that progressed to the point where even Filipino economists today refer to their country as "a basket case." The fact that we ultimately provided a safe and easy way for Marcos to get out, and thereby helped avert what might well have developed into a civil war, does not absolve us from our past mistakes of omission and commission or provide adequate cause for self-congratulation. As Richard Kessler, a senior associate of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has wryly commented, "A chauffeur service for failed dictators should not be confused with a foreign policy."

By the same token, the replacement of that dictator by a modest and gracious woman whose open-mindedness and tolerance have led her to listen to a multitude of often conflicting voices, but whose capacity for leadership and ability to solve serious problems are still untested, cannot be confused with the establishment of a functioning domestic policy. Given the circumstances through which she came to power, Mrs. Aquino perhaps cannot be faulted for surrounding herself with men and women of many disparate viewpoints, especially since virtually all of them had long been victimized and silenced, one way or another, by Marcos's authoritarian rule. Once Marcos was gone, it was inevitable that a great many people, representing varying areas and attitudes—and particularly those who supported Mrs. Aquino in the election and then took part in the brief revolution—would want to join the new government or, at least, would demand to be heard. In no Asian nation but the Philippines, with its unique, if often untidy, heritage of democracy, would this have been possible; and even here the prior history of a raucous two-party system operating under the time-tested principle of "To the victor belong the spoils" would under ordinary conditions have precluded the selection of so highly diverse a Cabinet and such a conglomeration of other appointments. Since the conditions were extraordinary and the options Mrs. Aquino confronted so complicated, it was also inevitable that her initial declarations of policy would be criticized, fairly or unfairly—particularly with freedom of expression only just restored. Equal attention was accorded practically everything, including old grudges and new ideas, but for the most part the great number of newspapers and magazines that suddenly appeared or reappeared did not delve beneath the surface. If, for example, Mrs. Aquino seemed to move too slowly in introducing crash programs for economic recovery and the alleviation of poverty in the Manila slums or among the starving unemployed sugar workers on Negros, the fact was that after Marcos's depredations the country was in such bad shape that almost no funds were immediately available. But, then, neither were they solicited, at home or abroad, on an emergency basis; nor was the issue publicly presented in dramatic fashion—as, for instance, Franklin Roosevelt addressed the problems of the Depression, including unemployment, starvation, and national despair, almost as soon as he took office in the United States early in 1933. Although Mrs. Aquino continued to speak of an emergency works program from time to time, including such things as building feeder roads and communal irrigation systems to create jobs for the unemployed in rural areas, it was not until early August that she specifically allotted nearly four billion pesos for such a program for the rest of 1986. And no one could predict how much longer it would take to sort out the bureaucratic problems among the various ministries and regions of the country and for the program actually to get under way.

To make matters more difficult, Mrs. Aquino has been encumbered, not to say hamstrung, by having to make good on a number of special debts she incurred as a result of the way in which she came to power. The most crucial of these debts was, and is, her debt to the military. Vague though the bargain was that she made with Minister of Defense Enrile after he assumed leadership of the rebellion, both he and she have lived up to the agreement, but it has not been easy—nor is it likely to be. The major differences between them began with the opposition of Enrile and Ramos, and of many soldiers, to a mass amnesty declared by Mrs. Aquino of approximately five hundred mostly Communist political prisoners, among them four major Communist leaders, without any screening. Since then, there has been the delicate issue of proclaiming a ceasefire with the Communist insurgents and declaring an amnesty for them and their supporters and sympathizers. Late in June, the government and the Communists finally agreed on the selection of representatives to begin talks, and formal meetings began in the first week of August. But the chances of reaching any binding agreements are generally considered slight. Few observers believe that the hard-core members of the New People's Army, now estimated to number between sixteen and twenty-two thousand, or of the Communist Party of the Philippines, will under any circumstances surrender their arms and give up their struggle, which has been going on for seventeen years. The most that Mrs. Aquino can achieve, it is felt, will be an acceptance of amnesty terms by members of the insurgents' mass base—chiefly unarmed peasants who voluntarily or under duress give the rebels food and other forms of aid, in the twenty per cent of the nation's villages that the Communists control or periodically penetrate or else in their mountain sanctuaries. Although General Ramos said in June that twelve hundred Communist sympathizers had already surrendered, most experts believe that it will be extremely difficult, and extremely expensive as well, even if a tentative agreement on amnesty terms is reached, for the government to follow through on those terms—which would probably involve resettlement, land distribution, credit facilities, and rural public-works schemes—in a way that will be sufficiently attractive to lure any large number of sympathizers and rebel supporters to its side and then keep them there.

While an amnesty coupled with a ceasefire for at least six months was one of Mrs. Aquino's initial campaign promises, and her intentions are universally admired, neither the military nor the Communists have been optimistic about the outcome. The most that Enrile has said is that the effort is "worth trying," but he and Ramos are known to have considered it naïve from the start and to be highly skeptical about its success. They have been more openly critical of the Army's being forced to adopt a policy of "defensive posturing" while the Communists have sustained their attacks around the country and, in a number of provinces where they are strong, have actually increased what they describe as an "active defense." Early in June, Enrile declared that although the insurgency was containable, "the local Communists and the secessionist movement [in Mindanao and, to a lesser extent, in northern Luzon] remain as the major threats to national security, inasmuch as these two movements continue to take advantage of the socioeconomic dislocations to undermine national stability." Around the same time, in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in Washington, Richard Armitage, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, asserted that the military situation in the Philippines was "serious and getting worse, with the Communists enjoying the initiative and assuming de-facto control in areas where government influence has eroded over the years." Since Mrs. Aquino came to power, more than a thousand people have died as a result of the insurgency, the ratio being approximately four insurgents to every three government soldiers to every two civilians. These figures are only slightly lower than they were during the final months of the Marcos period. What has most disturbed Enrile and Ramos is the ability of the Communists to strike targets of opportunity more or less at will, chiefly through platoon- or company-size ambushes (several costly ones took place in Enrile's home province of Cagayan). An average of six or seven violent encounters a day, nationwide, are still occurring. In two separate incidents in a twenty-four-hour period at the end of June, thirteen government soldiers were killed, along with seven civilians, in ambushes in Cagayan and in Quezon Province, which is southeast of Manila. Meanwhile, the level of violence in recent weeks has increased in intensity throughout the island of Mindanao. While Mrs. Aquino has warned the insurgents that the Army will go all out in responding to such attacks if they continue and if the government's efforts to bring about a peaceful solution fail, she remains determined to lean over backward to make a success of the talks that have just begun.

Whatever happens, such discussions are likely to go on for many months, in a situation comparable to what the Vietnamese Communists used to call "fight-fight, talk-talk," and the longer they do, as the fighting continues, the less likely will be the chances of any positive resolution. Enrile, who was upset about the military's not being consulted more fully before any negotiations started, now worries that Mrs. Aquino will be too susceptible to offers of compromise, which he is afraid might simply buy time for the Communists while granting them strategic concessions, such as their own areas of control in pockets of Mindanao and elsewhere. He has increasingly warned of Communists' infiltrating the new government and "every sector of our society." Enrile's concern over the Communists' using the ceasefire to buy time was enhanced by the announcement that Mrs. Aquino's small negotiating team would include José (Pepe) Diokno, a well-known civil-rights lawyer, who also heads the country's new Human Rights Commission, and who has for many years led the fight to abrogate the military-bases agreement with the United States, which comes up for review in 1988. Enrile favors retention of the bases, and Mrs. Aquino has simply said that she will keep her options open, but the issue of the bases is bound to be raised at some point by the Communists if the negotiations make any headway at all. Along with many other Filipinos, including Mrs. Aquino herself in the past, the Communists oppose the continuing presence of any foreign bases in the Philippines. If a new agreement is negotiated by 1988, the United States would have to pay the Philippine government considerably more than the current nine-hundred-million-dollar "rent" it has agreed to pay through fiscal year 1989. The future of the bases, which is tied to the Philippines' internal security and the Communist challenge, as well as to its external security, may be discussed during Mrs. Aquino's nine-day visit to the United States in mid-September. She is expected to concentrate on economic matters, including the question of additional aid and efforts to persuade both Filipinos and Americans to invest more private capital in the Philippines.

The uneasy relationship between Enrile and most of his fellow Cabinet members, including Diokno and former Senator Salonga, has not been improved by his doubts about granting an amnesty and a ceasefire and about other government policies. Diokno's commission has said that it intends to punish members of the military for violations of human rights, including any who were guilty of conducting or condoning torture during the Marcos period. Enrile, who could face charges himself on this score, considers this bad for troop morale and says it will damage the campaign for national reconciliation; as a lawyer (he is a graduate of Harvard Law School), he has volunteered to defend any accused soldiers personally. Both Diokno and Salonga, who now heads the Commission for Good Government, which is charged with tracking down the vast amounts of wealth Marcos and his family and friends allegedly stole, have privately let it be known that Enrile is also a likely target for eventual investigation because of his "hidden wealth," which is known to be substantial. For his part, Enrile says that he is innocent of any illegal dealings —"I did not steal anything"—and welcomes an investigation at "any time." Salonga, like Diokno, was one of Benigno Aquino's lawyers during Aquino's long years of imprisonment and persecution under Marcos. Diokno spent two years in prison with Aquino when martial law was declared, and Salonga, too, was accused of conspiring against Marcos, but was allowed to go to the United States for health reasons—he lost the sight in one eye and the use of one arm in 1971, when several grenades were thrown at a Liberal Party rally in Plaza Miranda in Manila, and though Marcos accused the Communists of the act, many people suspect that he ordered it himself. Throughout the martial-law period, until the revolution, Enrile and Marcos remained close, even though Enrile was gradually outflanked by General Ver; and there was never any love lost between Enrile and either Salonga or Diokno (in fact, several of Diokno's and Salonga's clients were detained by the military on political charges). Nor, obviously, was there any reason for Mrs. Aquino to be fond of Enrile, who was her husband's nominal jailer and helped Marcos file the original charges against him. Still, Salonga is aware that, given the current tense situation and the peculiar modus vivendi between Mrs. Aquino and Enrile, this is not the time to pursue any inquiry into the Defense Minister's past financial activities, and Mrs. Aquino has apparently concurred.

JUST as there has been considerable difference of opinion within the government about the wisdom and efficacy of seeking a ceasefire and amnesty, the Communists have had their own internal disputes over the question, as they had earlier over whether to participate in the February election or boycott it. Though they ultimately chose to boycott, some Communist Party members and many more members of the two big left-wing front groups, the National Democratic Front and Bayan, opposed the decision, which was made by the five-man executive committee of the Party's central committee and passed on to the leaders of the two fronts. The Communists did not expect Mrs. Aquino to win, and certainly did not foresee the revolutionary uprising. They have since admitted their mistake, or shortsightedness, and have engaged in lengthy self-criticism in order to avoid further misinterpretations and violations of "democratic centralism" or errors of "sectarianism" and "dogmatism." A typical process of "rectification" has also been under way over the past several months. In a recent document published in *Ang Bayan*, the official Party journal, Party leaders conceded that they had underestimated the determination of the "bourgeois reformists" to engage Marcos and defeat him, and had misjudged the isolation of the regime and the extent to which it had lost support—even that of the United States. As for negotiations for a ceasefire and amnesty, *Ang Bayan* declared in May that the decision to meet with Mrs. Aquino's representatives was based on the split within the government over the insurgency issue. The journal maintained that the government was now divided into two separate and distinct groups, one of which, the coalition of moderate anti-Communists and liberals, could "be drawn to support the people's demands or be neutralized," while the other was composed of die-hard conservatives who had American support. "The struggle between the reactionaries and the liberals in the government will grow more intense," the journal said, and has already "created a weakened position of the state" which "has no precedent." Consequently, the Party should "immediately reëstablish its clear leadership over the political struggle" by mounting an offensive on the issue of a ceasefire while simultaneously pursuing its military policy of "active defense." Another reason for adopting this position was that the Army would "inevitably" seek to sabotage any agreement reached in negotiations—an argument that, in effect, further validated the Communists' time-tested "fight-fight, talk-talk" strategy.

Beyond dealing with the Communist insurgency, and also with a renewed, though not yet serious, threat from the various separatist factions in Mindanao, the government forces have their hands full reforming and reorganizing their own ranks. When General Ramos took over as chief of staff, he inherited an Army riddled by corruption, inefficiency, and favoritism as a result of the long years under Marcos and Ver. The military's heroic role in the revolution did much to restore its reputation as a force for good rather than evil, but a lot remained to be done. Its credibility in the eyes of the public had been sorely damaged by the bad behavior of its low-paid troops over so many years. Discipline among the soldiers was universally poor, and so was the combat effectiveness of many, perhaps most, military units. In the military's favor, however, was the circumstance that, unlike the civilian government, which had to begin from scratch, it at least had a command structure in place. Moreover, in Ramos and Enrile, it had two highly experienced men who had long agreed about the need to introduce reforms but had been unable to do so, because Marcos and Ver, in effect, had created a private army loyal to them personally rather than to the country. Ramos moved quickly to retire twenty-three flag-rank officers, including the commanders of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force—all of whom were past retirement age but had been kept on because they did homage to Ver and Marcos—and to replace them with proved professional soldiers. Enrile, in naming Rafael Ileto as his Deputy Defense Minister, gave him a free hand to supervise the mass reorganization of the Army, and, in particular, to get rid of political appointees and to trim excess fat from the officer corps. While most loyalist officers were removed from positions of responsibility, it was recognized that fostering reconciliation would entail retaining as many of them as possible and reassigning them to new posts, in the field. This policy was in sharp contrast to that of Local Governments Minister Aquilino Pimentel, Jr., whose appointment of new administrators to replace virtually all local and provincial officials raised political havoc all over the country and, among other things, made it difficult for the military to maintain lines of coöperation with the civilian government. From the outset, Ramos had stressed the importance of such coöperation in order to convince the population that the military respected civilian authority, but now that the military commanders had to deal with new, inexperienced, and often unpopular civilian administrators in the provinces the respect was harder to demonstrate. Other reforms that Ramos quickly introduced included the reduction of the Presidential Security Command, which had consisted of six battalions, to a single battalion with purely ceremonial duties, and the dismantling of the National Intelligence and Security Authority, which had served Ver and Marcos as a personal counter-intelligence service.

The success of the counter-insurgency plan of Ramos and the New Armed Forces of the Philippines, as the military has been called since the revolution, necessarily depends on achieving coöperation not only with local officials but also with groups of citizens—particularly farmers, local businessmen, and priests. The main emphasis, Ramos has said, will be on improving rural security and rural development and on promoting national reconciliation. This will include a thorough reorganization of the paramilitary Civilian Home Defense Forces, whose members have been responsible for most of the atrocities perpetrated against the civilian population over the past decade or more. The program also calls for drawing up "integrated town-security and defense plans," which will include early-warning systems against Communist infiltration. The Army has been hampered in its counter-insurgency activity not only by low morale but by poor direction and lack of equipment, and Ramos has begun deploying newly trained units, most of them directed by younger officers, into the field to take charge of the new plans; he has already sent communications gear and trucks to the local commands, and tanks, armored personnel carriers, and artillery to those areas where the insurgents are most active.

In a speech to the 1986 graduating class of the University of the Philippines, Mrs. Aquino said, "It will not be the old, dispirited Marcos Army that insurgents will face but a new Army and a new government that they must deal with now." Earlier, in addressing the graduates of the Philippine Military Academy, she said that "a soldier's role is not in politics but, rather, to serve as a guarantor of the people's security and protector of the people's government." After snappily returning a number of salutes—a routine that she had been assiduously practicing (she obviously enjoys her new role as Commander-in-Chief)—she made a special point of asserting that she would exercise her authority fully, and that Ramos and the new service chiefs would report directly to her, with Enrile simply "monitoring" the military leaders' performance. Henceforth, she warned, "neither errors of policy nor gross misconduct will long escape my attention and rebuke." Her performance was one of her strongest since she became President, but many observers feel that she has not yet consolidated her control over the military; its links with the civilian branches of government remain tenuous, they point out, because of the threat of human-rights investigations, the hasty appointment of the new local officials, the lack of communication between civilian and military officials in devising a joint counter-insurgency strategy, and the failure of Mrs. Aquino to include a military representative on the amnesty-and-ceasefire negotiating team. Enrile, like Marcos, in whose

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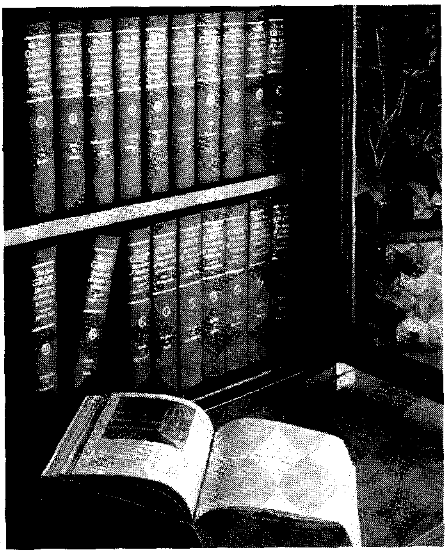

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shadow he remained for two decades, is a highly complicated man, with his own share of ego and ambition, and many who know him—and some who don't—are convinced that he wants to become President someday, one way or another. Also like Marcos, he has a strong streak of deviousness, and enjoys making ambiguous and cryptic statements—though he adds wit and humor to them, as Marcos did not. He has become increasingly aware that his sudden emergence as a revolutionary hero has lent him a quality of public glamour—something that he never had before, and something that can be used as a new device for furthering his political aspirations. Under Marcos, particularly after he was shoved aside by Ver, Enrile's only possible road to power appeared to be a coup—or a quasi-legal military move to fill the vacuum once Marcos disappeared from the scene. Now there are two possible roads: one is a coup, and the other is running for office legally, under procedures being determined by a constitutional commission whose proposals are to be submitted to a national referendum this fall. One of the major decisions the commission will make and pass on to the voters is whether the new government will be basically Presidential or parliamentary. If a Presidential regime is chosen, Enrile is very likely to be a candidate of the newly re-formed Nacionalista Party, which Marcos had replaced with his New Society Movement when he declared martial law. Theoretically, Mrs. Aquino, who has said she will not run again, was elected in February for a six-year term, but since the election was disputed and she was not recognized by the Marcos-controlled Batasan (which she subsequently dissolved), the commission could decide to call a new election, if it does so at all, for any time between 1987 and 1992—speculation has concentrated on a choice between 1990 and 1992. Or if Enrile does not become the Nacionalista candidate for President, and if the commission provides for a bicameral legislature, which Mrs. Aquino favors, Enrile could decide to run for senator, since that office has traditionally been a path to the Presidency (he was defeated in a senatorial bid in 1971, just prior to martial law). In his various remarks to correspondents and others, Enrile has not ruled out a bid for political office, and in his trips around the country—particularly to the northern provinces of Luzon, where he is very popular, as Marcos was, too—he has been welcomed by large crowds and hailed as everything from "The Man of the Century" and "The Philippine MacArthur" to "A Man Fit to be President of the Philippines." When a local mayor in a northern Luzon village addressed him as "Mr. President," Enrile said, "I am not the President yet." When he was asked if he was running for office, he said no, but when he was asked if that meant he never would he replied, "Don't pin me down." Significantly, in the last month, anti-government demonstrators in Manila and in northern Luzon have stopped demanding Marcos's return and have switched their support to Enrile—a move that might hurt as much as help him in the long run. However, in his travels through the north he has cleverly, if perhaps with tongue in cheek, said that Marcos was "the real hero" of the revolution, for refusing to fire on the crowds at Camps Crame and Aguinaldo and voluntarily stepping down from the Presidency. He also repeated on several occasions his account of how Marcos, just before fleeing the country, had suggested to Enrile that he take over as the head of a provisional government—and how he turned the idea down. Since then, he has carefully stressed his loyalty to Mrs. Aquino, doing so most recently during the abortive attempt at a coup by Marcos's Vice-Presidential running mate, Arturo Tolentino, early in July. However, a special government investigation of this event, completed in mid-August, spoke of the continuing high risk of another and possibly more serious incident occurring, and, in referring to "hidden conspirators," mentioned the "J.P.E. factor," referring to Enrile. A person said to be involved in the investigation added that "Enrile is a question mark in the entire thing," and "is not entitled to full confidence."

The odd game that Enrile is playing, and Mrs. Aquino has so far gone along with, could, as a number of Filipino and foreign observers have suggested, come to an abrupt end at any time, either through his dismissal or through a real military coup that would place him in power as the leader of a junta or as President. Back in mid-June, rumors of such a coup were so widespread that both Enrile and Ramos publicly denied them and made a point of appearing with Mrs. Aquino at an Air Force celebration, during which she laughingly dismissed the rumors as a subversive, Marcos-inspired attempt to discredit her regime. She declared that "actions speak louder than words," and pointed to her presence on the platform with Ramos and Enrile as more believable than "some unfavorable reports that we have been hearing or reading about." Nevertheless, the rumors continue to crop up, as such things do in the Philippines. Vice-President Laurel, who would also like to be President but is not as popular as Enrile, has publicly stated that a coup could take place if the government failed in its programs to bring about political and economic stability. Others have said, more pointedly, that Enrile might be "forced" to take action if the government's "soft approach" to the insurgency was unavailing and the pace of violence increased. Enrile has done little to silence this conjecture. On the other hand, such a keen observer of the political-military scene as Emanuel Soriano, a management consultant who is one of Mrs. Aquino's part-time advisers, believes that there is no serious coup threat at present, because "Ramos wouldn't go along with it, and he is the key to the military."

Another element in the ongoing coup-rumor game is the officers' Reform Movement. Initially, after the revolution, members of the movement, many of whom received important new assignments, pondered whether they should "self-destruct," once Ramos and Enrile started to institute reforms, or whether they should continue as "a force to maintain vigilance." After weeks of debate, they decided, early in June, to expand their membership nationally and to remain "a second conscience" in the military. "The revolution has just started," one young lieutenant said. "The spirit of Reformism is still intact and needs to be institutionalized among the ranks." But, as some experts outside the movement have pointed out, the Reformists have already shown a tendency to meddle in nonmilitary matters, criticizing Mrs. Aquino for letting the more radical members of her Cabinet have undue influence, for example, and also for taking a too sanguine attitude toward the possibility of making peace with the Communists. If the movement becomes "too political," one expert has observed, it could do more harm than good. At present, however, it is hard to tell just where the loyalties of most of the Reformists really lie, and—perhaps more important—what use Enrile might want to make of them in the future. There is even some question about whether they will hold together as a single group or not. Recently, there have been new reports that the movement might disband.

WHILE politics, particularly the preparation and adoption of the new constitution, continues to occupy center stage, the future of Mrs. Aquino's government and of the nation as a whole is more crucially dependent on the Philippines' economic recovery. And, while in the past month or so there have been signs that firm plans for dealing with major economic problems are finally taking shape, it is in this area that Mrs. Aquino and her very diverse Cabinet have been most severely criticized—chiefly for moving too slowly and not always on the same track. It is true that Marcos left an all but bankrupt treasury, as a result of the crooked financial activities he and his chosen cronies engaged in for many years, manipulating and bilking scores of businesses and banks and camouflaging their operations in a maze of interlocking relationships. Salonga has said, with only slight exaggeration, "Marcos almost ended up owning the entire country." Salonga's Commission for Good Government will be fortunate if it can recover half, or even a third, of a total of between five and ten billion dollars that Marcos and his family are estimated to have stolen and deposited abroad, in unnumbered or secret accounts or under phony names, or to have obscured through fraudulent transactions involving both cash and properties in several nations; and for the commission to accomplish that will take at least three years of complicated fiscal detective work and difficult court procedures. The commission has obtained the coöperation of American officials and, surprisingly, of Swiss banking authorities, who, acting against their own precedents, have agreed to freeze deposits made by Marcos and other members of his family in seven Swiss banks pending the submission of proof by the commission that some or all of these funds were obtained fraudulently and transferred illegally. One Swiss bank alone is said to hold eight hundred million dollars of Marcos's funds. In all, foreign de-

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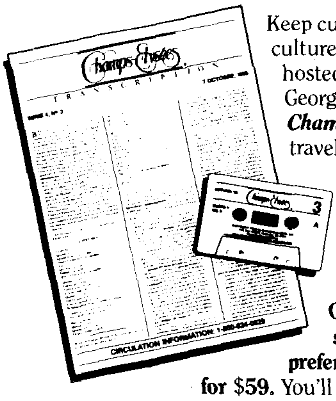

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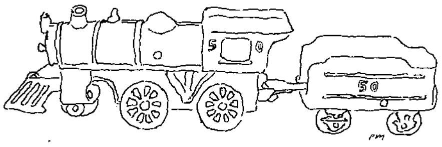
posits of between two and three billion dollars have so far been frozen. When Salonga was in New York recently, he told me that he had hopes of eventually recovering many of these assets, but that it would be "slow, tough going." In the Philippines, the commission has already "sequestered" the assets and holdings of approximately two hundred companies that Marcos and his cronies owned or did business with. These properties are in "judicial deposit," along with some that the former government nominally took over when they got into financial trouble. Although many of these properties will ultimately be returned to private owners and restored to operation, the sequestration procedure is opposed by most private businessmen and by a number of government officials; they feel that Salonga's commission has gone too far, and maintain that its actions have slowed much-needed investment and thus further delayed economic recovery. Rights of ownership of a number of sequestered or partly sequestered companies, including the nation's largest, the San Miguel Corporation, a food and beverage conglomerate, are being disputed and may not be determined for years, particularly since they involve claims by individuals dating back to the pre-Marcos period versus those of the martial-law years, and conflicts over stock transactions that have taken place since the revolution.

With more than half the working population of the Philippines still unemployed and nearly three-quarters of the people living at or below the poverty line, the road to recovery, especially over the short term, requires more than a resumption of domestic and foreign investment, important as this is. Since the revolution, Finance Minister Jaime Ongpin and José Fernandez, the holdover governor of the Central Bank, have spent much of their time trying to obtain new foreign aid and renegotiating long-term international loans while facing the handicap of a huge national debt of twenty-six billion dollars. This has involved steady talks with officials of the International Monetary Fund and representatives of four hundred foreign commercial banks who are major creditors, as well as discussions with individual countries, particularly the United States and Japan, and with the so-called Consultative Group on the Philippines, a collective body of donor nations of which the United States and Japan are the biggest contributors. Ongpin, who is a former head of Benguet, the Philippines' biggest mining company, has from the outset tried to promote a broad, multilateral approach to the question of aid, along the lines of the Marshall Plan. His declared objective was to obtain more than a billion dollars in grants and loans, primarily to cover the country's projected budget deficit for 1986 of a billion two hundred million dollars; by the end of this year, he is likely to reach his goal. Of the pledges received so far, a good proportion consists of grants from the United States, of which a third represent assistance that had been promised to the Marcos government but not paid. Secretary Shultz has pointed out that giving grants instead of loans will enable the Philippines to avoid aggravating its debt problem; at present, half of the country's export receipts are being applied to payments of interest alone on the national debt. Despite the American promises, however, not much new money has actually reached the Philippines so far, most of it having been tied up in bureaucratic red tape and in the slow legislative process brought about by the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings restrictions on increasing the national deficit of the United States. Considerable ill feeling has developed during the past few months as a result of charges by some Filipino officials that the Americans are being niggardly in extending aid. Washington has maintained that it can't disobey the newly imposed congressional limits on expenditures, and that, moreover, the Philippine government has not until recently been clear in outlining its objectives. After visiting Manila in June, Secretary Shultz professed to be more bullish about the country's prospects.

The more complicated negotiations with the International Monetary Fund, the Asian Development Bank, and the international commercial banks—mainly American—to obtain long-term loans and credits and arrange for standby loans, have been renewed after several breakdowns during the Marcos period and, under the Aquino government, a delay until a new I.M.F. mission could come to Manila. The mission's first assessment, in May, was not sanguine. It said that President Aquino's government had failed to adopt "the discipline of an agreed policy line" and was inclined to be more concerned with "exposing past misdeeds" and playing politics than with "forming a consensus on a development plan for the future." But since then the talks have made progress, and a new agreement is expected to be approved by the I.M.F. by October.



The Filipinos themselves admit that in their philosophical and practical approaches to solving the country's economic and social problems they are deeply divided between reform-minded free marketeers, who want to get rid of the past constraints imposed by the I.M.F. and the foreign banks, and would like to abandon the longtime dependence on the United States, and conservatives, who believe in conventional investments supported by the foreign and domestic banks, and want to protect their large landholdings and other properties. The liberals include sixteen academics from the University of the Philippines who recently issued a report, entitled "Economic Recovery and Long Run Growth: Agenda for Reforms," advocating the adoption of programs and strategies based on the principles of "respect for human rights, social justice, and poverty alleviation, and growth and efficiency." Their report opposes concentration on servicing the huge national debt at the expense of achieving a "reasonable" rate of economic growth, which they define as five or six per cent annually. Economic recovery, they maintain, depends chiefly on redistributing income through increasing employment opportunities, improving public education, providing medical care for the majority of the people, and carrying out real land reform, while fiscal reform should seek to reduce the "scope" of the government through decentralization and should create a new tax structure, based on direct rather than indirect taxes.

The government's principal economic planners, notably Finance Minister Ongpin and Solita Collas-Monsod, who heads the National Economic and Development Authority, are about halfway between these two schools of thought. Ongpin is more a technocratic manager, and Mrs. Monsod a liberal exponent of the principles of a guided economy, though she has spoken of the need for a competitive free-market economy in which "hard work, thrift, and entrepreneurship should be justly rewarded." She has also advocated "selective repudiation" of debts, which Ongpin and others involved in the long I.M.F. negotiations oppose, though Ongpin does want the debt burden modified or readjusted. He has consistently stressed the need to "restore free competition throughout the entire economy," but to do so with a minimum of government interference. In a recent speech to a group of bankers, he said, "The principal thrust of our recovery efforts will be to motivate the private sector to reassume its traditional role as the prime mover of the economy, a role which, unfortunately, was preëmpted during the past two decades by a combination of state capitalism and 'crony capitalism.' " He cites as one of the principal accomplishments of the Aquino government so far the lifting of export limitations on copra, which resulted in the dismantling of the price cartel of local coconut-oil mills and correspondent banks dominated by Marcos's closest business associate, Eduardo Cojuangco, a cousin of Mrs. Aquino's, who fled the country with Marcos. Ongpin claims that fifteen million Filipinos dependent on the coconut industry will henceforth receive higher prices for their copra, thanks to the restoration of effective competition between local millers and export traders; but, unfortunately, the copra industry, like the sugar industry, on which the Philippines has also been heavily dependent, is still in a state of worldwide depression. Ongpin has been the most vocal exponent of repatriation of Philippine capital. "I can tell you that every successful businessman, lawyer, accountant, doctor, and dentist I know has some form of cash or assets which he began to squirrel abroad after Marcos declared martial law in 1972 and, in the process, frightened every Filipino who had anything to lose," he said in his speech. "We are currently studying various incentive programs to promote repatriation of this capital into productive investments, but as a Filipino I must tell you that if we ourselves are unwilling to put our money where our mouths are we have no right to ask foreign governments and foreign investors to risk their money in developing our economy."

Ongpin and others in the government, among them José Concepcion, another former businessman, who is the new Minister of Trade and Industry, are instituting trade-liberalization and labor-based-technology programs to stimulate employment and alleviate

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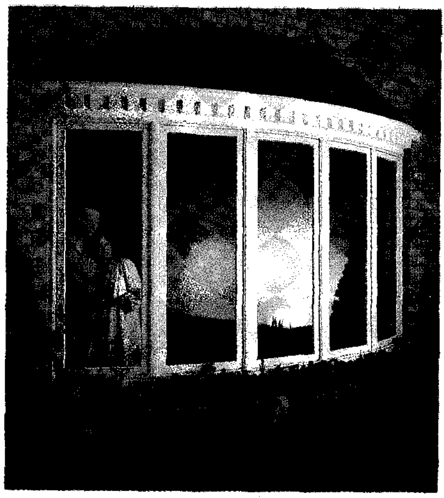

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poverty, especially in the rural areas. The plans include projects for more rural roads; irrigation, flood-control, and water-supply schemes; and the construction of more small ports. Over the longer term, the objective is the complete restructuring of the agricultural sector, to relieve excessive dependence on coconuts and sugar by stimulating productivity in rice, corn, livestock, and other domestic food crops. Ongpin is also seeking the support of the World Bank to encourage private investment in such nontraditional crops as cacao, palm oil, and tropical fruits, and to build labor-intensive, rural-based small- and medium-scale enterprises. In the final analysis, however, reform of the agricultural sector will depend on land-reform measures far bolder than anything undertaken to date. They would include the redistribution of coconut and sugar lands to tenant operators and laborers, with coöperative marketing of crops, and a similar reallocation of all private agricultural land currently held under tenancy, share, or leasehold agreements —a move that was recently suggested by a group of agrarian-reform experts. The major properties of some of the biggest landholders under Marcos, like Cojuangco, have been sequestered, but there are a number of prominent landowners in the Aquino administration, too, including Mrs. Aquino herself, whose family owns sugar plantations in central Luzon, and the Minister of Agriculture, Ramon Mitra, who is a longtime friend of the Aquinos and was in prison with Ninoy Aquino at the outset of martial law—he owns several cattle ranches in Mindanao. (Mitra is now also acting as the chief negotiator with the Communists.) It is not yet clear how far the wealthy supporters of Mrs. Aquino are willing to go to support a true land-reform program. This problem has hardly been discussed so far; in fact, the Ministry of Agrarian Reform was the last Cabinet post to be filled: in April, after considerable debate, it was assigned to Heherson Alvarez.

Although it has taken the government an inordinately long time to sort out its economic priorities and formulate its plans, Ongpin can point to a number of positive signs since Mrs. Aquino took over. In the weeks immediately following the revolution, the business community experienced a resurgence of confidence as some repatriation of capital took place, raising foreign-exchange reserves fifty per cent, to a billion and a half dollars; though the flow has since slowed down, the rate of the Philippine peso to the dollar has held steady at around twenty to one. The inflation rate, which averaged fifty per cent in 1984 and twenty-three per cent in 1985, is now below four per cent. Mrs. Aquino has been able to introduce three cuts in domestic fuel-oil prices, as a result of the fortuitous drop in the price of international oil, and, if the lower rates hold, the nation's annual import bill will decline by half a billion dollars this year. Export prices of most products have risen, and an increase in the rice harvest as a result of good weather will probably make the importation of any rice this year unnecessary, thereby further conserving foreign-exchange reserves. Ongpin and most of his fellow-planners expect an over-all national rate of growth of between one and two per cent for 1986 and, if all goes well, of between five and six per cent next year —predictions that some experts regard as too optimistic.

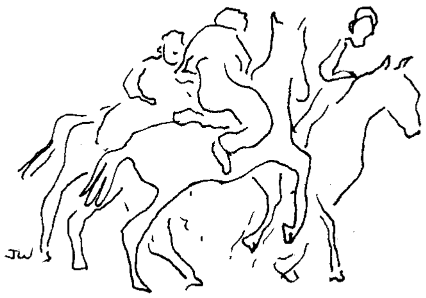
PERHAPS the most difficult challenge that Mrs. Aquino confronts in this transitional period is how to balance her economic imperatives against the political uncertainties that beset the country. Some of the problems, including her administration's lack of an experienced managerial and operational staff and the great variety of conflicting opinions within the Cabinet, are the result of choices and decisions she has made or failed to make, but others are the product of the disastrous years of Marcos's rule and the ambivalence that is part of the Philippine heritage. A number of historians and observers of the contemporary political scene have pointed out that the Philippines is unique among Asian nations in its combined Spanish and American background, which produced, first, a wealthy landed class supported by the Church, then a group of businessmen and industrialists schooled by the United States in protectionist and monopolistic practices, and, more recently, elements representing different shades of nationalism. Among the last are a considerable number of academicians and writers who represent the liberal or radical left but in fact are far removed from the daily lives of the laborers and farmers, many of whom are unemployed and live in poverty in Manila and in the countryside. These three basic groups, to which can be added the once Marcos-coöpted but now more independent military, constitute an unnatural coalition, and even if the recent revolution has shaken it healthily, they still maintain a tentative and rather nervous alliance. Most other Asian nations, including South Korea and several of the Philippines' successful neighbors in Southeast Asia, have thrived under tighter coalitions of Army officers, conservative politicians, reform-minded technocrats, and corporate industrialists and entrepreneurs shepherded by trained bureaucrats. For the most part, these countries can point to solid growth rates and generally improved standards of living, though their populations continue to suffer from varying degrees of poverty and conditions of inequality. The principal task facing Mrs. Aquino, one knowledgeable observer has commented, "is to take the Philippines out of Spanish America and into Pacific Asia." Her success or failure, he believes, will determine not only the future of the Philippines but the balance of power in the hemisphere.

The task is doubly difficult because of the pluralistic nature of Philippine society, though this was also responsible for the exceptional combination of forces that made the February revolution such an electrifying success. Even without the mechanism of People Power (it more or less disappeared as an active element once the revolution was over, although Mrs. Aquino's tremendous popularity remains), these various forces have still cut more of an emotional swath across the social, economic, and political fabric of postwar Filipino life than anything else in the past forty years. As one American diplomatic friend of mine puts it, "what is going on now is an internal struggle for the soul of the regime." Mrs. Aquino, it seems to me, whatever her faults of leadership, has been aware of this struggle from the outset, and her awareness stems in no small part from her deep religious feeling and her conviction that she is fulfilling the obligations imposed on her by the murder of her husband. When I spoke with her about a month after the revolution, she said, "Without the Ninoy tragedy, we couldn't have begun." She spoke of her initial disbelief and ensuing amazement, during her campaign for President, at the vast crowds that poured out to support her. "People had become so religious everywhere I went," she said. "So many told me that they were praying for me, and showed me their rosaries. It was a rebirth of our better national traits, and then, during the revolution, there were so many more, including nuns and priests, who out of pure joy came out to join us. Afterward, I asked Cardinal Sin, 'Well, is it the miracle we all have been praying for?,' and he replied, 'Cory, I think it is.' So many of these events—the personal involvement and dedication of millions, the refusal of the soldiers to fire on the crowds, which I can't imagine happening anywhere else—came from above. I'm convinced of that."

The trouble, of course, is, as Mrs. Aquino knows, that miracles don't happen often, and that if she remains sustained by faith and motivated by the best of intentions, these in themselves will not be enough to enable her to succeed in her soul-searing task, as President, of setting the nation right. With the continuing support of the Catholic Church, the business community, a majority of the proliferating cause-oriented groups, and key foreign countries and their financial institutions, she has a broad base on which to build, but she still lacks a functioning political organization and an efficient administration. The military, led by Enrile and Ramos, remains an unknown quantity, which she cannot depend on indefinitely—particularly if the talks with the Communists fail, as they are likely to do, and the insurgency spreads. Without a reformist party of her own—or, at least, the nucleus of one, around which she can assemble her own new coalition—a military coup led by Enrile or someone else, or an eventual leftist bid for power through subversion and the creation of fresh trouble in the streets, remains a distinct possibility. Beyond economic improvements that cannot yet be said to have really begun, a great deal will depend on how much enthusiasm Mrs. Aquino and her supporters can engender for the constitutional process now under way and for the elections for local and regional offices which will probably take place sometime next spring.

The constitutional commission engaged in writing a new basic governing document is an extremely broad-based group, consisting of former senators and other politicians, academics, jurists, lawyers, clergymen, economists, labor and student leaders, journalists, retired military officers, and several mavericks, such as a popular and politically active male film director and a remarkably dedicated woman named Sister Christine Tan, a member of the Religious of the Good Shepherd who has devoted the last seven years of her life to working among the poor in the Manila slum of Leveriza. Whether the commission can manage to produce a new constitution within the ninety-day period Mrs. Aquino has prescribed—that is, by early or mid-September—will depend, as such things customarily do, on the impetus provided by a few of the members, notably including former Supreme Court Justice Cecelia Muñoz-Palma, who heads the commission; former Chief Justice Roberto Concepcion; Father Bernas, the president of Ateneo University, who is a constitutional scholar; and several of the former legislators and practicing lawyers. One thing that will bear watching is the contribution made by the more cause-oriented members—the labor representatives, for instance, and Sister Christine, with whom I had a talk after the revolution but before she was appointed to the commission. An impassioned longtime activist, if not radical, member of the Church, Sister Christine speaks reverently about the poor among whom she works, but irreverently about others, such as most politicians, not excepting several members of Mrs. Aquino's Cabinet. She retains the highest admiration for Mrs. Aquino, however. "Her credibility will last at least another year, until we can put her program into effect," she said. "Our main problems are jobs and starvation. A good Christian must be a nationalist. We must integrate political education with the Christian ethic. We didn't do that before, and now we're making the effort. But we shouldn't expect too much, because we've had nothing for twenty years."

Sister Christine is nothing if not practical, and she also exemplifies the patience demonstrated by many church workers, and particularly by those who work among the underprivileged. But a great many people, including some of the politicians she disapproves of, have far more ambition than patience. Not only Enrile and Laurel but a number of other public figures, such as Local Governments Minister Pimen-



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tel, have an obvious desire to be President—and this includes several members of Marcos's New Society Movement, who have lost their political franchise for the moment but not their penchant for power. Having declared her intention not to run again, Mrs. Aquino is in a uniquely favorable position to follow through on what the revolution started, and bring about a thorough political reorientation, which would have a lasting effect on the nation and stand as the most significant contribution of her Presidency. To do this, she would have to make use of the disparate elements that came together during the revolution—both traditional and nontraditional participants in the political process. They would include, on the one hand, her wealthy élite friends, whose political roots lie in the pre-Marcos period. These people then dominated the two major political parties, whose patrons they were, and whose clients were the local party workers around the country. As Richard Kessler has pointed out, Marcos took over this "clientelist system," based on loyalty and the principle of *utang na loob* (a lifelong sense of personal honor and obilgation), for his own use, and in the process he obliterated the economic base on which the political power of the élitist old guard was built. Yet some of the foundations of this traditional system are still there, as is demonstrated by the existence of both old and new political parties—the remnants of the Nacionalistas and the Liberals, and the newer parties, such as Laurel's UNIDO, and LABAN, the party co-founded by Ninoy Aquino, which has now coalesced with the Philippine Democratic Party (P.D.P.), headed by Pimentel, Mitra, and Mrs. Aquino's brother José Cojuangco, Jr. As for Marcos's New Society Movement, it is probably in the process of self-destruction, having split into three or four factions, but some remnants may survive, such as those in Mindanao seeking autonomy or independence. On the other hand, there are, among the disparate elements that Mrs. Aquino could call upon, the nontraditional elements that played such an important role in the revolution, the most vital of these being the Catholic Church, the urban middle class, and the cause-oriented groups, which represent a wide political spectrum, ranging from social-action and welfare groups, through labor unions, to Communist fronts.

Unless Mrs. Aquino chooses to remain entirely aloof from the evolving political process and the forthcoming local elections, which is unlikely, she may decide to support the traditionalists and back the P.D.P.-LABAN Party—to which she remains close—either in coalition with UNIDO, as in the last election, or as a separate entity. The latter alternative would undoubtedly create new rivalries, and bring about contests with other parties, both old and new, the net result of which would be a full-fledged return to traditional political ways, except that the parties would be more fragmented. (Bitter contests between P.D.P.-LABAN and UNIDO over appointments of local and regional officers-in-charge have already all but destroyed the parties' tenuous coöperation during the February election.) Given the many difficult problems the country faces, including a reëvaluation and recasting of its relations with the United States, and the future of the American military bases, such a fragmentation would not augur well for the nation's stability and well-being. A bolder path that Mrs. Aquino can choose is to start an entirely new modern, moderate party and create an organization extending down to the grass roots to sustain it. By making careful use of the best of the cause-oriented groups and certain politicized elements of the Church, such as the Basic Christian Communities, in the rural areas, she would, in Kessler's words, be able to "institutionalize People Power" and "tap the roots of popular participation that made her victory possible." At the same time, she would bring new political leaders to the fore, and diminish or eliminate the influence of the traditional élite. She might find all this difficult to do, but it would not be out of keeping with her character, or with her deep personal beliefs and positive qualities, which transcend her weaknesses. If she succeeds, she can claim to have extricated the country from the Marcos morass and led it into an era of sophisticated and progressive politics such as the Philippines has not yet experienced. And, in the process, she can claim to have accomplished the mission bequeathed her by her husband, and so to have fulfilled his fondest hopes.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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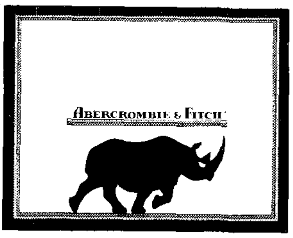

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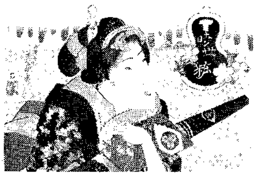

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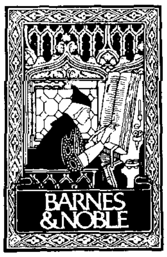

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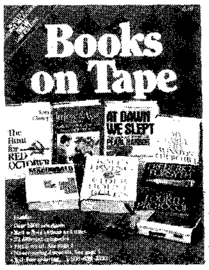

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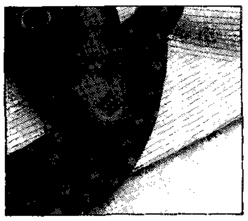


Bullock & Jones

Bullock & Jones. Autumn '86 at Bullock & Jones, San Francisco, presents exciting options for business and casual wear. As ever, we offer only the finest men's apparel and accessories from the world over. Catalogue, **complimentary.**

13

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Cable Car Clothiers. Our quarterly full-color catalogues are filled with the finest classic men's wear, with a generous array of beautiful items for women. Everything from Southwick suits to Sea Island Cotton undershirts. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. One year's subscription, **$3.00** (applicable toward future purchase).

14

Capability's Books

Capability's Books. Over 625 books. A gardener's dream! Hard-to-find, quality books on landscape design, roses, perennials, clematis, herbs, rhododendrons, wildflowers, conifers, and more! Call 715-269-5346. 68-page illustrated, annotated catalogue, **$2.00.**

15

Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEWOMEN

Carroll & Company. Christmas shopping at Carroll & Company is a Beverly Hills tradition! The landmark store on Rodeo Drive offers the finest in classic clothing and accessories from Europe and America. For men and women. Catalogue postage and handling, **$ .50.**

16

Caviarteria
CAVIAR CENTER U.S.A.

Caviarteria. Exclusive source of the famed Imperial Caviar. "Bottom of the Barrel" Kamchatka caviar, American sturgeon and salmon caviars, and delectable Scotch smoked salmons available for magnificent parties and exciting gifts. 1-800-4-CAVIAR. Catalogue offers four discount certificates. **Free.**

17

CERTIFIED PRIME™

Certified Prime, Inc. Certified Prime for your steaks and lamb. Enjoy the prime-quality difference this year! Every item we sell is strictly U.S.D.A. prime and certified by the Department of Agriculture for its authenticity. Call 1-800-257-2977 (in Illinois, 312-376-7445). Color brochure, **free.**

18

The Chocolate Catalogue™

The Chocolate Catalogue. The catalogue devoted to Chocolate. Unique gifts handmade entirely from Chocolate. Tennis Balls, Pizzas, Automobiles, hand-dipped Chocolate Popcorn, Pretzels, Potato Chips, and Oreo Cookies. Try hand-decorated Creme de Menthe for the holidays, or our select Truffles. Fun gifts or luxurious Thank You's. **Free.**

19

THE COCKPIT

The Cockpit. Our catalogue features clothing for every adventure. We have the world's largest selection of Leather and Sheepskin Bomber Jackets, "vintage" Raiders Jackets, Flight Suits, Khakis, RAF Boots & Gloves, Aviation T-Shirts, Gifts and Accessories! A year of color catalogues, **$2.00.**

20

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
Williamsburg
REPRODUCTIONS
1936–1986

Colonial Williamsburg Reproductions. This indispensable 266-page color guide to the decorative arts of America's Colonial period includes furniture, fabric, lighting fixtures, and decorative accessories reproduced from antiques in the collections of Colonial Williamsburg. To order, call 800-446-9240. Catalogue, **$8.95.**

21

A COMMON READER

A Common Reader. What do our readers have in common? Too many books and the need for more. Our catalogue is a selection for readers with imagination. Two years of catalogues, **$2.00.**

22

THE COMPETITIVE
EDGE
618 GRASSMERE PARK DRIVE • NASHVILLE, TN 37211

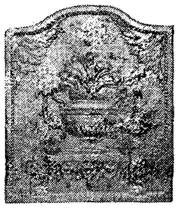
The Competitive Edge. Apparel and accessories *for both the recreational and the* competitive skier—featuring items often described as high performance. . .form-fitting . . .comfortable. . .insulated. . .European-looking. . .distinctive. Major brands include Descente, CB, Roffe, Bogner, Demetre, and others. **$2.00.**

23

COUNTRY®
CURTAINS®
STOCKBRIDGE
MASSACHUSETTS

Country Curtains. Curtains in muslin or carefree permanent press. Some with ruffles, others with lace. Also tab curtains, lined and insulated curtains, bed ensembles, balloons, pinch-pleats, wooden curtain rods, and much more. 56-page color catalogue, **free.**

24



THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

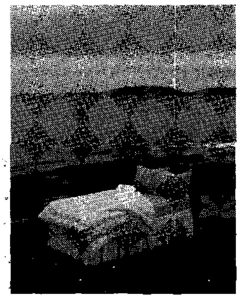
The Country Iron Foundry. A Fireback protects your fireplace! Ours reflect approximately 1/3 of the damaging heat away from your fireplace's rear wall. Twenty-three elegant antique replicas and contemporary designs. All install without tools. Various sizes. From $95.00 - $475.00. Catalogue, **$1.00.**

25

Crate&Barrel

Crate & Barrel. One year of the most interesting cookware, glassware, tableware, bedding, fashions, and accessories in the world. One year of the newest products for *contemporary lifestyles. One year of the Crate &* Barrel catalogues for just **$2.00.**

26



Cuddledown of Maine. For 14 years, we have manufactured down comforters and pillows of the highest quality. Also available, natural-fibre bed linens, sleepwear, and *underwear, plus a selection of Maine-made* products. Catalogue, **$1.00.**

27

CYBIS®
Porcelains
that fire
the imagination®

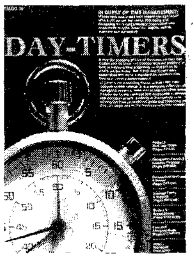
Cybis Porcelain Studio. Cybis porcelain art graces the world's finest homes and has been the choice of seven U.S. presidents for official gift-giving. The world's most beautiful porcelains—birds, flowers, animals, and figures—are illustrated in this new 44-page full-color catalogue. **$10.00.**

28

David Kay inc.

David Kay. Step into the only catalogue that features such a large grouping of gifts and gardening aids for indoor and outdoor living. Create your own world of beauty or follow our gift-selection recommendations including outstanding holiday selections. We celebrate nature on every page. One year subscription **$2.00.**

29



Day-Timers. Full-color 150-page catalogue features Day-Timer Self-Organizer System plus hundreds of useful tools and accessories for efficiency, productivity, business, and personal success. Call 215-395-5884. Or send for a **free** Day-Timers catalogue.

30

Eddie Bauer®

Eddie Bauer. For 66 years, Eddie Bauer has made top-quality clothing and gear for every outdoor experience. Discover our exciting new line of men's and women's active and casual clothing, prime goose down products, footwear, gifts, and gear. Unconditional, money-back guarantee. Catalogue, **Free.**

31

EILEEN WEST

Eileen West. San Francisco designer Eileen West previews her natural fiber Fall/Holiday collections in a beautifully photographed catalogue. Her contemporary dresses and sportswear are complemented by her romantic Queen Anne's Lace intimate apparel. A full-year subscription, **$2.00.**

32

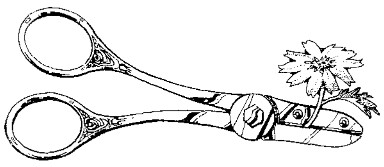
EXIMIOUS
EXCELLENT DISTINGUISHED EMINENT

Eximious. Personalized and monogrammed products from England. Discover gifts of outstanding quality. Product selections include enamel boxes, placemats, and pillows created from your own photographs; luxury leather, quality glassware, exquisite decorative objects; accessories for desk, bar, and travel. Select Eximious "when the present must be perfect." **$2.00.**

33

Fred Joaillier. The stylish elegance of Fred Joaillier's jewelry collection is available in the U.S. at the following salons: on Fifth Avenue in New York City, the Galleria in both Houston and Dallas, and on Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. A color catalogue of Fred Joaillier's jewelry and watches is available for **$5.00.**

34



GARDENER'S EDEN

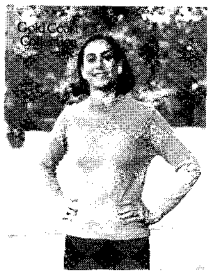
Gardener's Eden. Unusual furniture, tools, and accessories for the garden, selected for their uniqueness and practicality. A one-year subscription, **$2.00** (U.S. addresses only).

35

garnet hill

Garnet Hill. The Original Natural Fibers Catalogue. English cotton-flannel sheets, irresistible European cotton and silk lingerie, handsome Australian outercoats, and soft, warm, children's clothing from the U.S.A. Garnet Hill brings you a world of comfort. Catalogue with sheet swatches and two-year subscription, **$1.00.**

36



Gold Coast Collection. Gold Coast Collection delivers luxuriously knit cashmere sweaters at way below suggested retail prices. Generously sized, full-fashioned, and sensuously soft—inside and out. Send **$2.00** for annual mailings and a $2.00 gift certificate.

37

MAIL ORDER MENU

OYSTER

OYSTER BAR·RESTAURANT

Grand Central Oyster Bar. This famous restaurant's catalogue includes delicately flavored salmon, brook trout, and other fish from our private smokehouse. Also favorite Oyster Bar desserts, including our celebrated cheesecake. All are gift-wrapped in award-winning gold foil packaging. Catalogue, **$1.00.**

38

GRAND FINALE SAVE 20%-70%

Grand Finale. Savings on quality merchandise from famous companies like Wedgwood, Pierre Cardin, Martex, and Towle. Satisfaction guaranteed. For a year of Grand Finale catalogues, send **$2.00** (U.S. addresses only).

39

GREENLEAF VIDEO
CATALOG

Greenleaf Video Catalog. Make it a video Christmas! Give every VCR owner on your list a video: travel, cooking, live concerts, sports, old TV shows, exercise, children's. 2,000 special-interest titles to choose from. Movies, too! Prices as low as $19.95 on first-run features—a gift giver's dream. **$2.00.**

40

GUCCI

Gucci Autumn/Winter Catalogue. Introducing the Gucci 1986 Autumn/Winter Catalogue. In these pages you will find a sampling of our seasonal collection. The finest fashion, leather goods, and accessories to suit your individual lifestyle. **$6.00.**

41

GUCCI
TIMEPIECES

Gucci Timepieces. For nearly a century, the artisans of Gucci have created masterpieces in fine leathers and precious metals. Now there is the Gucci Timepiece Collection. Precision Swiss quartz watches for men and women. A design so classic it could only be Gucci. **$1.00.**

42

GUMP'S
SINCE 1861
San Francisco's most extraordinary store!

Gump's. Find out why Gump's has been described as "The greatest store of its kind in the world." Send for the exclusive Gump's Gift Book, and shop at home from the most distinctive assortment of gifts available today. One year, **$3.00** (outside the U.S., $15.00).

43

The Source for Everything Jewish

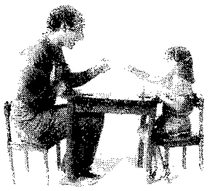
Hamakor Judaica. The Source for Everything Jewish, with a delightful diversity of decorator, collectible, everyday, and whimsical items. Catalogue includes ritual and festival products, limited-edition prints, and sculpture. For the year 5747 and special seasonal mailings. **$2.00.**

44

Hammacher Schlemmer

Hammacher Schlemmer. Our latest catalogue features The Svelvic Shoe and Boot Dryer, The Only Golf Ball Sweet Spot Locator, and hundreds of other unusual items that can't be found elsewhere. **Free.**

45



Heirlooms for Kids

Heirlooms for Kids. Table and two chairs, solid oak or walnut, fully assembled. Finest handcrafted quality. Because each piece is handmade, only a limited number can be produced. Please order early to ensure delivery by Christmas. Call 303-247-2567. Brochure, **free.**

46

HOFFRITZ® PRECISELY

Hoffritz for Cutlery. An indispensable 32-page catalogue of ingenious cutlery and imaginative gifts. From handmade scissors, shears, and knives to bar accessories, travel necessities, grooming essentials, energy-savers, and electronic wonders. They're real precision instruments. Like everything else from Hoffritz. One-year subscription, **$2.00.**

47

Hog Wild!®

Hog Wild! The Pig Store. You're going to squeal with delight at our fun-filled catalogue featuring hard-to-find gifts and sty-lish clothing for the hardest-to-please. Thanks to Calvin Swine™ and our Pork Avenue Collection, now you, too, can enjoy all the swiner things in life. Catalogue, **$2.00.**

48

Honeybee

HOLIDAY CATALOG 1986

Honeybee. Enjoy the finest selection of contemporary fashion. The prettiest dresses, sportiest sportswear, evening elegance. Even our casual comforts have a special appeal. You must be satisfied or we'll pick up returns via UPS absolutely free! Your first catalogue rushed 1st-class mail. 5-issue subscription, extra large format, full color. **$2.00.**

49

Huntington
Clothiers & Shirtmakers

Huntington Clothiers & Shirtmakers. Quality traditional clothing at prices far below retail. As manufacturing merchants of traditional apparel, with impeccable standards and conservative pricing, we guarantee that you will purchase the right something for less. **Free** holiday catalogue.

50

I. Magnin

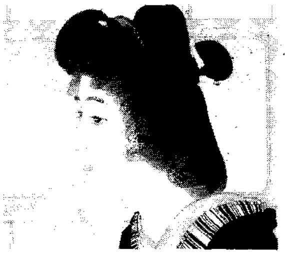
I. Magnin. Begin your subscription to I. Magnin Reflections® with our collector's-item, Christmas-gift edition. Beautiful I. Magnin quality gifts and fashions for both of you, the children, your home. One-year subscription, U.S. only, **$5.00.**

51

JAEGER-LECOULTRE
GENÈVE

Jaeger-LeCoultre. Elegant timepieces by Jaeger-LeCoultre, Genève, Europe's most venerated watchmaker. Collection includes unique Reverso and Moonphase watches and Les Pendulettes, distinctive clocks with vertically aligned movement encased in glass. Catalogue, **free.**

52



The Japan Collection. A 48-page, full-color holiday catalogue from the Ronin Gallery, which has the largest collection of fine Japanese art in the United States. Rare 17th to 20th-century woodblock prints, crafts, netsuke, pottery, posters, cards, books, and other unusual gift and decorating ideas from Japan. Two-year subscription, **$4.00.**

53

JoS. A. Bank Clothiers

Jos. A. Bank Clothiers. How to build a classic wardrobe . . . for less. Send for our catalogue of fine clothing for men and women. Select from a superb collection of traditional clothing and accessories of exceptional quality and value in our 84-page color catalogue. One-year subscription, **$1.00.**

54

Key West Aloe®
Fragrance & Cosmetics

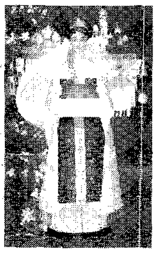
Key West Aloe. New 1986 Catalogue. Fragrance & cosmetics direct from the manufacturer. The world's largest line of the most prestigious and effective aloe products for skin care, sun care, hair, and bath. Plus a really exciting, full-color line. **$1.00.**

55

collectors'
PAPERWEIGHTS
price guide
and catalogue

L.H. Selman Ltd. An invaluable reference book for seasoned collectors or beginners. Tips on determining authenticity, historical background, and how paperweights are made. Color photos of over 400 antique and contemporary paperweights and related objects. 192-page price guide and catalogue, **$15.00,** refunded on any purchase of $100.00 or more.

56



Light Opera Gallery. Our set of three catalogues features Russian Lacquer Boxes, the largest collection outside of Russia. The Kaleidoscope Booklet features 25 artists. The Gift Catalogue presents art glass, paperweights, and scrimshaw. **$2.00.**

57

LINA LEE
BEVERLY HILLS NEW YORK

Lina Lee. Lina Lee presents Fall/Winter '86. The Look. The Mood. The Style. A season interpreted in the sophistication of Lina Lee. Over 250 designers for men and women. Beverly Hills and New York. Catalogue, **$5.95.**

58

Little Spice Shelf

Little Spice Shelf. Palate-teasing selections of delectable gourmet items. Exquisite and unique home and gift pieces for the discriminating. Fashion accessories with a flair! Explore our treasures, won't you? Catalogue, **$4.00,** refundable with order.

59

Lobel's
Gourmet's Choice Since 1840

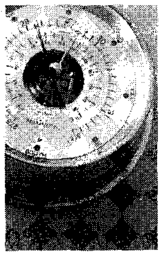
Lobel's. Prime Meat Express. Lobel's—"one of the best butchers in the world"—will make your next dinner memorable. Call 1-800-556-2557 (*in New York City,* 212-737-1372), or send for our **free** catalogue.

60

MANHATTAN CATALOG

Manhattan Catalog. For Men and Women, Fall/Winter 1986. A deluxe catalog of items from over 60 of the top stores in New York City, from Soho to Madison Avenue. Featuring clothing, shoes, jewelry, gifts, and accessories. **$6.00.**

61



Maximum, Inc. Maximum's handsome weather instruments enhance any home or office. Elegant solid-brass casings surround our professionally accurate instrumentation, with both analog and digital readouts. Ideal gifts for the gardener, sports enthusiast, or anyone interested in the weather. Catalogue, **$1.00.**

62

MIKIMOTO
The Originator of Cultured Pearls.
Since 1893.

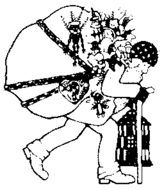
Mikimoto. In this limited-edition, full-color catalogue, the creator of the world's first cultured pearl offers a selection of the finest classic and contemporary cultured-pearl jewelry designs. Choose from one-of-a-kind creations or an extensive collection of gifts for any occasion. **$3.00.**

63

Mission Orchards

Mission Orchards. Free box of Comice Pears ($10.00 value) will be shipped to you when you request your five-issue holiday series of colorful Mission Orchards catalogues. Order with confidence—fruit clubs, baskets, nuts, and flowers. **$5.00.**

64



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS
BOSTON

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Discover it by mail. Send for the Museum's new catalogue and explore 91 full-color pages of unique gifts, reproduced from our renowned collections. A year's subscription to our catalogue, **$1.00.**

65

The
Museum
of
Modern
Art

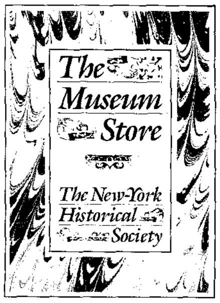
The Museum of Modern Art, New York. The best in contemporary design for personal and business gifts. Over 300 items—many represented in the Museum's Design Collection. Furniture, lamps, crystal, personal and desk accessories, housewares, tools, toys, calendars, books, cards, and posters—some produced exclusively for the Museum. Catalogue, **$3.00.**

66

THE
NATURE
COMPANY

The Nature Company. A unique assemblage of gifts and tools to enhance your enjoyment of the world of nature. Fine arts prints, sculpture, books, binoculars, clothing. Games for kids and discovery tools for all ages. Two issues annually, representing the best of more than 6000 items carried in our retail stores. **$1.00.**

67



The Museum Store

The New-York Historical Society

The New York Historical Society Museum Store. Holiday cards, posters, and gift books on New York Architecture, Painting, History, and Decorative Arts. Catalogue, **$1.00.**

68

Norm Thompson

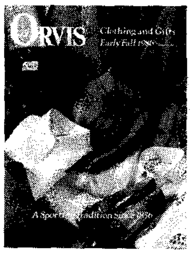
Norm Thompson. Pages of extraordinary items await your perusal: Luxurious clothing. Innovative footwear. Intriguing food items. One-of-a-kind gifts. All quality products from around the world. All backed by the strongest guarantee in the business! "Escape From The Ordinary® " catalogue, absolutely **free.**

69

OMNI AMERICAN

Omni American Accessories. A unique collection of exclusive automobile accessories and prestige gifts through one of the finest catalogues available. Something special for everyone on your holiday gift list. Gift certificates available. **$5.00,** refundable with order.

70

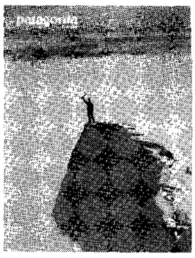


ORVIS
Clothing and Gifts
Early Fall 1986

A Sporting Tradition Since 1856

Orvis. The Orvis Fall Gifts and Clothing Catalog is a special book, featuring traditional country clothes for ladies and men, as well as gifts with a sporting flavor. Discover many new items, all fully guaranteed and backed by our 130-year reputation for quality and service. Catalog, **free.**

71



patagonia

Patagonia. Clothes for crossing the Kalhitna Pass, racing off Cape Flattery, drinking Guinness in Cork, skiing the Trans Sierra, and other earthly delights. Free 86-page color catalogue of functional outdoor clothing. Patagonia Mail Order, Dept. 316C3, 230 S. Olive St., Ventura CA 93001. **Free.**

72

PLEASANT COMPANY

Pleasant Company. Introducing the unique, new American Girls Collection, designed especially for girls ages 6-11. Beautiful books, lovable dolls with clothes and accessories, plus exquisite nightwear for girls. Send for the 24-page, full-color catalogue that tells a story—an experience to treasure. Annual subscription, **$2.00.**

73

THE POPCORN FACTORY

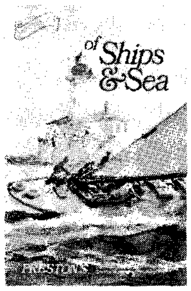
The Popcorn Factory. No one forgets the person who sends 6½ gallons of popcorn in one of our exclusively designed containers. We also recommend our almond-pecan corn and other delicious confections. And we can personalize a variety of items with a name or company logo. Memorable gifts—some as low as $10.00. Holiday catalogue, **free.**

74

PRAIRIE EDGE

Prairie Edge. Plains Indian art, artifacts, and jewelry, including real buffalo skulls, bow & arrow sets, knives, axes, lances, painted buffalo and elk robes, shields, dance sticks, dolls, pipes, rattles, shirts, bone jewelry, silver jewelry, and much more. Catalogue, **$2.00.**

75



Preston's. Only Preston's brings the timeless allure of ships and the sea into your home! Handsome ships' wheels, gleaming brass lamps and bells, ship models, clocks and barometers, nautical gifts and clothing, and much more! Catalogue, **free.**

76

rowantrees pottery

Rowantrees Pottery. Complete settings of tableware and accessories, individually crafted and glazed from materials of Blue Hill, Maine, stand for the well-known tradition of Rowantrees. Send for a color catalogue today. **$1.00.**

77

Save the Children's Craft Shop

Save the Children's Craft Shop. Crafts and clothing made by hand in homes and village cooperatives in many countries. Fascinating jewelry and decorative art, gifts, toys, tree trimmings—all unique folk art treasures. Purchases contribute to vital Save the Children self-help projects. Catalogue, **$2.00.**

78

The Scottish Lion

The Scottish Lion. Like a trip to the British Isles, our full-color catalogue blends tradition with up-to-the-minute fashion from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. A distinctive collection of giftware, specialty foods, clothing, and jewelry. Plus a custom ordering service for kilts and kilt accessories. Catalogue subscription, **$2.00.**

79

SCRIBNER BOOK STORE

Scribner Book Store Christmas Catalog. This beautiful 32-page, full-color catalogue describes and illustrates over 300 handsome gift books on art and architecture, travel, cooking, photography, and more. Also, delightful books for children, audio cassettes, and calendars. All major publishers are represented. **$1.00.**

80

SEIKO QUARTZ CLOCKS
SEIKO QUARTZ CLOCKS
SEIKO QUARTZ CLOCKS

Seiko Quartz Clocks. From elegant to ultra-modern, Seiko combines superb design with quartz accuracy in a collection of wall, desk, mantel and travel clocks. Great to give, even better to receive! From $29.50 to $795 at fine stores everywhere. **Free.**

81

Shaker Workshops

Shaker Workshops. An exciting collection of reproduction Shaker rockers, dining chairs, tables, beds, and other furniture available in kits or custom-finished. All exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. A 48-page color catalogue, **$1.00.**

82

渋貿易

Shibumi Trading

Shibumi Trading. Tradition. Quality. Stillness. Shibumi offers a handpicked collection reflecting the Zen spirit of Japan. Go sets, antique sake jars, Daruma dolls, water hammers, and more. Featured in our catalogue are lengthy descriptions of each item. **$2.00.**

83

SMITH & HAWKEN

Smith & Hawken Catalog for Gardeners. Our catalog brings you garden implements, accessories, and furniture of the finest quality and value. Browse in Italy, France, and England for cachepots, greenhouses, watering pots, terracotta, books, shears, and planters. Satisfaction assured. **Free.**

84

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744

Sotheby's Catalogues. Share our experts' knowledge through Sotheby's lavishly illustrated catalogues. Order a furniture, paintings, or jewelry catalogue for the discount price of **$10.00,** and receive a $10.00 certificate applicable toward annual catalogue subscription.

85

Spiegel®

Spiegel Christmas 1986. Bright ideas for everyone on your list plus all you need for holiday dressing, decorating, and entertaining. Complete with toys, jewelry, and furs. Over 400 pages! **$3.00,** applicable to your first purchase.

86

suzo

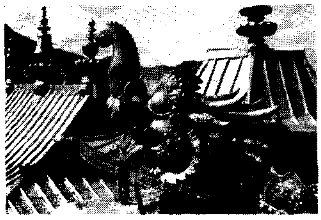
Suzo Children's Fantasywear. Featuring imaginative clothing and costumes for your child, showcased in our unique Cut-A-Logue™ that is a paper doll cut-out book. You'll find it well worth **$2.00.**

87

TIFFANY & CO.

Tiffany & Co. Tiffany's designs have set internationally recognized standards of excellence. Select from among Tiffany classics in jewelry, time pieces, sterling silver, leather goods, china, and crystal. Fall Selections catalogue, **$2.00.**

88



Tiller International Cultural Tours. Travel to China, Tibet, Central Asia, Inner Mongolia. Enjoy fine arts and archaeology on ancient silk route, see monasteries and bazaars, and cruise through towering Yangtze River gorges. Small groups accompanied by expert tour directors. Catalogue, **$2.00.**

89

THE TOG SHOP

The Tog Shop. The Tog Shop's 1986 Fall catalogue makes a fashion statement in updated and classic styles. Dresses, sportswear, casual clothes, shoes, and accessories. Plus a complete line of terry and velour. Catalogue, **$2.00,** refundable with first order.

90

TOYS TO GROW ON®

Toys to Grow On. Receive a year's subscription to colorful catalogues packed full of great toys for newborns to pre-teens. **$2.00.**

91

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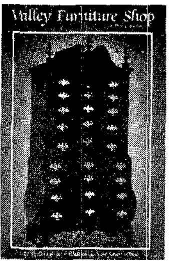

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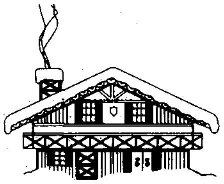

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THE THEATRE

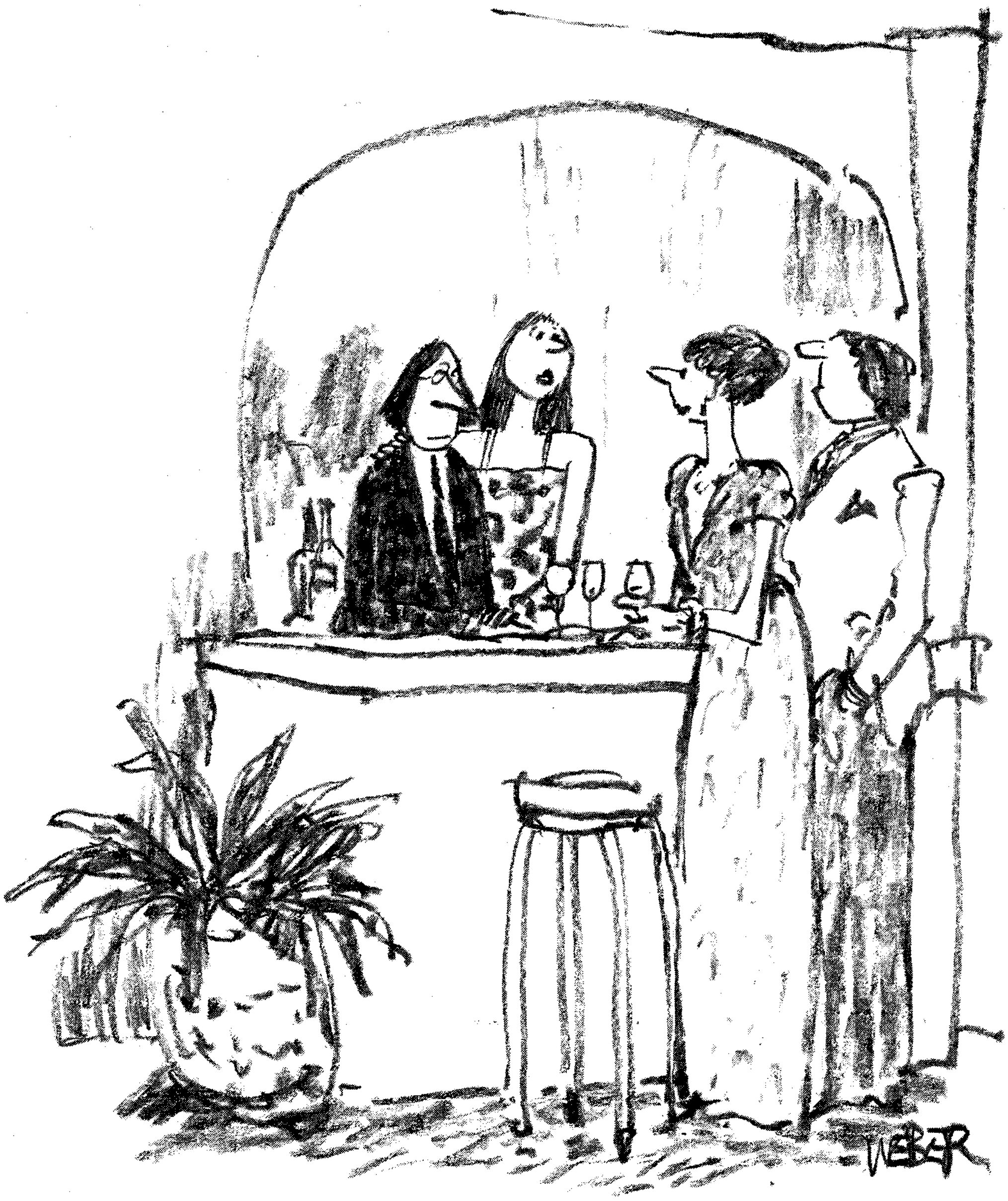
Muddled Masses

A TRADITIONAL children's game, commonly employed to while away the tedium of long journeys, is called by many names in many places; in my family, it has always been known as My Grandmother's Trunk. The game is played in round-robin fashion, with someone starting off, "I packed my grandmother's trunk and in it I put a pair of spectacles," the next player saying, "I packed my grandmother's trunk and in it I put a pair of spectacles and some blue wool socks," and so on and so on and *on*, until the ever more nerve-racking process of agglutinative memorizing ends in victory for the player able to recall accurately the largest number of items in what has proved by then to be a very capacious trunk indeed. I was put in mind of this game in the course of attending a performance of "Rags," the new musical that opened and closed last week at the Mark Hellinger. Joseph Stein, the author of the book of the musical, ambitiously attempted to dramatize the history of that vast tide of Russian and Polish Jewish immigration that reached our shores during the last decades of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth. The attempt was not a success; it amounted to a grandmother's trunk that contained at once too much and too little—too many primerlike scenes that we had encountered a hundred times before, and too few surprises of the sort that make the children's game bearable and even, with luck, enjoyable.

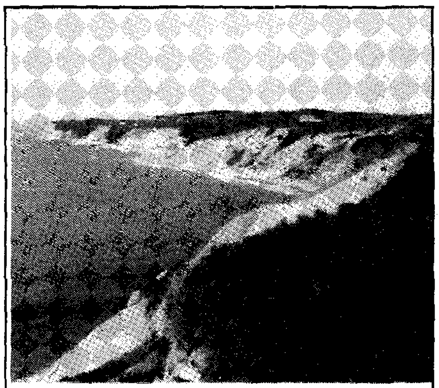
Whether Mr. Stein and his cohorts Charles Strouse, who wrote the music for "Rags," and Stephen Schwartz, who wrote the lyrics, were inspired to invent their show by the centennial of the Statue of Liberty I don't know, but the set designer, Beni Montresor, provided a colossal simulacrum of the statue for the opening and closing scenes; for other scenes he provided what we soon came to feel were obligatory glimpses of Ellis Island, a tenement back yard and rooftop on the lower East Side, Brooklyn Bridge, Union Square, a sweatshop that went up in flames, as in the Triangle shirtwaist-company fire of 1911, and countless numbers of American flags. Though handsome, the sets bore the taint of their instructive nature, as did every single incident employed by Mr. Stein to illustrate the tribulations of his small army of Jewish stereotypes. We were shown pushcart peddlers preyed upon by local "cossacks," voters bought by venal Irish politicians, and union organizers threatened by factory bosses; out of this succession of disappointments our valiant immigrant heroine and her valiant immigrant son emerged as newly formed Americans, smiling up at the Statue of Liberty, which appeared to be smiling back.

This heroine, Rebecca Hershkowitz, was played by Teresa Stratas, who, born in Canada of Greek parents, mysteriously tended to play Rebecca as if she were Irish; at one point in the show, less mysteriously, she executed a dance that was straight out of "Zorba." Since everyone onstage was all too obviously miked, Miss Stratas's operatic voice largely went to waste. The brief, unsympathetic role of her husband, Nathan Hershkowitz (whose baseness was revealed by his changing his name to Harris), was played with understandable discomfort by Larry Kert; her son, David, was played by Josh Blake, who had been encouraged to depict his awe of American ways by dropping his jaw and half closing his eyes. The one altogether charming scene in the show consisted of a song, "Three Sunny Rooms," sung by Marcia Lewis and Dick Latessa.

The lighting in "Rags" was designed by Jules Fisher, and the



"*Sometimes Ben does very dumb things. I love that in him.*"



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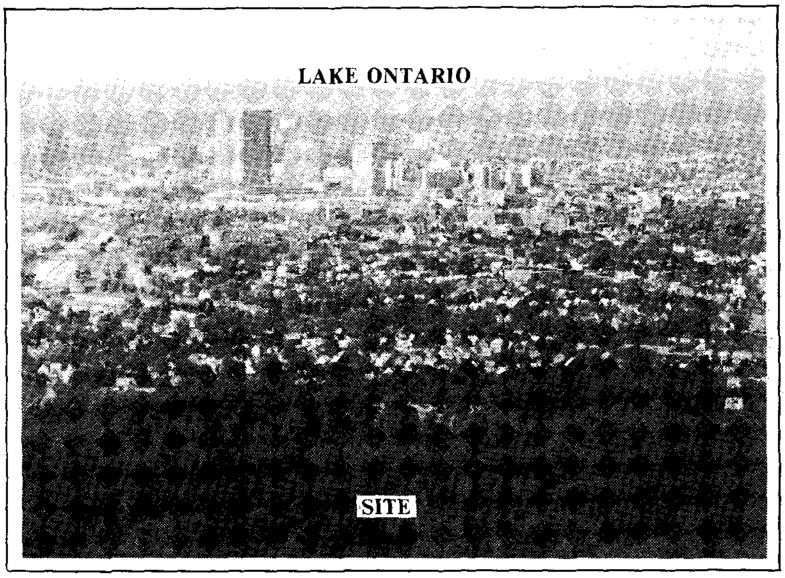

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costumes were designed by Florence Klotz. The direction was by Gene Saks, who saw to it that even the Statue of Liberty moved nimbly, if to little avail.

A FEW seasons back, the Royal Shakespeare Company brought its production of "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby" to Broadway. It immediately became famous both for its great length—something over eight hours—and for the fact that it seemed not a moment too long; Dickens' recklessly distended, helter-skelter narrative had been cleverly abridged by David Edgar into a large number of very brief scenes (though we tend to deny it, we *have* learned a great deal from television about the speed at which we are able to absorb impressions), which were divided into two major segments, to be viewed consecutively or on separate occasions. The R.S.C. visit was a triumph, and since it is characteristic of the world of the theatre to hope to repeat triumphs after the rare instances when they occur, the R.S.C. has returned "Nicholas Nickleby" to Broadway for what is advertised as a limited engagement. Let it be said at once that this second production, at the Broadhurst, is every bit as amusing as the first; it is a robust, adroit, and outrageous heaping up of fustian nonsense, in which the thirty-odd members of the cast appear to be having as good a time as the audience—and become, indeed, at unpredictable intervals a part of the audience, dashing up and down the aisles of the Broadhurst and pelting one another and an occasional paying customer with English muffins. (A gap in English culture familiar to any American visiting England is the total absence in that country of English muffins; strangely, they emerge as identifiable flying objects at the Broadhurst.) "Nicholas Nickleby" is well worth all the time and money—tickets cost a hundred dollars apiece—that one is called upon to invest in it. For the record, the gorgeous setting of the play was by John Napier, the costumes were by Andreane Neofitou, the lighting was by David Hersey, and the direction was by Trevor Nunn and John Caird.

—BRENDAN GILL

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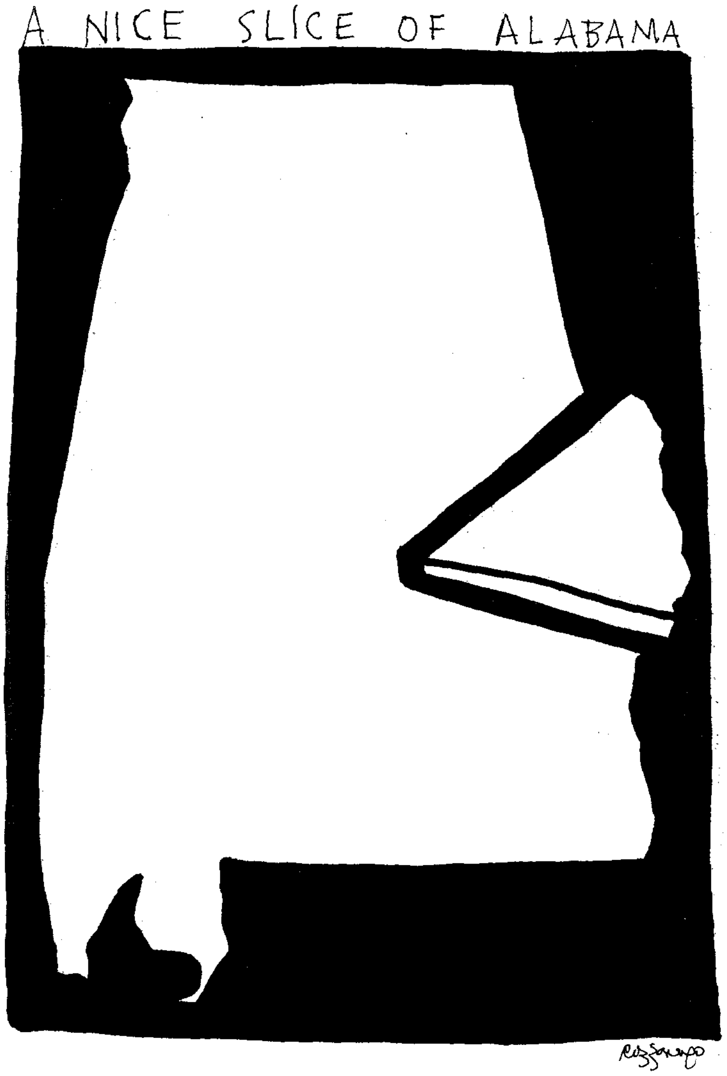
THE SPORTING SCENE

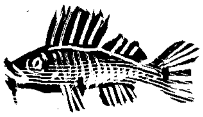
FORTUITY

THE press box at Wrigley Field, in Chicago, is an extended narrow shed, two rows deep, that is precariously bolted to the iron rafters just underneath the park's second deck. To gain access, one must climb a steeply angled ramp and clamber down a little starboard companionway, guarded at its foot by a uniformed minion, and then proceed giddily along a catwalk that hangs directly above the tiered, circling rows of seats and spectators behind home plate. Seen from this vantage point, the preoccupied fans below sometimes suggest a huddled, uncomplaining horde of immigrants stuffed into steerage on some endless voyage toward better luck—not an inappropriate image if we remind ourselves that this famous rustbucket, the good ship Cubbie, last dropped anchor in the shining harbor of the World Series in 1945. The outward view from the catwalk is felicitous and hopeful: the converging faraway left-field and left-bleacher sections complete the lines of the ancient vessel that plows forever dead ahead into Waveland and Sheffield Avenues, while the bleachers in center rise bravely toward the prow of the great green scoreboard, topped by a single lofty mast, its rigging aflutter with signal pennants (the current standings, top to bottom, of the teams in the two National League divisions), which customarily tell of happier news in other places. I visited the Friendly Confines on a Friday afternoon last July, just three days after the All-Star game, which traditionally marks the equator of the baseball season; I was there not just to take in some daytime ball (there are no lights at the park) or to watch the Cubs engage the visiting San Francisco Giants over a midsummer weekend but also in search of a better understanding of some central processes of the game: luck or momentum or confidence, and their opposites—whatever it is that can unexpectedly make winning a habit for one club and losing such a curse for the other. I had chosen these two teams with care, as will shortly be seen, but the park was a break for me, too, because Wrigley Field always offers a fresh perspective on baseball: it is the *spécialité de la maison.*

I had skipped the All-Star game itself (it was played at the Houston Astrodome this year, and won by the American League by a score of 3–2), but I did not grieve over my loss any more than I would have fretted about not getting a seat at the Emmy Awards or missing a Jerry Lewis telethon, which are also television promotions rather than sporting events. Like many other fans, I imagine, I employed the three-day All-Star break in the schedules to study the 1986 standings to date and to wonder about their strange configurations. In the National League East, the New York Mets, established before the season as solid favorites to win their division, had surpassed all expectations, bowling over their opponents in runaway-train fashion, and dominating both the standings and the National League team statistics. As a team, they led all comers in runs, home runs, runs batted in, and batting average, and had yet to be shut out in any game. This was a team effort, for once, since none of their players stood at the top of the list in any batting category, and their best-known sluggers—Keith Hernandez, Gary Carter, and Darryl Strawberry—were, in fact, experiencing slightly sub-par years. The Mets also had the best pitching in the league, with a team earned-run average of 3.06; their four prime starters—Dwight Gooden, Ron Darling, Sid Fernandez, and Bob Ojeda (a left-hander picked up in a trade with the Red Sox over the winter)—had a combined record of 41–10, with twenty-one complete games. The Mets led the Montreal Expos, their nearest opponent in the National League East, by thirteen games; within a couple of weeks, they would widen the margin to sixteen games—a bigger lead than any of the three other first-place teams had established over the last-place clubs in their divisions. In the National League West, the Houston Astros (good pitching and good defense; feeble batting and few fans) had been taking turns at the top with the surprising Giants, last-place finishers a year ago, while the Dodgers, sorely afflicted with injuries, floundered along in the cellar, eight games back. The American League West, habitually a rest home for most of the league's losing teams, showed the California Angels holding a slim game-and-a-half lead over the young Texas Rangers, with


A NICE SLICE OF ALABAMA

none of the five other teams so far able to get its chin over the .500 bar. The real news was the Red Sox, who were leading the second-place Yankees in the mighty A.L. East by seven full games, mostly on the strength of their pitching: a startling turn of events for a club that has always specialized in winning by cannonade—the four-hour, four-homer, 10–7 Fenway Park Special, with both starting pitchers back in their street clothes by the middle of the fifth. Roger Clemens, a powerful twenty-three-year-old right-hander who sat out most of the 1985 season after a shoulder operation, had accounted for this turnabout almost on his own, winning his first fourteen decisions without a defeat; here at the All-Star break, he stood at 15–2, with a league's-best E.R.A. of 2.48 and a hundred and forty-six strikeouts in his hundred and forty-five innings pitched. On April 29th, he had fanned twenty Seattle batters in a single game—the highest one-game total in the history of the major leagues.



There were other happy surprises tucked in among the midterm postings (including the wholly unexpected prosperity of the Cleveland Indians, who were more than holding their own in the savage campaigning in the American League East), but the bad news seemed far more absorbing. Just recently, the World Champion Kansas City Royals had somehow lost eleven games in a row, with their vastly admired corps of starting pitchers compiling an earned-run average of 7.32 during that spell. Bret Saberhagen, the Cy Young Award winner in his circuit last summer, had a 4–10 and 4.39 record, and was pitching so poorly that there was talk of sending him to the bullpen for rest and cogitation. (Much worse news—of a kind that made everything else in baseball assume trifling proportions in comparison—descended on the Royals when it was discovered in July that their manager, Dick Howser, was suffering from a malignant brain tumor; he underwent surgery and radiation therapy, and has been lost to the team indefinitely.)

If the Royals looked bad (fourth place and eight games below .500), their World Series opponents, the Cardinals, were abysmal. Their 36–50 at the All-Star break had them a half game out of the cellar and twenty-four games behind the Mets, and they were batting .228 as a team. No one could explain what had happened to the spirited and combative club that came so close to winning the classic last fall, but their manager, Whitey Herzog, was blunt about their season to date. "We're just a bad club," he said late in May. "We're not deep in any department. We're supposed to have a great defense, and we haven't played worth a damn." Asked if there was some remedy for his club's dismal showing, he said, "Better players." When the schedule at last brought the Cards a day off at a point when they had lost eleven out of their last fourteen games, Herzog said the occasion called for a victory party.

The downside news was up in other places as well. Toronto's ace starter, Dave Stieb, was at 2–9 and 5.80 so far, and forty-one-year-old Steve Carlton, a lifetime three-hundred-and-eighteen-game winner, was given his unconditional release by the Phillies after surrendering twenty-five runs in twenty innings. (He was picked up by the Giants a few days later.) The Yankees lost a record ten straight games at Yankee Stadium, and the Oakland A's, who were believed to have a fair shot at a pennant this year in the American League West, set a team mark with fifteen consecutive losses on the road. Both Chicago managers lost their jobs, as did the Oakland and Seattle skippers; the deposed White Sox manager, Tony La Russa, was instantly hired to manage the A's.

Midseason performances don't mean much by September, to be sure, but all this instability at the center of the sport was something to think about. The Mets are a pretty fair team on all counts, but the pace of their success so far seemed almost out of control: they weren't just good, they were imperious. What had happened to so many competent teams this year, I wondered, to make them go so flat? I recalled the pride and self-assurance and sense of accomplishment that only last October permeated the clubhouses of the Cards and the Royals and was equally apparent in the demeanor and conversation of their front-office people. Their teams had attained the heights on merit, these men seemed to be saying, and proved the corporate wisdom and foresight of the organizations that had produced them; success so plainly established almost looked like a guarantee of further success, even in the chancy world of competitive sports. The fatuity of such hopes, in the light of the 1986 season to date, suggested the anxiety and puzzlement and sense of quaky footing that must now infect every team in baseball.

Sports teams live on confidence; it is the air they must breathe if they are to survive at all. Each of the twenty-six major-league clubs spends millions of dollars every year on player development and on the signing of young talent; sizable further funds and thousands of hours of hard work go into scouting and planning trades and into long-range projections, all with the aim of putting a team on the field that will prove resolute in the face of adversity and opportunistic and aggressive when the chance to win presents itself. Quality, however, cannot be guaranteed, which is why the threats and petulant outbursts that George Steinbrenner directs at his Yankee players in times of trouble are so disliked by executives with a better sense of the game. "Maybe we'll surprise some folks" and "At least we'll be respectable" are what you hear from managers of potential fifth-place clubs, but when the season begins it always becomes plain that no one is ever quite ready for the heaven-sent pink glow of success that can suddenly envelop any team when everything—the starting pitching, the bullpen, timely hitting, sound defense, freedom from injury, and the breaks—is going your way, or, contrariwise, ready for how bad a club, even a strong or famous one, can turn in the space of ten days. And no team, it seems, can even be sure of its own respectability when it is faced with more than its share of the vicissitudes of baseball: injuries, bad hops, bad calls, suddenly vapid pitching or hitting, trembly defense, and the unexpected and then unstoppable cascade of lost ballgames. Sandy Alderson, the much admired general manager of the Oakland A's, recently said to me, "If there's one thing I've learned in this game, it's that you can very seldom afford to smile. That's a sad statement, but the truth is that you never know which game may be your last win in a long while, or which day may turn out to be the high point of your season. If you've been going bad, you don't know if the game you've just lost is not yet your nadir or if it's going to be the last loss in a week. That old baseball saying about never letting yourself get too high or too low is a matter of self-preservation. You just never know."

I had never thought much about winning and losing as freestanding and presumably discussable elements of baseball, but now the idea came to me to travel about the leagues a little, here at midseason, and talk to some players and managers and front-office people about good baseball luck and bad, watching some teams that had enjoyed the best of things in recent weeks take on opponents who had met with very little luck so far this year, and trying to learn from both sides how it felt to be hot or not, how much difference the manager makes, and how different crowds and owners and writers seemed to respond to hard times and high times. In the end, I might even have a better sense of what proportion of the game actually rests in the hands of the men who play it.

Luck always matters in baseball, and here I at once found some luck of my own in the schedules—the upcoming games at Wrigley Field, where the ebullient and onrushing Giants (they had just climbed into first place in the West again, and their nine-game margin over the .500 level represented their best grades in almost four years) would meet the better-established Cubs, who had been winners of the National League East a bare two years ago but were now skating in stately circles in the lower reaches of their division. Injuries did in the entire Cubs pitching rotation last year, but this year the Chicago pitching was the worst in the league. "Last year was an excuse year," a grizzled Cubs writer said to me later in the week. "This year—" He shrugged. "Well, Chicago is a Cubs town." A new manager, Gene Michael, had replaced Jim Frey in June, and Dallas Green, the Cubs' president and general manager, blamed his players for the ritual execution. "I'm not very happy about it," he told a reporter. "I told them in no uncertain terms that they had contributed in great part to it."

Directly after my weekend at Wrigley Field, I also discovered, I could repair to California in time to see the brilliant Red Sox, now at 56–31 for the year and seven games ahead of the pack, do battle with the miserable, last-place Oakland A's, whose season had gone down the drain during a stretch in which most of their pitchers were on the disabled list and they had dropped twenty-five out of thirty-one games; the club had likewise dispensed with a manager, the agreeable Jackie Moore, and had lately replaced him with the aforementioned Tony La Russa. Looking at my plans, I felt a twinge of compassion for the battered losers of my planned mismatches, but baseball, I reminded myself, is not for the fainthearted.

WRIGLEY FIELD lay becalmed in furnacelike doldrums as the Giants and the Cubs took the field on Friday, but the natives, I noticed, were unaffected. With the temperature in the mid-nineties, the customary thirty thousand-plus Cubbie fans threw themselves into the ancient environs for our uncrucial tilt, and the massed *descamisados* in the bleachers further tanned their pelts toward the prized North Side Gurkha-tones of August. Drops of sweat from my brow formed paisley patterns on my scorecard, and between innings home-plate ump Jerry Crawford tottered back to a minuscule strip of shadow next to the backstop, where a ball girl tended him with elixirs and cold cloths. Perhaps sensing our need for a swift distraction from the weather, the Chicago starting pitcher, the tall right-hander Scott Sanderson, absolutely subdued the visitors in the course of his seven innings, striking out nine of the San Franciscos and giving up one hit, a double by Jeff Leonard, and a lone unearned run; his successor, the enormous flamethrower Lee Smith, was perfect, fanning three more Giants and preserving the 2–1 beauty. Sanderson's breaking ball, which an inordinate number of Giants took for called third strikes, bowing politely at the waist as it dipped across the corners, was the talk of both clubhouses. There wasn't much else to say, for great pitching is a silencer. The Giants, like all losing players in such circs, summed things up with a shrug and a wan smile: What are you going to do?

I had seen the Giants suffer an infinitely more painful loss earlier in the season, I now recalled. Back on May 30th, at Shea Stadium, the club had stood on the verge of a hard-earned one-run victory over the Mets in the bottom of the tenth inning. Then, with two out and two Mets aboard, Giants shortstop Jose Uribe and second baseman Rob Thompson somehow collided under a harmless infield fly; the ball popped loose and the winning run came in. A killing defeat, one felt, since it dropped the Giants three games behind the Astros and suddenly ran their string of losses to four straight, all on the road; last year, the Giants lost fifty-seven on the road, on the way to their last-place, worst-ever 62–100 finish. "Same old Giants," a San Francisco writer muttered as we waited for the Shea press-box elevator down to the clubhouses.

Only they weren't. That night, the Giants manager, Roger Craig, closed his clubhouse to exhort his young troops. That game was gone, he told them, and mourning or anger wouldn't bring it back or turn the score around. The team's young second-base combination had already won at least six games for the team with their gloves, so what had just happened only meant that they were six-and-one for the year. Tomorrow's game was the one that mattered now. And so forth. It worked—*something* worked. The Giants won the next day, knocking off Bob Ojeda; Rob Thompson was involved in four double plays for the afternoon and singled three times, and Uribe came through with a two-run double. The Giants won again the day after that, handing Ron Darling his first defeat of the year. The team then moved along to Montreal, swept two games there, and headed home with a suddenly satisfying 4–4 record for the road swing.

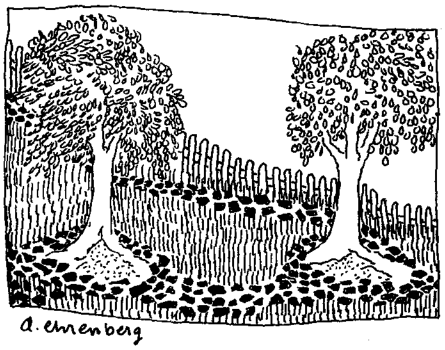
In Chicago, I talked to Giants catcher Bob Brenly about the turnaround. "That game in New York was the one that did it," he said. "You know, for any team there can come a day when you decide that this is going to be just another year, just like it was before. Losing can happen so fast. You lose a game, and you think, O.K., we're still all right. You lose the next day, and you think, Well, that was a tough one—no way we could have gone against the breaks there. Then you get blown out, say, and the day after that maybe you get beat 2–1, and before you know it it's five or six in a row and you've slid down a couple of places in the standings. But Roger prepared us for that sort of thing this year. We know we're a better team. We know we have that resiliency. Roger has done it—give him the credit. He's got guys bunting, doing the hit-and-run, guys hitting the ball to the right side of the infield who never bothered to learn that kind of ball. He's got *me* running, and I'm a catcher. Nobody's exempt, nobody's ahead on this ball club, and it's all from Roger. Call him a guru, call him a positive guy, call him a man—a grown-up human being. You know, almost every professional athlete has had one great coach in high school or college that he remembers and thinks of most highly. I had a high-school basketball coach back at Coshocton High named Bill Bowman, who always seemed like he could pull about ten per cent more out of you than you thought you had. Well, that's the way Roger is for everybody in this room. We've talked about it. He reminds you of somebody important in your life. He makes you think winning is something you can be personally responsible for. The biggest difference is we're having fun. You can hear it in the air around here. I can hardly wait to get up in the morning and come to the ballpark. Last year was mostly just a personal thing, and I think that down feeling, that first bad day, came almost on Opening Day. Baseball is a team game, and once you lose that you've lost all concept. Some of our guys had a pretty good year in 1985, but I don't think they were enjoying it any. It all got washed away by the team. Roger wants it the other way now. I've never learned so much from one person."

The one great coach that Roger Craig reminds me of is himself—a tall, engaging, noble-nosed North Carolinian who when last seen by me was accepting congratulations in the champagne-soaked Detroit Tigers clubhouse for his part in the making of that 1984 World Champion team. As pitching coach, he had brought the Detroit staff along from eleventh-best to best in the league in the space of two years, in considerable part through his teaching of the split-fingered fastball, a deadly little down-diver that he perfected some years ago while running a baseball school for teen-agers. (The Craig split-finger, which has become *the* new pitch of the eighties, is not the old off-speed, spinless fork-ball delivery of the distant past, nor yet the variant mastered by the great relief artist Bruce Sutter, who pushes his thumb up onto the ball from beneath while throwing. The Mets' Ron Darling learned the Craigian dandy this spring, and it has made him at last a finishing pitcher as well as a famous starter.) Craig retired from baseball after the Tigers' triumph and went home to his horse ranch and his family in Southern California, but came back to take over as Giants manager in mid-September of last year, as part of a fresh regime headed by an incoming general manager, Al Rosen. Craig also had a previous two-year tenure as manager of the Padres, in 1978 and '79. This summer, he has been teaching the split-finger to anyone on the Giants staff who is interested—to Roger Mason and Mike Krukow and Mark Davis and Vida Blue (who has had trouble with it, because his fingers aren't very long), and even to Steve Carlton.

Whatever ballpark he is in, Craig is implored by the local writers to talk about his defeats as well as his successes—in particular, about the forty-six games he lost in two years while pitching for the newborn and disastrous New York Mets, near the close of his career. "Aw, I don't want to dwell on that story all the time," he said in the casbah of the Wrigley Field dugout early one afternoon. But then, because he's an obliging fellow, he talked about it just the same. He confirmed his most famous statistic, registered in 1963—eighteen consecutive mound losses, which tied an ancient mark. "I think the record still stands," he said now, "but maybe I'll pitch tomorrow and break it." He lost five games by the score of 1–0 in that stretch—also a record. "I kept telling the guys to go out and get me one run and we'd win," he told us. "Then, one time, I remember, it got to be about the fifth or sixth inning and I said, 'All right, just get me half a run!' You know, I always felt I pitched well those years. I got a raise at the end of both years, and I deserved it. I had twenty-seven complete games over those two seasons, and every game I started I expected to win."

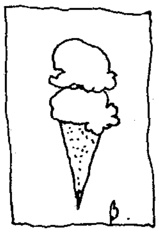
Craig said he thought the Mets trauma had helped him as a manager. "I know all about the things that can make you lose, and all about the things that can help you win. A lot of my coaching is from that. If a guy gets on a losing streak on the mound or goes oh-for-four up at bat a few days, I can identify with that. He knows I've been there before him. But he also knows that I've been in five World Series and I got four winning World Series rings to show for it. At first, the guys on this club thought I was crazy when I said I could show them how to win, but now they've got the idea. If you've got some talent, you *can* win. Sure, we've lost some games, but I'm happier right now than I've ever been before in baseball." He paused, squinting in the sun. "Well, maybe you always say that. The first year I was with the Brooklyn Dodgers as a major-league pitcher, I didn't feel I could be any happier than that. But as an old man—I'm fifty-six—as an old man, right now I'm very happy. I've got outstanding coaches and a fine young ball club, and that's all you can ask for."

This summer in San Francisco, I've been told, you can sometimes spot five or six Giants caps at the same time among the noonday crowds waiting for the lights to change on the corner of Kearny and Post Streets. Attendance at Candlestick Park (which will not be torn down or domed over in the near future, as had been much rumored in recent years) is up by a hundred and thirteen per cent, and people at cocktail parties in Mill Valley or at dinner downtown at the Washington Square Bar & Grill sometimes refer to the Giants as "the lads" now, just as the sports columns do. Now and then, on the courts at the Berkeley Tennis Club, you can hear somebody out there yell "Hum baby!" when his partner pulls off a winning backhand shot down the alley. The expression comes from Roger Craig, and it means "Great play!" or "Wow!" or perhaps, as a noun, a pretty young woman across the street. Back in June, somebody took down the office-door sign at Candlestick that said "NO. 33—CRAIG." Now it says "HUM BABY."



THE Cubs were less talkative, and no wonder. Dallas Green had recently suggested that he was prepared to dispense with almost anyone on his roster of well-paid underachievers (anyone but all-league second baseman Ryne Sandberg, one must assume, or the brilliant young shortstop Shawon Dunston, or perhaps Lee Smith), although there are cynics who claim he wouldn't find many takers, because of the lavish contracts that were given to the stars of '84. In any case, I had very little relish at the prospect of worming out losers' confessions in the Chicago clubhouse. Ron Cey, who had been riding the bench in recent weeks, probably because of his Rodinesque responses to hard-hit ground balls around third base, was polite but distant. Now thirty-eight years old, he had played nineteen hundred and fifty-three games at third base and hit three hundred and six home runs over ten full seasons with the Dodgers and three-plus with the Cubs, and he was not prepared to be forthcoming about unsuccess. "You'd have to ask players who have been on teams that have been out of it a lot of years," he said stiffly. "It's not a situation I'm familiar with—I don't qualify. I'm used to being up there in the midst of things. When you're in contention, you *contest*. It's what you're here for—why you exist as a professional. Now—well, not playing much and being with a team that's out of it, the way we are, is not an enviable position. I'm in a different place than I'm used to."

Forehandedly, I had arranged for further testimony about the Cubs from the best source possible—a fan. Cubs fans, by consensus, are the best in baseball. Year after year, in good times and (mostly) bad, they turn out in vociferous numbers, sustaining themselves with a heavenly ichor that combines loyalty, criticism, cheerfulness, durability, rage, beer, and hope, in exquisite proportions. The Cubs sold a million and a half tickets before Opening Day this year, and the sellout Saturday crowd on this second day of my trip would put them over the million mark in admissions on the second-earliest date in their long history. My companion at the game was a baseball pen pal of mine named Tim Shanahan, a young and friendly (it turned out) professor of education at the University of Illinois at Chicago. He grew up in Detroit and still sustains an ancient passion for the Tigers ("It's very, very unlikely that they'll ever end up playing the Cubs in the World Series," he said when I asked about his ultimate loyalty), and followed the Phillies closely when attending graduate school in Delaware. His attachment to the Cubs is of only six years' duration, which barely puts him on the waiting list for admission to the True Cubbies Sodality, but he clearly belongs nevertheless. A few weeks earlier, he and his wife and two young daughters had turned up at Wrigley for a Sunday game, to find that the remaining tickets were only for standing room. "My older daughter, Erin, is six, and she said that was fine with her," Shanahan said. "She's been coming to games with us for years. But Meagan is three, and after my wife and I and the girls stood around outside the gate for about an hour we finally decided that it might be a little hard on her to be held in our arms for three hours at her very first game. *I* wouldn't have minded, of course, but—" He was still thinking it over.



Shanahan and I had good seats in the deep stands just behind home, and, with the temperature back in the nineties, I did not respond when he suggested that we probably should have sat in the bleachers if I was in search of some *real* Cubs fans. We drank some beer, and he brought me up to date on the franchise gossip. The White Sox, who have been traditionally seen as drawing most of their fans from within the city, were probably moving out of Comiskey Park at last, he said; they were negotiating a move to the western suburb of Addison, if the financing could be worked out for a new ballpark there. "The strange thing is that most of the Cubs fans are from the suburbs, even though Wrigley Field is a city ballpark," he said. "Most of the White Sox fans cheer for the Cubs when the Cubs are in first place, but Cubs fans never, never cheer for the White Sox. They sort of don't notice them."

Wrigley Field seemed to have survived the great lights crisis, Tim told me. After the winning 1984 season, the club had threatened to move the team elsewhere, so that it could conform with the league's network-television contracts, which called for night games in post-season play. The city and state ordinances forbidding lights at Wrigley held firm under court testing, but now Dallas Green was talking about adding twenty thousand new seats to the park (which now holds thirty-eight thousand) if the lights did go in—a move that seemed certain to destroy its airy vistas and rural ambience. It is reported that Green also wants the club to buy up some of the cozy, tree-shaded blocks of ancient houses that surround the field and convert them into parking lots. Shanahan thought the lights controversy would be settled by compromise: the lights would go in, but would be turned on for only fifteen or twenty games during the regular season. "Nobody likes the idea," he said, "but it may be the only way to keep Wrigley Field. People care about this place."

The game began—the Giants' veteran ace Mike Krukow taking on the Cubs' left-handed Steve Trout—and what Shanahan noticed almost instantly was an innocuous fly-ball out to left field struck by the second Giant batter of the day, Rob Thompson. "Bad," he announced. "Anything hit in the air like that against Trout means he's going to get killed. And look at those flags." I looked, and saw the pennants on the scoreboard and up on top of the upper deck in right field beginning to stir and lift. They were pointing away from us: local storm warnings for lakeside pitchers. Shanahan was wrong in one way, it turned out: the Giants didn't exactly kill Trout as much as discourage him to death, finally dispatching him in the third, when he got nobody out while giving up a passel of singles, a walk, and a terminal double by the young power-hitting third baseman, Chris Brown, which ran the score to 5–1, San Francisco. But nothing is forever on windy days at Wrigley, and the Cubbies responded at once with four safe knocks, including a home run by Gary Matthews that sailed five or six rows beyond the ivy at left-center. "It's *Sandberg* that's the difference," Shanahan said, referring to Matthews' immediate predecessor in the lineup. "They've finally got him back where he belongs. He's got to bat second like this if we're going to score runs. It's vital to the whole thing."

This, I realized, was the long view—the experienced Cubsperson's caution—but there was no cynicism or artificiality in it that I could see. Tim nodded happily when Dunston and then Dave Martinez whacked wind-blown back-to-back homers in the fifth, with the Cubs scoring four more times and going ahead for good in the game, but when we sat down again he said, "I think all these pop-fly home runs in this park hurt the Cubs in the end. It's the reason we never seem to have any speed on the team, or any real defense. It's the same kind of team the Red Sox have always been, because of that wall at Fenway. Those big innings distract you from building a real ball team. I think we may have the best defensive stats in the league right now, but that's only because we're so slow in the infield that we never even get to the hard chances. It's an illusion."

Sandberg homered in the eighth, and Leon Durham bombed a triple into the ivy a moment or two later, and the Cubs won the thing by 11–6. I was happy for my new friend, but what I had discovered about him was that he was a baseball fan first and a Cubs fan—and a dedicated one—well after that. Maybe that was part of the secret about winning and losing—the fan's part. "What I love about Roger Craig is the way he's always in the game," Tim had said at one point. "He calls all the Giant pitchouts and pickoffs, you know. You remember how he used to do that when he was with the Tigers, I'm sure." I did remember, because he had reminded me. Then, a little later—an *instant* later—the Giant pitcher Krukow picked Sandberg off first on a move (I checked it later) signalled by Craig from the dugout. It took the Cubs out of an inning, but I noticed that Shanahan clapped for the slick move just the same. He was in the game, too.

NOW I began to worry about the Giants. Their division lead was gone—Houston had won again—and after the game Craig spoke urgently about the necessity of getting out of town with a split in the series. Matters looked even graver the next afternoon—a beautiful day, a bit cooler, with a noisy family crowd on hand for a Sunday picnic of baseball—when the Cubbies went up by 4–1 in the third inning; two pitches by Giants starter Roger Mason bounced by Bob Brenly for passed balls in the three-run second (both split-finger specials, by the look of them), and further damage was avoided only by a nifty pitchout, wigwagged by Craig, which allowed Brenly to cut down a base stealer with two Cubs on and no outs. Craig, in fact, was managing up a storm, at one point sending up a pinch-hitter for a batter in mid at-bat, with the count 3 and 1 (it didn't work); the day before, he had relieved one of his relievers in the middle of the count. What did work on this day for the Giants was a brilliant turn at the plate in the fourth by first baseman Harry Spilman, who ran the count to 3–2 against the Cubs' Dennis Eckersley and then fought off four outstanding sliders for fouls before Eckersley made a mistake, a fastball up, which Spilman hit into the right-field stands for a two-run homer. Spilman, an early-season pickup by the Giants after he was dropped by the Tigers, had been filling in elegantly for the injured and slumping rookie first baseman Will Clark, who had been sent down to Phoenix for rehabilitation. After the game, Spilman said, "That was probably the best at-bat I've ever had in the big leagues."

The Cubs were still up by a run when another Giants sub, Randy Kutcher, led off the eighth with a rocket to short, which Chicago shortstop Dunston fielded brilliantly and then horribly threw away, to put the tying run aboard. The Cubs infield defended in classic fashion against the inevitable upcoming bunt, but the batter, Robbie Thompson, pushed the ball beautifully to right, fast enough to get it past the pitcher and the onrushing first baseman, Durham, and short enough to allow the covering second baseman, Sandberg, no chance in the world to make a play. The bunt—a pearl of great price—went untouched, and a moment or two farther along Thompson outdid himself, pausing for an instant on the base path in order to hinder Durham's view of Leonard's weakly nubbed, lucky wrong-field infield bouncer to right. Durham lunged for the ball and barely missed it as it wobbled off into short right, and the game was tied, with Thompson on third; his run—he scored on a sacrifice fly by Brown, to put the Giants ahead—held up because Scott Garrelts, in from the pen, set down the six remaining Chicago batters in order, on fastballs that all measured in the mid-ninety-m.p.h. range. The Giants wound up with a 5–4 win and the split they had to have.

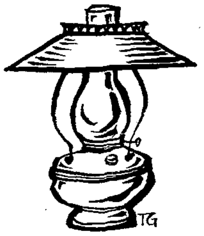
How you assessed such a game depended on which clubhouse you visited. Eckersley, who had pitched very well indeed—he struck out nine Giants—was bitter about the fact that manager Gene Michael had allowed him to come up to bat in the seventh, with one out and a teammate on second, instead of wheeling in a pinch-hitter to try to deliver an insurance run. The loss ran Eckersley's record to 3–6 for the year, and the Cubs' to 38–50. "It's just frustrating," the Eck said. "I know everyone here feels the way I do, so why am I going to sit here and cry about it? It's just been a terrible year for all of us."

In the Giants' clubhouse, Roger Craig lit up his old-fashioned hook-stem pipe and blew a cloud of sweet smoke at the ceiling. "Hum baby," he said.

THE teams I found on the grassy field at the Oakland Coliseum at the outset of their three-game series had come through such different terrain in this baseball summer as to make them resemble the principals in some morality play about reward and punishment, good fortune and bad. The Red Sox, here in the midst of their longest road trip of the summer, had just lost three out of four games at the Seattle Kingdome but still held a comfortable six-game lead over the second-place Yankees. At their high-water mark, ten days earlier, the Sox had led the pack by eight games and—to employ the statistic by which most baseball people measure team success or the lack of it—stood twenty-six games above the .500 mark. They had the league's best pitcher in Clemens (then at 16–2) and the best batter in Wade Boggs (.365). The A's, in horrendous contrast, had slipped into the abyssal deep (a level at which the only light is provided by anglerfish and a few weirdly phosphorescent umpires), fifteen and a half games behind the West-leading Angels, but had lately managed a few feeble upward strokes under their new manager, La Russa, and now stood thirteen and a half back, although still dead last. Their only current celebrity was Jose Canseco, the enormous, thick-armed rookie slugger, who was leading the league with twenty-three homers and seventy-eight runs batted in. June held very different memories for the two teams. The Bosox had begun that month with feelings of great trepidation, having lost their most experienced starting pitcher, Bruce Hurst, who had just gone on the disabled list with a groin injury, at a time when they were already making do without the services of another strong starter, Al Nipper, who was recovering from a severe spike wound suffered in a collision at home plate two weeks before. The Sox came through June with a fairish 15–10 record for the month, but somehow increased their divisional lead from two and a half to eight games in the process. A five-game losing skid by the Yankees late in the month helped considerably, and so did Roger Clemens' six consecutive June wins—Nos. 9 through 14. The word "stopper," which is what Clemens is, doesn't just mean that the man out there on the mound keeps the other team from scoring; what he really stops is his own club's two-game and three-game losing streaks, which can suddenly become something much more damaging if not snipped short. The Bosox had swept a three-game series against the Yankees in mid-June and another three-game set against the Orioles at the end of the month, but that swoon by the Yankees was the kind of pure good fortune that all hot teams seem to experience, and even come to count on as being almost their due. Back in May, the Red Sox had beaten the Indians, 2–0, in a game at Cleveland that was called after six innings—called by *fog*. Later on, they beat Toronto when a Blue Jay pitcher walked in the winning run in the tenth, and then, in a July game, they completed a four-run twelfth-inning rally against the Angels when the California pitcher was called for a balk that brought in the winning run.

Oakland's moments were of a different nature: a series in Cleveland when the team blew leads of four runs, six runs, and three runs on successive days, losing all three games; a night in Kansas City when Rickey Peters, under the mistaken impression that the bases were loaded, trotted homeward after a base on balls and was tagged out to end the inning; a nine-run second inning by the Rangers at Arlington. This last was the low point, in the estimation of Bill King, the veteran A's television commentator. "It summed us up at that point," he told me. "It was a microcosm. Every play seemed a violation of some baseball principle. There were two misplayed line drives in the outfield, people failed to cover bases, and there was an inside-the-park home run. Another run scored while our pitcher was arguing with the first-base ump over a call, and Canseco twisted his knee when his spikes caught on the wall padding in right field. Jackie Moore said it was the most embarrassing game in his baseball career. Three days later, Jackie was gone—no one blamed him for that one game, of course—and I think in a way he was almost relieved."

Bruce Bochte, the Oakland first baseman, said, "The month didn't feel like a collapse, because most of the time we kept playing just bad enough to lose. In a way, that's worse. It was like we were in a twilight zone. I guess the only regular player we didn't lose to injuries at some point was Alfredo"—Alfredo Griffin, the shortstop. "Even so, we should have played close to .500, and we didn't come close. It was an avalanche. When everything's going bad like that, you never think about baseball when you're away from the park. It isn't in your mind at all. It's harder to come to the park than it should be. You think you're tireder than you really are, and your injuries hurt more. When the game starts, the effort is there, but there's sort of a doubtful attitude. You're looking around almost in anticipation of what's going to go wrong."



Bochte and Sandy Alderson and most of the other A's agree that the most damaging stretch was a three-game series against the White Sox at Chicago early in the month, when two starting pitchers, Joaquin Andujar and Moose Haas, were disabled on successive days, at a time when the team was already trying to make do without its bullpen ace, Jay Howell, and its center fielder and team leader, Dwayne Murphy. Patchwork now became a daily necessity. Pitchers were wheeled in from the minors and, in some cases, wheeled back again; long relievers became starters; one starter, the young strikeout artist Jose Rijo, was tried in short relief—a mistake, everyone agreed later.

"After the injuries, things became very difficult," Alderson said. "The bad news seemed relentless. I remember one time when we were losing here and all the teams in our farm system lost, too, so we had an oh-for-seven day for the whole Oakland operation. But there was never any despair. You try to keep some distance in your mind at times like that, to be objective and keep your judgment, but in all our meetings here with our coaches and scouts and others in the organization we never concluded that there was something wrong with our system, that we'd made bad trades, or that any of our components—scouting, minor-league operations, or the major-league operation—were seriously flawed or at fault. Maybe there was a lack of team chemistry or a lack of effort—it's hard to judge—but when Tony got here he felt it was just a lack of talent. We'd lost too many players. At some point, it got out of control and something had to be done. You can't change twenty-five people, so we changed one —the manager."

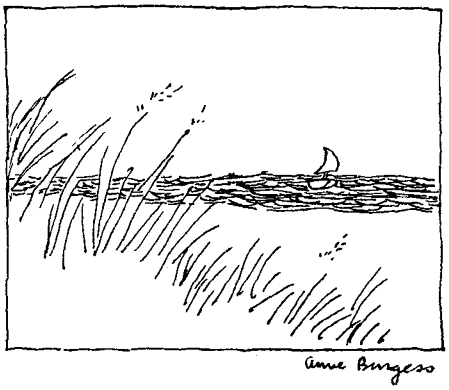
Alderson didn't say so, but others on the Oakland club intimated that the crippling of the team which led to the deadly June losing streaks—nine in a row and the record fifteen straight losses on the road—probably delayed the firing of Jackie Moore, instead of hastening it. It seemed plainly unfair to dismiss a manager who was making do with a daily lineup half full of Class AAA ballplayers. Even before the downslide, however, there was a conviction that Moore had delegated too many responsibilities to his coaches; the pitching rotations and the decision about when to take a struggling pitcher out of a game were being made by pitching coach Wes Stock, and players had understandably begun to feel that there was no visible leadership or center of force on the club. (The new manager, Tony La Russa, is more private and more intellectual than Moore—or than most major-league pilots, for that matter: he holds a law degree from Florida State University—but there is visible steel there as well. He had managed the White Sox for eight seasons, bringing them to a divisional pennant in 1983, and his departure from that club this summer is generally viewed as the result of a clash of personalities with the flamboyant new Chicago executive vice-president, Hawk Harrelson.) In any case, there is probably no proper time to fire a manager, if it must be done during the season. Jackie Moore's dismissal came just two days after the repellent and embarrassing rat episode (Dave Kingman, the brooding and misanthropic Oakland designated hitter, arranged to have a live rat delivered to Susan Fornoff, a beat writer from the Sacramento *Bee*, as a signal of his dislike of her presence in the clubhouse) and one day after the club at last broke its horrific fifteen-game road losing streak with a win over the Royals at Kansas City. La Russa took charge after an interval when the club was directed by fill-in manager Jeff Newman, and by the time I arrived in Oakland the team had won six games and lost five under its new skipper.

Anybody can explain baseball, of course; the trick is to predict it. What happened now—what happened *of course*—was that the A's swept the series against the Red Sox, winning quite handily, in fact, only once falling behind in one of the games, by a lone early run. The A's also got the better of things in every department, including pitching (the Bosox never put together more than two hits in an inning in any of the contests); hitting (Carney Lansford, the Oakland third baseman, went eight for twelve, with two home runs); and defense (silky plays by Griffin and a marvellous 3-6-1 double play in a tight moment of the Tom Seaver-vs.-Joaquin Andujar middle game, which brought a sudden shout of pleasure from the Oakland crowd). The breaks had changed, too—a telling shift of ground. In the final game, Dusty Baker, the Oakland outfielder, made a full-length airborne dive to grab a drive by Bill Buckner inches above the grass in left center ("Last month, that's a triple," announced Bill Rigney, the senior Oakland baseball adviser, who was sitting with me); and in the bottom of the same stanza Tony Phillips' hard-hit blow up the line bounced past Buckner at first base and into the right-field corner for a two-run double ("Last month, that's the other team at bat," said Rig). Baseball's inexorable cycle had swung the other way, and suddenly it was Boston's turn to play with a very short deck. Injuries and unexpected misfortunes had depleted the lineup; in the season so far, the club had been forced to call up nine different minor-league replacements from its Pawtucket farm club. In the games I saw, Hurst and Nipper, each recently out of drydock (it was Hurst's first turn since his injury, and Nipper's sixth), were cruelly treated by the Oakland offense; they had been hurried back because of the absence of Oil Can Boyd, an 11-6 starter for the Red Sox, who was under suspension for various infractions and instabilities. The hard-hitting outfielders Tony Armas and Jim Rice were aching and unable to play at all in the Oakland games, and the bullpen was without stalwarts Sammy Stewart and Steve Crawford. Wade Boggs was playing with a sore back, and Buckner's bad ankles limited him to service as a designated hitter in the first two games. The customary d.h., Don Baylor, was filling in for Jim Rice in left field, where his feeble arm cost the Bosox an important run in the second game. By the time the series was over, the Red Sox lead was down to three games, and manager John MacNamara was terse and whispery in his office. "We've got to show our character and just play our way through it," he murmured. "I don't know—maybe we're trying too hard." The day before, he had said, "Thank God, we've got some leeway, but you can run out of leeway."

My own sympathies underwent something like a Nautilus workout during the games at the Coliseum, edging slowly away from the A's, whom I had so coldly selected as a laboratory animal for my research, and toward the gimpy Red Sox, and then settling firmly, or perhaps hysterically, upon myself. I am a Red Sox fan of good standing (an oxymoron if there ever was one), and those icy fingers up and down my spine, an odd unwillingness to consult the standings in the morning papers, and my sudden need to call up distant fellow-sufferers were symptoms I recalled all too well from previous foldo summers, such as 1978, when my Sox madly threw away a ten-game mid-July lead and ultimately fell before the Yankees in a beautiful and scarifying one-game playoff at the Fens. But Red Sox fans are no help at all at times like these. "It's all *over!*" sobbed a Boston-bred colleague whom I now consulted, collect, coast-to-coast. "I *told* you this would happen. I knew it all along."

"We can play through this," I said stiffly. "Now is the time to show some class." I hung up.

CHARACTER, to tell the truth, is not a quality that has been generally associated with Red Sox teams or the Red Sox clubhouse in recent years, but all that changed dramatically this summer—first when Don Baylor came over to the club from the Yankees (the teams traded designated hitters, with the left-handed Mike Easler going to the Yanks in an even-up swap for Baylor, who bats from the right side), and then when Tom Seaver joined the club in June, following a trade with the Chicago White Sox, where he had been pitching for the past two summers. Baylor, who is thirty-seven, has played for the A's, the Angels, the Orioles, the Yankees, and the Red Sox in the course of his illustrious fifteen years in the majors; he won a Most Valuable Player award in 1979, when he was with California. He is a longtime member of the executive committee of the Players Association. My presiding Baylor images are of his thunderous slides into second base against the double play; his crowding, obdurate stance up at bat, when his large and leaning left shoulder almost seems to obscure the pitcher's view of the plate; and the aura of magisterial calm that always seems to encircle his cubicle in a clubhouse. A prince of players.



"This game, for me, is not a play-for-yourself thing," he said before one of the Oakland games. "The exception is the hitter-versus-pitcher situation—when you're up at bat. That's when you're on your own. When a team is playing well, it's easy to be unselfish. Something intangible is being passed along. Winning is contagious—but losing can also be contagious. There are some selfish ballclubs—you can spot them after a while. Look at the Minnesota club; there are guys there who have great numbers year after year, but it doesn't mean much. The team may play good for a time and then you look up and they're out of it again. Playing against the Red Sox all this time, I got the impression that they were divided in a number of ways. They played for themselves a lot, and they weren't very close. You've heard that thing about twenty-five guys calling twenty-five cabs to take them back to the hotel after a game.

"When I got here, I told some of the pitchers they had to throw inside more, and I said I'd be the first guy out of the dugout if anything happened—if anybody complained. I said they had the reputation of not doing that. You have to do that—move the batters off the plate—or else they're going to tattoo you off the wall. I know—I've been hit by pitches more than anybody in this league. There have been years when I got hit more than fifteen or sixteen *teams*. But that pitcher has got to try to intimidate the batter just a little. Just one time can work. If he comes in on him in the second inning, let's say, the batter will still be thinking about it when he comes up in the ninth, when it counts. But if a team isn't in contention, if it isn't playing very well, the first thing you notice is that the pitcher has lost that kind of aggressiveness. He won't be thinking about it, and his E.R.A. will have gone up into the fours."

I asked him how it felt to be on a club when everything was going right—when winning was the habit.

"Winning— well, everyone contributes," Baylor said. "You take the extra base, instead of playing it one base at a time. You take chances and they always seem to work. That kind of play just takes over, and the slowest guy on the team will suddenly think he's the fastest. I remember when I was with Oakland, a long time ago, and we came into Yankee Stadium to play the Yankees in a game that was on national TV. I stole second base, and as I came into the bag Thurman Munson's throw was off behind me toward the right-field side—he did that sometimes, with that sidearm throw—and out of the corner of my eye I saw that Mickey Rivers was playing in left center, with a long run to the ball. I got up and I knew I was going to try to score, and I did. I scored all the way from first base. Well, at that time Thurman was struggling with the bat as well as behind the plate, but he had *such* a determined way about him. When the season was over, he made a point of coming to me and thanking me for that one play I'd made, because it motivated him for the rest of the year, and in the end he was able to win an M.V.P. award for that 1976 season. From that day on, he played with a fire in his eye. So one play can turn a player or turn a team around, even if it's an example from the other side.

"You want to do well in this game, you know. You don't want to look bad—not in the major leagues. No one wants to be embarrassed. If you do well and the team is going good, it's a whole lot easier. You play for the team and not yourself. But if you happen to be going bad yourself and you can take a base on balls in front of somebody who's swinging the bat real well, that can be enough. That will do it, maybe. You don't always want to be the man to hit an eight-run homer, because that doesn't happen. Even taking a base on balls can be a way of lead-

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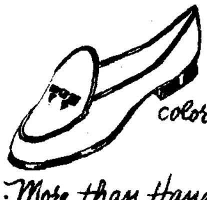

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ing. Just lately, we've run into some rough spots, and we're looking to see who's going to lead us out of that. Everybody here wants to be that man."

Tom Seaver is forty-one years old now—it's hard to believe—and he has said that this, his twentieth major-league season, may be his last. He is a different sort of pitcher from what he used to be—one who changes speeds and moves the ball around. Only a few times in a game do you see the hummer, thrown with that full-drop-down delivery, and even then the pitch is used as much for example as for effect—to set up the other stuff. In the game he pitched against the A's, he looked a bit rocky in the early going, giving up three runs on a walk and three hits in the first; then he steadied. He lost, 4–2, but he'd kept the Red Sox in the game, given them a chance to win if they could, which is the kind of outing he had promised when the trade was made. After the game, his opposing pitcher, Andujar, said that he liked to work against Seaver because there was so much to learn from the experience—how to concentrate, how to take it easy and still bear down. "He's a professional out there, inside his head and outside," Joaquin said.

The next day, Tom said, "The most important thing for any club is to keep the entire season in perspective, to keep that in view at all times. You know there are going to be days when your club is down, but you can't let yourself be too affected by that. Otherwise, you'd be an emotional wreck at the end of the summer. You can't afford to lose a guy like that"—he gestured toward Jim Rice, across the clubhouse—"for any length of time and expect to be the same. But you *can't* win or lose it all in one day. You can't spend all your dollars at one sitting. If you've had a bad run, like this Oakland club just did, you still have to accept it. It's part of being a professional. You have to say to yourself, 'Well, today was the end of the down side, tomorrow is the beginning of the plus side.' I think there's been a notion on some of the clubs in the American League West that being good enough to win in their division is good enough. I can say with certainty that that's the way it was when I was on the White Sox. That attitude filters down from the front office to the players, and it makes you a mediocre club, no matter where you're playing. It's a huge mistake."

I asked him if it felt very different to be with a club that was in contention.

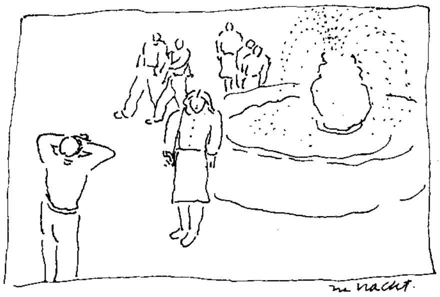
"My God, yes," Seaver said. "Everything you do has meaning. You're beyond your personal statistics, which is a real break for a professional. If you're ever in the position where you know that only your own numbers mean anything, you find that after a while that supply is drained, too. It's empty. On a contending team, even if a guy is hitting .212 or is four-and-eight on the year—well, maybe those four games that the one guy contributed were the ones that put the club over the top. They have meaning. You take pride in what everyone is doing collectively, and that's a great feeling. It's an amazing phenomenon how winning and losing can become part of a clubhouse and will breed on themselves, feed on themselves."

I asked if he was aware of the trepidation that long-term Red Sox fans are so quick to feel when their club begins to sag a bit.

"I've heard of that," he said, "but I guess I didn't know it was so— so oppressing. But that negative is a compliment, really. They care. It might even be easier for fans like that to have their club in second place until late in the year, but I've never heard a *player* say that." He laughed—his famous giggle. "Heck, no. No way!"

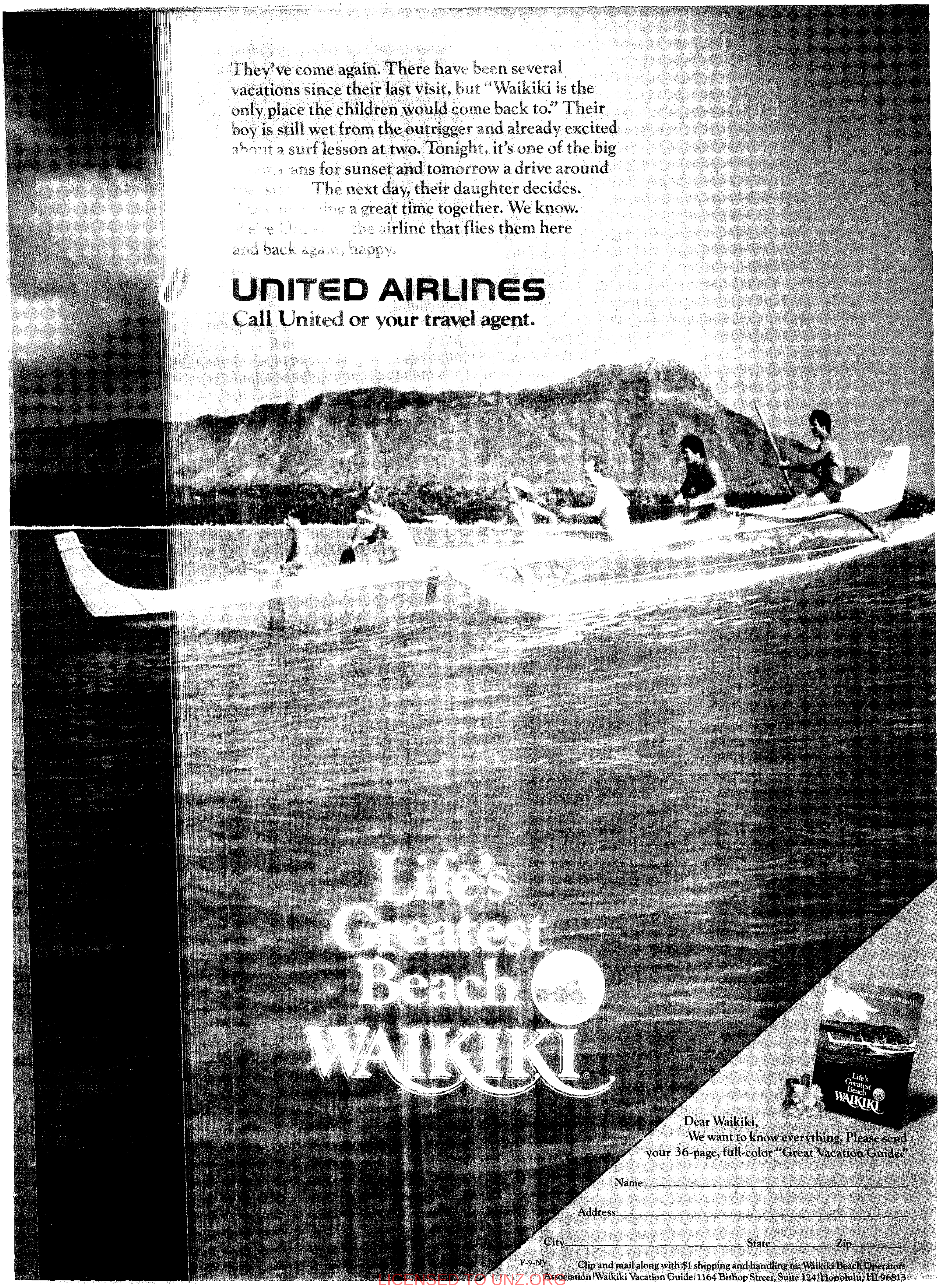
THE Oaklands responded to their improving fortunes with tempered cheerfulness, each in his own fashion. Bochte said, "At this point, you have to forget about where you're going to finish and just try to get things back in order. You want to play one game well. Then it gets to be two good games in a row. Right now, we're trying to play a whole series of good games. You really have to play well for about a week before you know if you've pulled out of a real bad stretch."

Roy Eisenhardt, the Oakland president, said, "Winning is the condition that immediately precedes losing." Then he smiled and said, "The reverse is also true, which is the nice part."



Dwayne Murphy, the A's center fielder, denied Seaver's allegation about teams in the American League West. "I've never heard that on this club," he said. "And I'd have heard it if it was going around. Nobody wants to play .500 ball for a career. What you do hear when you're going bad is some people beginning to blame others. They're pointing fingers. It's always wrong, because one man can't do it for you—can't make you win and can't lose it for you. It's a team effort, either way." He paused—he is a quiet man, and speaks very softly—and I had to lean closer to hear what came next: "But I don't know the other side, really. I've never been on a real winning club, except in '81, when we got to those playoffs in the short season. I tell you, I'm dying to find out what it's like to win." He paused again and then repeated himself, even more quietly. "I'm dying to be there."

Tony La Russa said, "There are clubs that have some success in the early part of the season and think that's where their club is going to end up, but this isn't always the case. There are clubs that have lost for a while and think that's it—it's over. But there are always those clubs that seem to be able to pick themselves up, no matter what they've done, because they have a history of doing well in the end. The Yankees. The Baltimore Orioles. To some degree, what we're all trying to do is extend the good side and cut down on the bad. It's difficult, but it isn't so hard that you just throw your hands in the air and say it can't be done. You try to do some little things. You want to make sure that the club is together—that you do things together. A little togetherness. You'd be surprised how often you'll notice that a winning club has the habit of going to places together on the road. They're at the same watering holes. On a losing club, guys are sort of embarrassed to be seen together. Playing better ball can make *such* a quick difference. It's so much more fun. I've been watching the Giants this year, because Roger Craig has his guys convinced of that. There may be a few people in baseball who are as good as Roger Craig, but none who are better. None. He's also got his coaches and players playing one game at a time, which is the whole trick. Back in 1982, the White Sox made a real strong comeback at the middle of the season. We'd won fifteen out of eighteen and put ourselves two and a half or three games out of first



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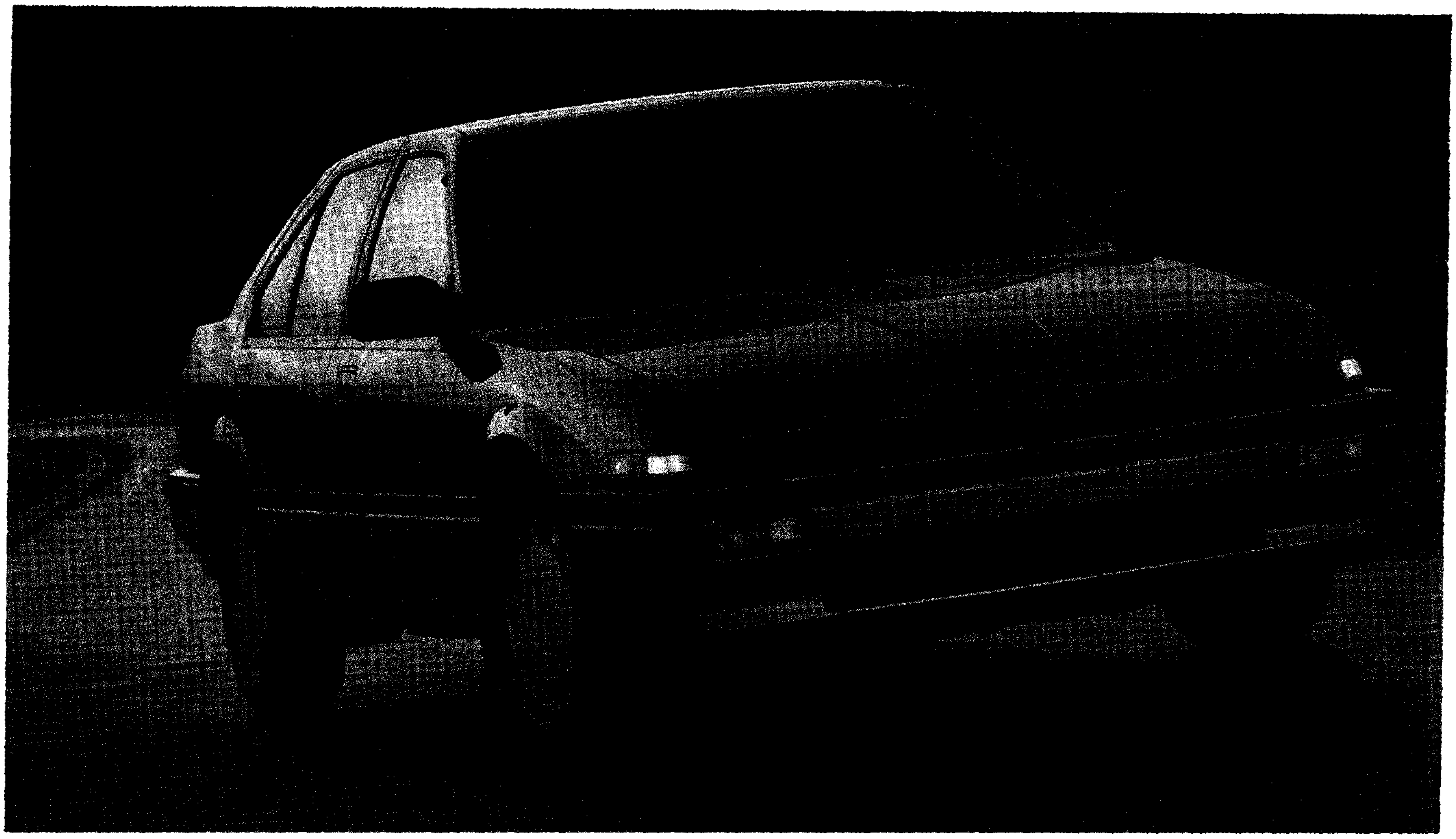

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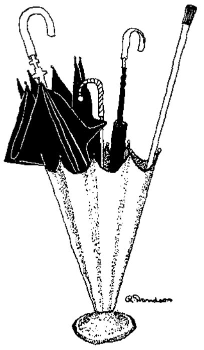
place. Then the nineteenth came along—it was against the Rangers, a road game. I wasn't there, because my first daughter was being born, and Charlie Lau had the club. We were down 1–0 in the top of the ninth, and we got two two-out hits—Squires and LeFlore—and that tied it up, 1–1. In the tenth or eleventh inning, we had a good two-run rally and took the lead, but in the bottom of the inning Dave Hostetler hit a three-run homer for them, and we lost it. Later, I heard a lot of people say, 'Oh, wasn't that a shame—that was the night the White Sox lost the pennant.' Bullshit. Sure you get your heart broken in this game. But what happened after that game was that this real depressed, we-lost-it atmosphere took over. We hadn't learned to handle that. What's worse than losing in extra innings? What's worse is carrying it over and losing two or three more. It's a million times worse. That's what you want to be afraid of.

"I think fear of not coming through can be a real motivator, no matter where you are or who you're up against. Right now, we're playing the Red Sox three games and then the Blue Jays three games, and I'm worried to death. What you have to do is try. I'm scared to death that between now and October we'll only be ordinary. If I do a job, we should at least be decent."

I TOOK in parts of the Oakland-Boston games in Roy Eisenhardt's private box, behind first base, which offered a perfect view of the action below and of the pleasant, sun-drenched park (two of the games were afternoon affairs) and of the pains of major-league ownership. Eisenhardt, who is in his forties, is lean and athletic, and I sometimes have the impression that he would enjoy baseball more if he could be in uniform and out on the field himself. He watches a game with more intensity than anyone else I know, and I noticed now that he seemed almost wary about his team's improved fortunes and its suddenly brisk and efficient brand of play. He responded warmly to good news and surprises—a stolen base by Dave Kingman; another sparkling stop by Griffin, far behind second base; a pinch-hit single by Canseco, who had been struggling at the plate in recent games—but then he would resume his grave and abstracted view of the events before us. It had been a difficult summer for the Oakland club, which had begun the season with such high hopes but had seen most of the good news and most of the luck fall on the Giants, who are the perennial Bay rivals of the A's for a baseball audience that may not be quite large enough or dedicated enough to sustain two major-league clubs. Since purchasing the club, in 1980, the Haas family (Eisenhardt is a member by marriage), which owns Levi Strauss, the blue-jeans company, has made large investments in the refurbishing of the Oakland team and ballpark, and in the essential minor-league chain and scouting system. The family's decision to involve itself in baseball was inspired in part by a wish to provide economic and emotional sustenance for the depressed city of Oakland, but the expected accompanying resuscitation of the team's fortunes on the field has been frustratingly slow in coming, and fans have not turned out in sufficient numbers to prevent a flow of red ink. The A's have cut back by trading away some high-salary stars, like Rickey Henderson (who went to the Yankees in 1985 in return for five younger prospects), but the club lost five and a half million dollars last year, and it seems clear that the rewards of good will and good works alone cannot be expected to keep the current owners in baseball forever. Over the last couple of years, there have been sporadic rumors that the club might be sold and moved to another city, but shortly before my visit the A's concluded an agreement with the city of Oakland to extend their lease on the Oakland Coliseum through the year 2000. In return, the club received a five-year low-interest loan of fifteen million dollars, a larger share of the Coliseum food-and-beverage revenues, and a promise that local business and industrial concerns would be recruited to take on a share of the A's losses; the agreement also includes an escape clause that would permit the club's departure by 1991, if revenue and attendance figures go below certain minimum levels.



Eisenhardt is a friend of mine, and I worried about him when the news turned bad for the A's this summer, because his complex appreciation of baseball and his concern for its future deserve better returns, to my way of thinking. Losing is always painful, as we have seen, but what Eisenhardt was forced to watch from his box this summer may have been something far more costly and difficult to accept than a few failed rallies and lost ballgames. When I talked to him between innings, he did not seem embittered by the team's poor record to date, but he told me that he had been startled by some hostile reactions in the sporting press ("The A's stink" was the way a mid-June column in the San Francisco *Chronicle* began, and it went on to blame Eisenhardt and Alderson personally for the club's "complete inability to develop young pitchers or to keep the ones they have in working order") and by some vindictive, almost wildly angry letters from A's fans.

"Losing is a lightning rod for frustrations, many of which have nothing at all to do with sports," Eisenhardt said at one point. "I don't think this bitterness is anything new, but its level is rising. People everywhere have highly polarized emotions just now, and they express them directly and often inappropriately. I think high player salaries have something to do with it, because there's always an accompanying and absolutely unjustified expectation of success. Television presents this stream of winning players and winning teams, which leads to artificially heightened expectations and an artificial, monolithic view of the world. A majority of the teams in baseball are losing money, and sometimes I'm not sure the game can survive the fans' unremitting demands for success. That's inconsistent with the genetic nature of baseball—what it's really like. I worry about it, because so many young people are coming to baseball through television. That's inescapable, but it leads to inattention and anger. If your team isn't winning, you turn off the set or switch to one of the eighty other channels. You don't stay with things."

I asked him if a winning team would make a very large difference in the response of the A's fans.

"Of course it would," he said. "And our fans deserve it. But no team wins forever, and nowadays no team even seems able to repeat as a winner. It's important for fans to be able to use professional sports as an outlet for their hopes and frustrations, but it would be better if we could keep that in proportion. You see that sort of balance at the Cubs' games, and it's beautiful. For some reason, there's a different perspective at Wrigley Field—a clearer understanding of failure as a consistent part of baseball. Because ball teams play every day, the chances for failure are always high, but the Cubs fans somehow understand that. It's a higher level of baseball culture. I think that's the model we should be striving for."

JUST after the A's had won the third game against the Red Sox, completing their unexpected sweep, I ran into Sandy Alderson in a corridor outside the A's clubhouse. Rock music came floating out of the locker room, along with the raucous, unmistakable sounds of young men who have just won a game. I said to Alderson that I had heard some of the Boston writers in the press box talking about their team's injuries and wondering how the Sox could be expected to win when there were so many substitutes and rookies—names like Romine, Stenhouse, Romero, and Tarver—in their lineup just now.

"That's exactly what we went through," Alderson said. "We still are—look at Dave Stewart, who pitched such a great game for us today. He's three-and-oh as a starter now, but he was just a pickup for us. The Phillies had released him, but we knew he'd had major-league experience and we signed him up in May to play at Tacoma. Then we had all those injuries, and we brought him up. The same goes for Doug Bair. It's a matter of economics as well as necessity. Very few teams can afford to keep a full line of experienced major-league players on hand these days. We're all playing with twenty-four-man rosters this year, to save money, but you'll see a lot of clubs looking around and then picking up experienced older players when they need them. Like the Cards, who did so well when they signed Cedeno during the season last year. The Royals did the same with Steve Farr, and just the other day the Angels picked up Vern Ruhle. Only the Yankees can afford to keep all those high-salary veteran players around—people like Claudell Washington and Al Holland."

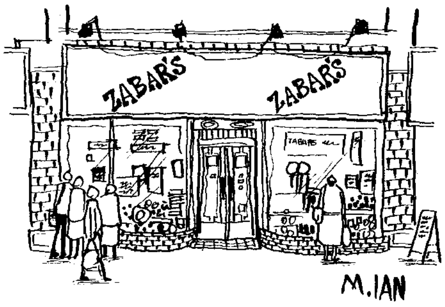
"And look at the troubles the Yankees are having," I said.

He shrugged—not quite resignedly, I noticed. "You never know," he said. "In this game, whether you're a player or a manager or a coach or in the front office, there are just so many things you can control. After that, it's just fortuity. You may have an injury or a whole bunch of injuries. You may have a bad hop, a terrible call by an umpire, a ball that just goes through—whatever. Or a whole *bunch* of them. All this constitutes thirty or thirty-five or maybe even forty per cent of the game. Nobody will ever accept that in the end, and so somebody is always held accountable for the result—for who wins and who loses. In a way, that's a good thing. If there wasn't that accountability, you'd have to ask 'So what the hell am I doing here?,' because then anybody could roll the dice—you or me or some child. These accidental events are important, because you always have to make some response to them—change the pitcher out there, make a trade, change the manager, throw away the uniform. In some cases, you decide to do nothing. You have to come to some rational judgment, no matter how irrational things have begun to look. It's what keeps you in the game."

SINCE I got home from Oakland, the four clubs I came to know and care about on my little tour have not fared very differently, except for the Giants, who were swept by the Cardinals on their next stop and now trail the Houston Astros by a discouraging seven and a half games in the National League West. There was a prolonged brawl on the field in the second game at Busch Stadium, and photographs of the scene show Roger Craig still in the thick of things, as usual: this time, he was trying to tear Whitey Herzog's head off. The split-fingered fastball didn't help Steve Carlton, by the way, who won but one game for the Giants; early in August, he announced his retirement from baseball—but he reëmerged almost instantly as a member of the White Sox' pitching corps. Gods are inexplicable.

Nothing happened to the Cubs.

The Red Sox' lead was a mere four games on their return home, but then they received back-to-back pitching masterpieces from Bruce Hurst and Tom Seaver and suddenly began to feel much better. Oil Can Boyd was back in action, too. The last time I looked (about twenty minutes ago, at this writing), the Sox led the Yankees by five and a half games, the Blue Jays by six and a half, and the Tigers by seven. September in the A.L. East will be *something*.



The A's continued their winning ways after the Boston games, sweeping the Blue Jays as well, and suddenly climbed into fifth place. Then they hit the skids again, losing four in a row, and slipped back into the cellar. Then they got better: by the middle of the month, their 18–9 record since the All-Star break was the second best in the league. They are as likely to end up in third place as in the cellar (often a capacious apartment in the A.L. West), which is to say that respectability—something better than Tony La Russa's inner fears, something better than embarrassment—seems within reach. Some of their recent encounters have presented a greater variety of adventure and disaster than the horrors of June. In a home game against the Mariners, Oakland relief pitcher Fernando Arroyo (another late pickup) walked in the tying run in the ninth inning; then he walked in the winner. The next night, with the score again tied, the A's put their first two runners aboard in the bottom of the ninth, and Carney Lansford lined into a triple play. Then they won the game on the first pitch of their half of the tenth, which Mike Davis whacked for a homer. Nothing *to* it.

Before my trip, I would not have given my attention to such trifling melodramas, but these days, I notice, I watch or listen for the Boston scores and the Oakland scores with almost equal hopes and trepidation. One evening in Maine (I was on vacation), I asked my host at dinner if he'd heard the Oakland score from the night before—the A's had played the Twins in Minneapolis, but my local Down East morning paper, which goes to bed with the chickens, had reported the results in typical fashion: "Oakland at Minneapolis (n)"—and he looked at me in a startled way and said, "But the A's are in last place, aren't they? They're a terrible team this year." He grinned. "Just terrible."

He said this with conviction, and I suddenly understood that he found pleasure in the pronouncement. Nothing much else was established as yet in the baseball season (except for the Mets), but he knew one thing for a certainty: the A's were terrible.

The next morning, I discovered

that the Twins had beaten the A's by 8–0, and as I studied the box score in the paper and tried to squeeze more news out of it than it could convey, I murmured to myself, "Oh, if the A's would only—"

Then I stopped. Would only *what?* I thought about it for a moment or two, and then it came to me that what I badly seemed to want for a team I cared about was an end to bad luck, an end to bad news—no more fortuity, to use Sandy Alderson's word. I wanted the exact opposite of what my friend had seen as established: I wanted good news forever. Then—within an instant, I think—I perceived something I hadn't quite understood about baseball before. Alderson had said that thirty or forty per cent of the game was beyond his control or the manager's or the players' control. But I am a fan, and my lot is far worse, for everything in baseball is beyond my control; for me every part of the game is just fortuity. Because I am a fan, all I can do is care, and what I wish for, almost every day of the summer, is for things to go well—to go *perfectly*—for the teams and the players I most care about: for the Red Sox, for the A's now, for the Mets, for the Giants, for Tom Seaver and Keith Hernandez and Roy Eisenhardt and Don Baylor and Wade Boggs and Carney Lansford and Tim Shanahan and Darryl Strawberry and Roger Craig and many, many others. I think every true fan wants no less. We wish for this seriously, every day of the season, but at the same time I think we don't want it at all. We want our teams to be losers as well as winners; we must have bad luck as well as good, terrible defeats and disappointments as well as victories and thrilling surprises. We must have them, for if it were otherwise, if we could control more of the game or all of the game and make it do our bidding, we would have been granted a wish—no more losing!—that we would badly want to give back within a week. We would have lost baseball, in fact, and then we would have to look around, without much hope, for something else to care about in such a particular and difficult fashion.

—ROGER ANGELL

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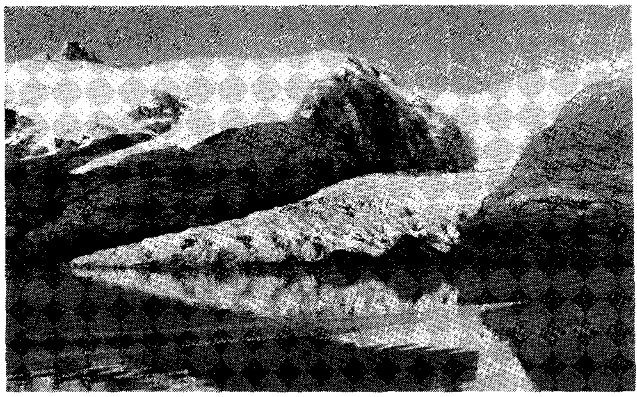

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INN ON THE ALAMEDA

BOOKS

Interiors

IN a foreword to "Home: A Short History of an Idea" (Viking; $16.95), the architect Witold Rybczynski gives us a short history of the idea of his book: "I had designed and built houses, and the experience was sometimes disturbing, for I found that the architectural ideals that I had been taught in school frequently disregarded—if they did not altogether contradict—my clients' conventional notions of comfort. . . . I found myself turning again and again to memories of older houses, and older rooms, and trying to understand what had made them feel so right, so comfortable. I also began to suspect, and in this I was not mistaken, that women understand more about domestic comfort than do men." The result is this splendid and concise book, which deals with architecture and interior decoration only indirectly. Its subject is the interior life of the home, wherefore it includes many matters: the development of the ideas and practices of privacy, intimacy, interiority, domesticity, and, first of all, comfort.

"Comfort," like everything else, has its own history. The Latin verb from which the noun came means "to strengthen," "to console." Only in the eighteenth century did "comfortable" begin to acquire a sense of physical well-being and enjoyment. Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen were among the first to employ "comfort" in its present sense. In the Middle Ages, the Comforter was the Holy Spirit; in the mid-Victorian age the word came to describe a long woollen scarf. Yet there is more to the historical development of this word than a descent from spirituality to materialism. It involves something else: the development of the idea, and practice, of privacy. During the Middle Ages, comfort was rare. What strikes us as odd is why the ideal of comfort was rare, too. Contrary to many accepted ideas, the Middle Ages, as Mr. Rybczynski also points out, were not technically backward. But the idea and the ideal of privacy were largely absent. People, including kings and princes, met, talked, ate, drank, slept (and sometimes bathed) in the same rooms. The great historian Johan Huizinga wrote that in the Middle Ages "all things in life were of a proud or cruel publicity."

Yet it is *wrong* to believe that the cult of privacy, like so many other things breaking away from the Middle Ages, developed with the Renaissance in Italy. There *was*—there *still is*—a difference between the cult of individuality and the idea of privacy. The cult of privacy depended on the evolving cult of domesticity, on the cult of the family. Words such as "cozy," "comfortable," "snug" suggest a family, rather than individuality. They are bourgeois, not aristocratic; northwestern European, not Mediterranean; suggesting autumn and winter, not spring and summer. The French during the sixteenth century began to move ahead of the Italians in interior design and decoration. For the first time, some of the builders of châteaux and of the Paris *hôtels* began to devote much of their interest to the ornamentation of their rooms, and not only to the exterior appearances of their splendid façades. Yet anyone who has coursed through the châteaux of the Loire must have noticed that the interiors, with all their magnificent (and often merely ornamental) marble fireplaces, are *cold*. Missing is what the Italian aesthete Mario Praz remarked: "the sense of intimacy that is created *by a room and its furnishings*." Praz admitted that this sense of intimacy first appeared in northern Europe. Other people, and, on occasion, this reviewer, have written about this development of interiority, dependent as it was on the idea of the family. In his foreword, Mr. Rybczynski acknowledges *how these recognitions* stimulated his interest in writing this book. In the Middle Ages, the idea of the family was much weaker than we are accustomed to think. Children were separated from their parents at a very early age. This practice endured for a long time, especially among the aristocracy and the poor. By the seventeenth century, it had ceased to be customary to entrust children to strangers. The French historian Philippe Ariès wrote, "This return of the children to the home was a great event: it gave the seventeenth-century family its principal characteristic, which distinguished it from the medieval family. . . . The concept of the home is another aspect of the concept of the family."

"At Home." *Chez nous. Zu Hause. A casa.* In most of our languages, the sense of "home" and "house" are inseparable. Yet that is a relatively recent phenomenon, a product of the Bourgeois Age. "In the Middle Ages," Mr. Rybczynski writes, "people didn't so much live in their houses as camp in them." They moved around often. The French and Italian words for "furniture" mean "movables": *meubles*, *mobilia*. "This wonderful word, 'home,'" Mr. Rybczynski observes in a footnote, "which connotes a physical 'place' but also has the more abstract sense of a 'state of being,' has no equivalent in the Latin or Slavic European languages. German, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Dutch, and English all have similar sounding words for 'home,' all derived from the Old Norse 'heima.'" The ideal of home life flourished first in Holland in the seventeenth century; the Dutch were the first townspeople, with a thoroughly urban form of civilization. The Danish historian Steen Eiler Rasmussen has written that whereas the French and the Italians created impressive palaces, the Dutch created incomparable towns. Looking at the paintings of de Hooch, de Witte, Vermeer, Mr. Rybczynski remarks their preoccupation with interior light and space: instead of pictures of rooms, these are pictures of a home. Stoops, exteriors of unadorned brick, narrow staircases, sash windows (he does not mention that the French came to call them, aptly, *fenêtres à guillotine*) were seventeenth-century Dutch inventions. Yet I repeat: this book is not about the technics of architecture. It is about how "home" brought together the meanings of house and of household—"of dwelling and of refuge, of ownership and of affection." And, naturally, it is not only the child who reënters but the woman who emerges as the central character: "The feminization of the home in seventeenth-century Holland was one of the most important events in the evolution of the domestic interior."

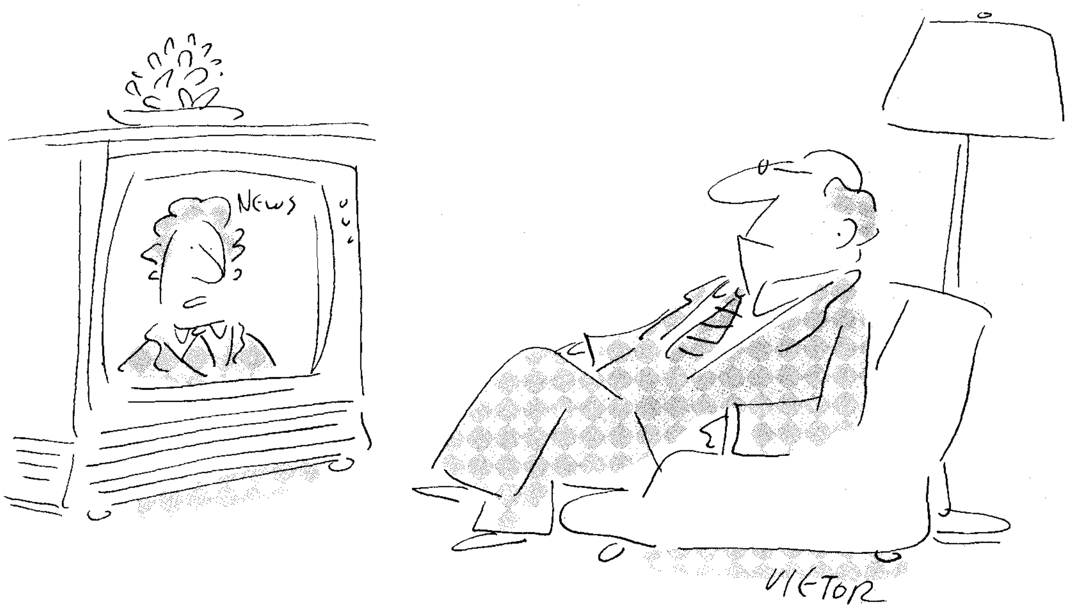
Among other things, Mr. Rybczynski is fascinated by the history of chairs. During the Middle Ages, chairs "were not intended to be comfortable; they were symbols of authority"—whence the word "chairman." "You had to be important to sit down in a chair—unimportant people sat on benches." At Versailles, armchairs were reserved for the Sun King alone. Below him ranked chairs without arms, for his entourage; below them backless stools. Under his successor, Louis XV, this began to change. That court was more casual. During the previous century, Dutch chairs were more comfortable than French ones. During the eighteenth century, the French caught up with the Dutch—hence the proliferation of *fauteuils*, *chaises-longues*, *sofas à la turque*, *ottomanes*, *sultanes*, *sièges courants*. This reflected the increasing informality of social gestures, movements, postures, stances. What is more, the Rococo was the first style to be developed, as Mr. Rybczynski observes, "exclusively for the *interior*, as opposed to the exterior." Well, not everywhere—not in Germany—but certainly in France. Yet Mr. Rybczynski is correct when he writes that not until the Rococo were there architects such as Blondel who would specialize in "interior decoration."

During the eighteenth century, English and French ideals were very different. The French ideal was formal and urban; the English was not. Even in the city, the English ideal was *rus in urbe*, to have bits of the country in the city, here and there—whence their gardens and parks (the idea that William Penn brought with him for his plan for Philadelphia). Mr. Rybczynski does not mention this, but he makes the rare, and valuable, obverse observation that in the eighteenth century the vaunted English ideal of "outdoors" was largely absent: "The British eighteenth century was almost completely uninterested in strenuous athletics. Except for riding and cricket, physical sports were rare." The appearance of the Georgian house, the attraction of which has endured till this day, was not "an accident of fashion. It typified a period that combined domesticity, elegance and comfort more successfully than ever before, or, many have argued, since." In many ways, it was the opposite of *rus in urbe:* it was *urbs in ruri*, an urban home in the country. By the time Jane Austen appears, the ideal of comfort is more English than Dutch. "Comfort," "comfortable," "English comfort" appear in her novels very often. This was more important than the English implementation of things such as water closets, central heating, gasoliers. As a matter of fact, the English aristocracy during the nineteenth century was often indifferent to, if not altogether contemptuous of, such innovations. (I am reminded of Lord Curzon, who was supposed to have lost his chance for the Prime Ministership in 1923 because he could not be reached by telephone at Montacute House. But then there was the French marquise whose château had served as a British division headquarters during the 1914-1918 war: the British installed a water closet; she had it ripped out after the British officers left.)

Distinct from luxury, the English idea, and style, of comfort remained amazingly enduring. It spread across much of Europe and all of North America during the Victorian age. Toward the end of the nineteenth century came another development. Among the lower classes, the income of the wage earner had grown; the women were returning to the home. In the history of domesticity, this was another great event. It led to a condition where—completely contrary to Marx's ideas—the urban working classes turned out to be astonishingly conservative; among the wives, as an English wag said, the desire for respectability ran rampant. Working people could eventually afford to own their houses. While the cult of luxury spread among the upper bourgeoisie, comfort ceased to be the monopoly of the middle and upper classes. As early as 1841, Catharine Beecher (sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe) wrote that more compact houses were needed: "as the prosperity of this Nation increases, good domestics will decrease." The result of this was an increasing interest in domestic efficiency, in the promotion of which American women were veritable pioneers. They researched and wrote about the need for compact houses, smaller rooms, the proper height for work counters, the efficient placement of appliances, ample places for storage. We may smile at the artless titles of their works: "Principles of Domestic Engineering," "The Business of the Household," "Household Engineering," "Housewifery." Yet, as Mr. Rybczynski writes, it was American women, such as Catharine Beecher, the editor and lecturer Christine Frederick, and the writer and industrial engineer Lillian Gilbreth, rather than American men and architects, who were practical, "expressing a point of view that had not been heard since the seventeenth century in Holland—that of the user":

> Ever since the seventeenth century, when privacy was introduced into the home, the role of women in defining comfort has been paramount. The Dutch interior, the Rococo salon, the servantless household—all were the result of women's invention. One could argue, with only slight exaggeration, that the idea of domesticity was principally a feminine idea. So was the idea of efficiency.

This was the prime characteristic of American domesticity—it was seen through the eyes of the persons who worked in the home, that is, through the eyes of women. Beecher, and many women writers after her, altered the European



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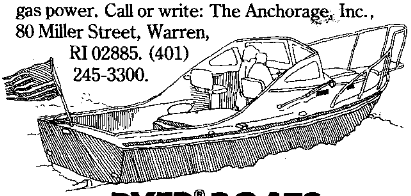

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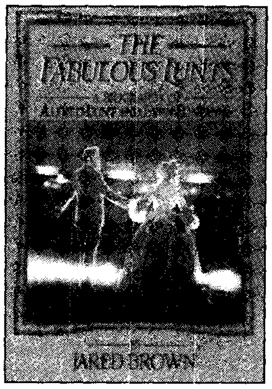
image of the home as a male preserve—the gentlemen's house—and in doing so enriched the definition of home.

Mr. Rybczynski thinks that the increasing number of employed mothers (rising in the United States after 1960) and the sharing of the housework between husbands and wives "has done nothing to change that." I am not so sure. In the nineteen-fifties, the ungainly word "homemaker" began to be widely applied to the older "housewife;" but a decade later many women sprang away from such terms with determination. "To be happy at home," Dr. Johnson once wrote, "is the ultimate result of all ambition." Was—is—this desideratum merely a period piece, true and applicable only to the ideals of the Bourgeois Age? Our descendants will know the answer to this question, on which perhaps the entire future of our civilization, as we still know it, depends.

In the twentieth century, a rupture in the evolution of domestic comfort took place. The revolt against bourgeois traditions rejected clutter and, alas, intimacy, too: "Its emphasis on space has caused it to ignore privacy, just as its interest in industrial-looking materials and objects has led it away from domesticity. Austerity, both visual and tactile, has replaced delight. . . . It is a rupture not because it does away with period styles, not because it eliminates ornament, and not because it stresses technology, but because it attacks the very idea of comfort itself." Mr. Rybczynski describes in detail the Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes in Paris in 1925 (again it is significant that Art Deco, Art Nouveau, Jugendstil have been primarily *interior* innovations); but perhaps that was no longer a turning point. The modern visionary Viennese architect Adolf Loos, who in 1903 had written "Ornament and Crime," by 1921 had changed his mind; he was not at all like Le Corbusier. Mr. Rybczynski, who is alone qualified to occupy a future Chair of the History of the Chair, takes a quiet pleasure in pointing out that the celebrated Breuer and Mies van der Rohe chairs were not really comfortable. This reviewer takes an unquiet pleasure in pointing out that Le Corbusier's "House a Machine" was nearly two hundred years behind the times—the long-belated conclusion of de La Mettrie's "Man a Machine," of 1748. In a telling passage, Mr. Rybczynski describes, too, how Le Corbusier's house was deficient in



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interior planning. His kitchen was cramped—far less "sophisticated than those of the [American] domestic engineers." For Frank Lloyd Wright, too, "the exterior appearance of the house always predominated . . . and practical as many of his ideas about internal planning were"—he incorporated many of Christine Frederick's space-saving ideas—"they inevitably took second place to architectural and aesthetic considerations."

Witold Rybczynski is a modern architect. But he is very much aware how a certain nostalgia—arising from our widespread, though seldom recognized, historical consciousness—dominates ideals of comfort in our times: "What is needed is a reëxamination not of bourgeois styles, but of bourgeois traditions. . . . A reëxamination of the bourgeois tradition of comfort is an implicit criticism of modernity, but it is not a rejection of change." Postmodernism, Mr. Rybczynski writes, "has missed the point; putting in a stylized strip of molding or a symbolic classical column is not really the issue. It is not watered-down historical references that are missing from people's homes. What is needed is a sense of domesticity, not more dadoes; a feeling of privacy, not neo-Palladian windows; an atmosphere of coziness . . . Moreover, [postmodernism] is reluctant to question any of the basic principles of modernism—it is aptly named, for it is almost never antimodern." He concludes, "Domestic well-being is too important to be left to experts . . . We must rediscover for ourselves the mystery of comfort, for without it, our dwellings will indeed be machines instead of homes." Other, irreverent and superficial, pamphleteering books have been published lately attacking some of the pretensions of Modernism—specifically, the Bauhaus "tradition." Compared with these, "Home: A Short History of an Idea" is serious, historically-minded, and exquisitely readable. It is a triumph of intelligence.

—JOHN LUKACS

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Chatham* (*N.Y.*) *Courier*]

John and Anne McGowan celebrated their first wedding anniversary at a party Sunday hosted by Kathy Kosnick of Ghent.

The anniversary celebration was fashioned around a zucchini motif, starting with zucchini cocktails, cheddar cheese zucchini bread, Moosewood zuccanoes, pepperoni sandwich zucchinis, zucchini quiche, zucchini rum bar and ending with the traditional favorite—zucchini bread.

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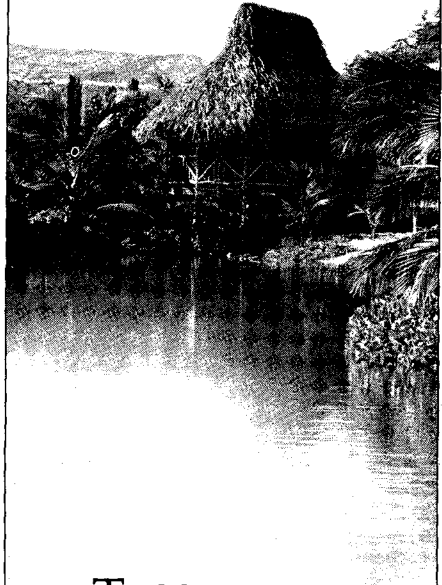

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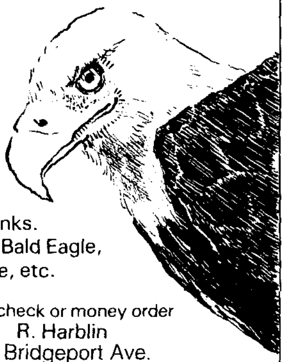

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WINTHROP SARGEANT

Winthrop Sargeant, who died a few days ago, at the age of eighty-two, was *The New Yorker's* music critic from 1949 to 1972, and continued as a staff writer thereafter. "The critic's function," he once wrote, "is not to lay down incontrovertible laws or pronounce absolute truths. It is to reflect his personal taste, for what it is worth, and try to stimulate his readers into accepting or rejecting it according to their own lights. . . . Music, in particular, is an art that invites intuitive and passionate reactions rather than cold-blooded appraisals." In those three sentences Sargeant summed up a viewpoint and described himself. It turned out that his personal taste was worth a great deal; and certainly he was undogmatic, intuitive, and passionate. He was also, as he once said of another critic, "eminently prejudiced." His crucial prejudice was against atonal and just about every other kind of "modern" music, as distinguished from simply contemporary music, some of which he admired very much. He thought that many composers of our day had taken the wrong road in rejecting the common musical language passed down to them by earlier generations, and he held to his unfashionable position to the last, with eloquence and logic. He was a fiery advocate of tonal music, of melody, of compositions that were written in a language shared by a musically literate audience and that conveyed some musical meaning to that audience. He believed that a critic should be consistent, and he was. So readers of Winthrop Sargeant knew where he stood, and where they stood.

When Sargeant was eighteen, he joined the San Francisco Symphony as a violinist: its youngest member at the time. For a number of years, he played in various symphony orchestras, ending up, in 1928, in the New York Philharmonic, under Arturo Toscanini. At that point, he decided to give up musical performance in order to write. He contributed to one publication and another, and fetched up on the staff of *Time*. After a few years, he moved to *Life*, and he remained there for eight years. Then he arrived at *The New Yorker*, where he settled down for good. In addition to his weekly column for this magazine, Sargeant wrote many Profiles of musicians: the conductors Zubin Mehta, Georg Solti, and Herbert von Karajan; the operatic stage director and conductor Sarah Caldwell; the piano teacher Rosina Lhevinne; the composer Richard Rodgers; the horn player Barry Tuckwell; the violinist Yehudi Menuhin; and a batch of sopranos, including Joan Sutherland, Eileen Farrell, Beverly Sills, and Marilyn Horne. Through other Profiles—excursions outside his primary field—Sargeant revealed the wide range of his interests: the Zen Buddhist master Dr. Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki; the poet Marianne Moore; the architect Edward D. Stone; the philosopher Susanne K. Langer; the photographer Richard Avedon; the naval architect William Francis Gibbs; the automotive engineer Enzo Ferrari; and the film director and actor Vittorio De Sica. He wrote affectionately and memorably about them all.

Having mystical leanings himself, Sargeant was a student of Oriental thought, and especially of Hindu and Buddhist philosophy. At the age of seventy-five, he completed fifteen years of work on a translation of the monumental Bhagavad Gita from Sanskrit into English. He was also one of the first critics to recognize jazz as serious music, and to subject it to serious musical analysis; his book "Jazz: Hot and Hybrid" was published in 1938. In his later years, his bearing and his appearance became regal. Yet somewhere in his wise and melancholy face there was always a trace of mirth; under the gravity of his speech there was always the rustle of humor. Sargeant's fond companion at the thousands of concerts, recitals, and operas he attended over the years was his wife, the painter Jane Sargeant. With her, he listened intently. The columns he then wrote for us were, as always, headed "Musical Events." He seemed to know that every musical event, in the hierarchy of human events, was a miracle. To write about it as sensitively, as knowledgeably, as bravely, as beautifully as Winthrop Sargeant did was miraculous, too.

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